

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS

THE PROGRESS OF THE WORLD.

LONDON, Oct. 1, 1906.

An
Anglo-Russian
Agreement.

According to Dr. Dillon, the well-informed correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* at St. Petersburg, there is at last every prospect of the signature of the long-expected Anglo-Russian Agreement. As I have laboured sedulously for this end both in Russia and at home for the last thirty years, no one rejoices more at this good news than I. But I rejoice with trembling, and refrain from halloowing before we are out of the wood. According to Dr. Dillon the arrangement is to be embodied not in one, but in a series of agreements. The first, relating to Thibet, is complete and ready to be signed. It is based upon the definite repudiation of all the high-flying schemes of the Anglo-Indian Jingoes which led to the late expedition to Thibet. Henceforth neither Russia nor Britain is to interfere in the land of the Grand Lama. Dr. Dillon says that the Russians are satisfied that "whatever the English were aiming at before, they are perfectly straight at present." This confidence will last as long as Sir Edward Grey is Foreign Minister and C.-B. at the head of the Government. It is no small triumph for the Liberal Ministry to have established such confidence in a Court which has too often been the victim of the tricks and wiles of their predecessors.

The Future
of
Persia.

The Anglo-Russian agreement concerning Persia was much more difficult to draw up. Persia cannot be treated like Thibet. Policies of absolute non-intervention and of outright partition are equally impossible. What can be done and what is now being attempted is to delimit the respective spheres of interest, if not of influence, of Russia and Britain on the general principle—the north to Russia, the south to us. When the next Persian loan is floated it is to be arranged for jointly by the two Powers. This

may easily drift into an Anglo-Russian condominium over Persia similar to the Anglo-French control over Egypt in the later days of Ismail. Nothing is said by Dr. Dillon as to the thorny question of railway construction. As for a port on the Persian Gulf, that will probably not be mooted—save by the enemies of Russia. According to Dr. Dillon, an agreement with Russia on the Far Eastern question is also under discussion, and he hints that it will include the opening of the Dardanelles to the Russian fleet. That I take leave to doubt. Russia will never be willing to purchase the freedom of the Dardanelles at the only price at which it can be had—the free admission of other fleets to the Black Sea. No conceivable advantage arising from her ability to send her Black Sea fleet into the Mediterranean could compensate her for the loss of the arrangement which practically guarantees the security of her southern frontier.

Another
Anglo-Russian
Agreement.

While the Governments are thus attempting to settle all outstanding differences, their respective subjects are hobnobbing on a scale without precedent. Three hundred members of the House of Commons and a host of British notables have signed an address of sympathy to the members of the late Duma, which the President and Secretary of the Trades Union Congress, Mr. H. W. Massingham, and others are this month to take to St. Petersburg as a token of national sympathy with Russia's first representative Assembly. Their mission is naturally looked at somewhat askance by the Russian Conservatives. Our own Tories would hardly have been disposed to regard with sympathy a deputation, say, from three hundred members of the American Congress and other notable Americans bringing an address of sympathy with the Irish people just after Mr. Gladstone had suppressed the Land League and sent Mr. Parnell to Kilmainham. But there is no harm in the address

save for the danger that such demonstrations of sympathy by foreigners usually tell against those in whose interest they are promoted. As, however, it is understood the members of the late Duma are willing to run this risk, the responsibility rests upon them, not upon their English sympathisers. Possibly after a few more deputations of this kind our Russian friends will not be so morbidly sensitive about the kindest English criticisms, which last year they almost resented as an insult.

Why not a third?

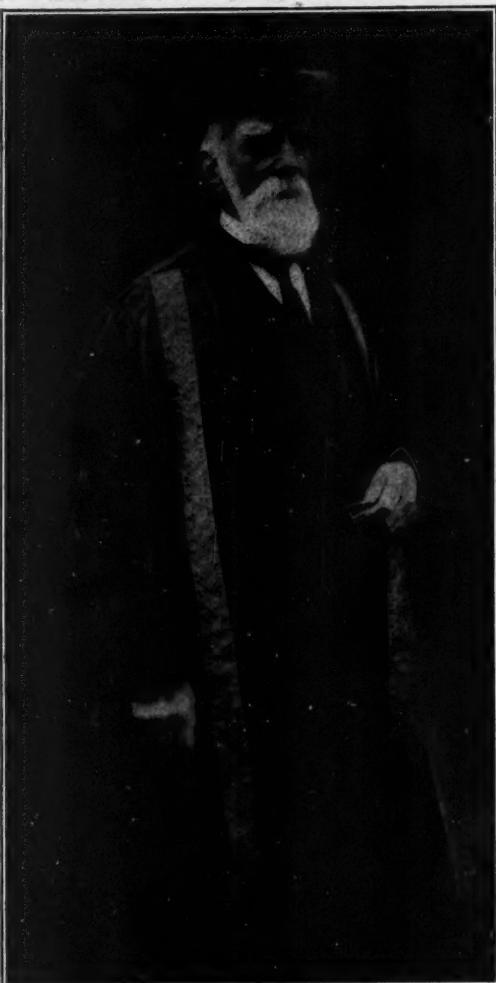
Adequately to express the sympathies of our people to the Russians, there ought to be yet another address declaring the heartfelt sympathy and admiration with which all who know anything of the real nature of the struggle going on in Russia feel for those brave men who are desperately endeavouring to keep the social system from dissolution. From M. Stolypin to the humblest policeman in the streets of Warsaw, there has been displayed in all ranks a dogged bravery and a magnificent self-abnegation which cannot be ignored even by those whose sympathies are entirely with their opponents. Whatever changes may be required in Russia—and both the Tsar and M. Stolypin admit the need for far vaster reforms than the most advanced Radical statesman has ever ventured to carry out in Ireland—it is absolutely necessary to prevent the whole nation becoming a prey to murderous anarchy operating by arson and assassination. Until the new Duma meets, M. Stolypin and his agents must see to it that the

Government is carried on, even although they may be murdered at their posts. While our 300 members of Parliament sympathise with the Liberals who have undisguised relations with the Terrorists, there are others who do not sign addresses who have

not less sympathy with M. Stolypin, despite his compromising allies. There is something mean in refusing to recognise bravery and self-devotion in those who do not happen to be on our side in politics. When General Trepoff, for instance, was alive, it was regarded almost as treason to liberty to speak a good word for him. No sooner does he die than even his most Radical opponents sound his praises. Why wait till men are dead to recognise their virtues?

Mr. Chamberlain's Health.

I was startled the other day to receive a laconic letter from the editor of a well-known daily paper asking me for my "terms for an article on Mr. Chamberlain as Empire-breaker, to be published on his death." I had not realised how imminent in popular opinion was the demise of the member for Birmingham. But if Mr. Chamberlain were to die, I should be in no mood to repeat the criticisms I have often had occasion to pass upon him and his policies during his life. Indeed, ever since he took the fatal



Photograph by]

Lord Strathcona.

(Chancellor of the University of Aberdeen.)

[E. H. Mills.

plunge into Protection in order to cover up the trail of the war, I have hardly felt any other sentiment towards him save that of profound pity. What an end was this to a career which had begun so brightly, and which was followed by so many with such high hopes! His physical dissolution—which I sincerely hope may be

far distant—can hardly add to the melancholy reflections aroused by his political decease. Even the most rancorous political opponent must be touched by the picture presented to the world last month of the lame old man, with half-crippled hand and half-blinded eyes, compelled to abandon all his political engagements, and to dodge death by a flight to sunnier climes at the moment when of all others he ought to have been in his place in the House. For Mr. Chamberlain was a very human man, much honester than even his friends quite realised, and quite incapable by his impulsive personal likes and dislikes of playing the part of dexterous cold-blooded Macchiavelli so often attributed to him by his foes. I sincerely trust that he may return home free from the harassing disabilities of senile decay, to lend the assistance it sorely needs to the discredited and out-numbered remnant to which his policy has reduced the Unionist Party.

The Reopening of the Fray.

I publish this month as frontispiece the latest portrait of the Archbishop of Canterbury, which was taken on his visit to Aberdeen when the King opened the new University buildings. It is good to have that firm set face before us, for it is round him that the Education battle will rage in the House of Lords. He has already sounded the trumpet for the battle. His list of amendments to the Education Bill, if carried, will as effectively destroy that measure as would a resolution to go into Committee this day six months. Since he spoke on the second reading the decision of the Court of Appeal

in the West Riding case has turned his flank. We wait with interest to see how this astute and wary Scot will readjust his strategy to meet the new conditions. The law of the land, for framing which he, more than any man, was responsible, is now declared practically to forbid the payment of money from the rates for the teaching of denominational religion. Cowper-Templeism, therefore, by his Grace's own law has a monopoly of rate aid. How will he face the new situation? Fortunately we shall not have long to wait for an answer.

The Opening of the Aberdeen University Buildings.

The great function of last month was the opening of the new University buildings at Aberdeen by the King. Four hundred years ago the University was founded by a Papal Bull, the Pope being moved thereto by a Scotch Bishop, Elphinstone by name, who harrowed the soul of the Pontiff by describing the educational needs of the people of Aberdeen, "rude men, unlettered, and almost savag[e]." Since that day the descendants of these "rude men" have become "orthodox, orthodox, who believe in John Knox," but the civilising and mellowing influence of education allowed them to invite a representative of the Pope to celebrate



Photograph by

[E. H. Mills.

Principal J. Marshall Lang.

(Vice-Chancellor of Aberdeen University.)

the fourth centenary of the foundation of the University. The new buildings, which are very commodious and imposing, have been erected largely by the munificence of Lord Strathcona, the Grand Old Man of Canada, who is now Principal of the University which he entered as an undergraduate more

than half a century ago. Aberdeen has ever been a poor man's University, but in learning and in repute it holds its own with the best. At the commemoration last month all the most famous universities of the world were represented. At the banquet no fewer than 2,000 guests sat down to dine in a hall erected specially for their accommodation. It is a curious illustration of modern centralisation that the Aberdeen banquet was supplied by Messrs. Lyons, the well-known London caterers, who in order to perform their contract had to forward 500 waiters by a special express train from London to Aberdeen.

**Mr. Haldane's
"Nation in Arms."**

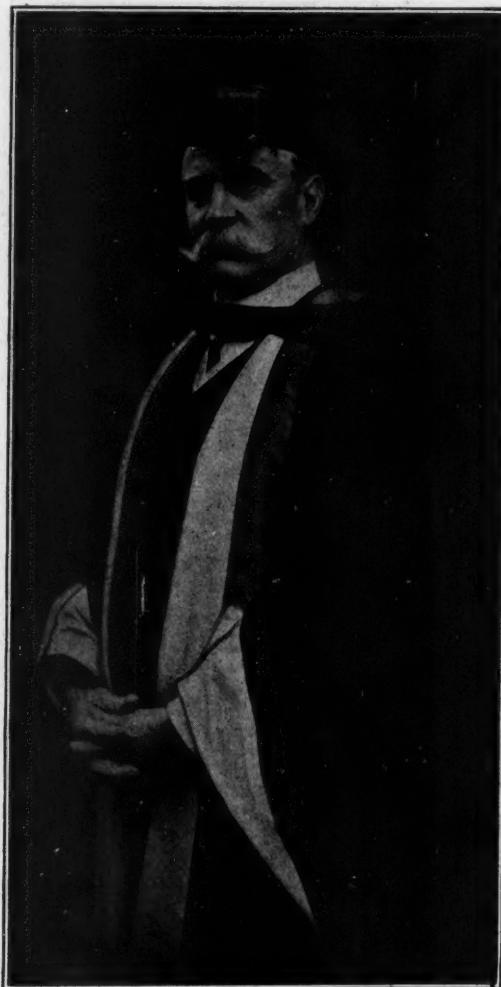
Mr. Haldane signalled his return from Germany by issuing a memorandum explaining the principles on which he has constituted a General Staff for the British Army. He then went down to Newcastle and made a speech, in which he combined an appeal to the democracies to initiate a reduction of the crushing armaments of the world with a declaration in favour of "a nation in arms" in the shape of a volunteer force of 900,000 men. The difficulty is that the more you appeal for volunteers the more you strengthen the alarmist sentiment upon which militarism

thrives. If Mr. Haldane would promise to cut down the cost of the regular army by a million a year for every 100,000 volunteers passed as efficient something might be done. But to keep up our regular army at its present strength, and then to super-add at a continually increasing cost nearly a million volun-

teers—that does not seem exactly the way in which to reduce the crushing burdens of militarism. Mr. Haldane's proposal to render the Militia liable for foreign service should not be accepted until the right to ballot for the Militia is abolished. Otherwise we may have the principle of conscription enforced by some successor of Mr. Haldane who would use the scheme of the present War Minister to bridge over the gulf between the voluntary system and that of compulsory military service.

**The Hague Conference
of 1907.**

There is some danger lest the public should forget the real aim and objects of the next Hague Conference. Newspapers are discussing it as if it were summoned to discuss schemes of disarmament. So far from this being the case, the assent of Germany to the Conference was only obtained after it was seen that there was no proposal for disarmament on the programme. No doubt the British Government, actively supported by Italy and the United States, will make an effort to secure an international veto upon the devotion of any more money than is at present voted to the armies and navies of the world; but that is an addition to the original programme, of which it forms no integral



Photograph by

Sir Frederick Treves, Bart.
(Rector of Aberdeen University.)

I.E. H. Mills.

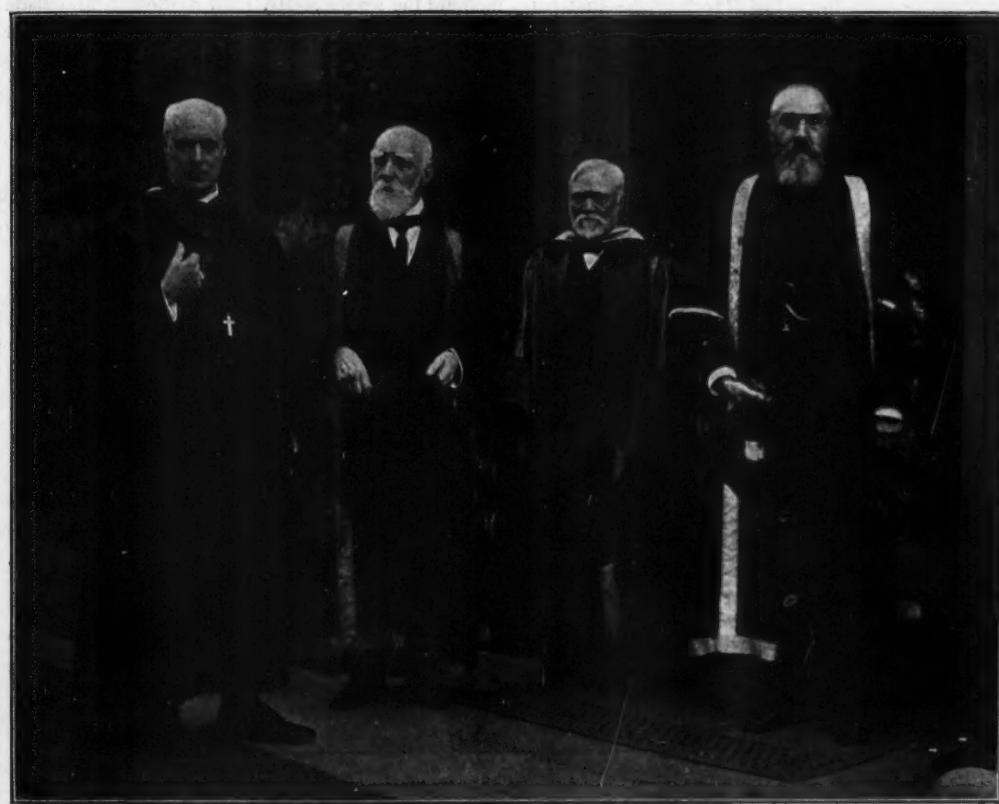
part. While it is well to propose anything and everything that may afford an opportunity for protest against the unceasing increase of military expenditure, blessed are they who expect nothing, for they shall never be disappointed. The Peace Congress which met at Milan last month has passed resolutions

in favour of the national federation of all peace and arbitration societies, and the formation of all such national unions into one great international federation. This was the idea that found expression in the International Union which was founded in 1900 at Paris, but the idea is still a little too advanced to be capable of practical realisation. What is wanted is the concentration of effort

The most important event in American politics last month was the nomination of Mr. W. R. Hearst for the Governorship of

New York by the Democratic Caucus at Buffalo. Mr. Hearst is the banner-bearer of what may be called Social Democracy in the United States. His strength lies in his newspapers which serve him and

American Gracchi.



Photograph by

Archbishop of Canterbury.

Lord Strathcona.

Mr. Carnegie.

Principal Marshall Lang.

[E. H. Mills.

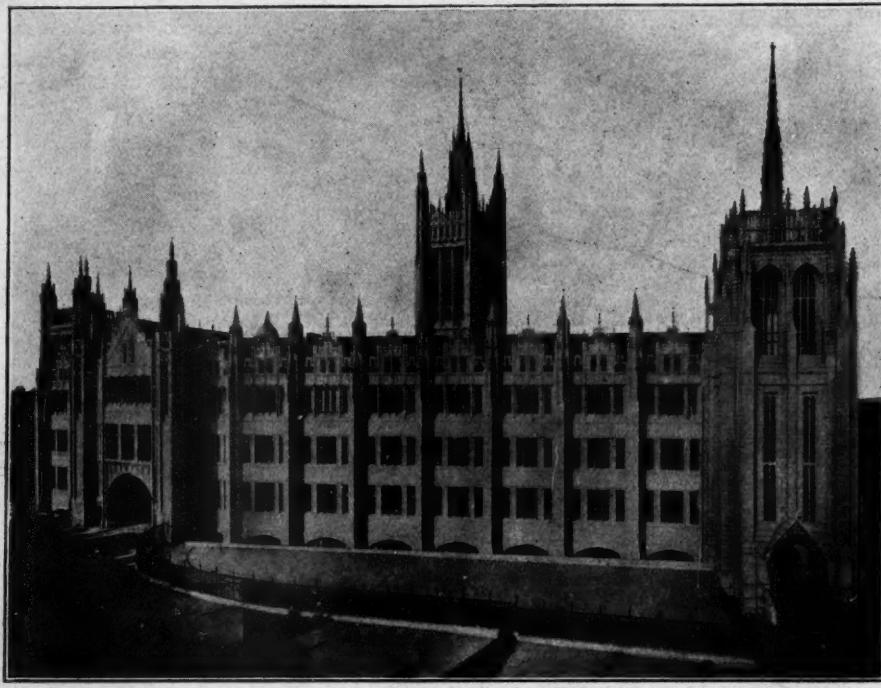
An Interesting Group at the Aberdeen Celebrations.

in the attainment of some simple practical proposition such as that of the constitution of a peace budget based upon decimal point one per cent. of the war budget. If that project were put forward at the Hague, backed by the example of a great Power, it would probably be accepted in principle, and the first serious effort to undermine the base of militarism would have begun.

his staff of preaching friars as pulpits from whence he can fill the ears of millions with denunciations of plutocratic tyranny, the infamy of trusts and the corruption of legislatures. He is young, wealthy, ambitious and able. He aspires to play the part of the Gracchi in American Politics. He and Mr. W. J. Bryan, whose manifesto in favour of the nationalisation of railroads has rather cooled off

those of his supporters who were disposed to hail him as a Conservative, may be compared to Tiberius and Caius Gracchus, whose heroic agitation and tragic death form so interesting a page in the history of the Roman Republic. President Roosevelt's chances of re-election are held to be improving. He swore, it is true, that he would never consent to be nominated as candidate for a third term of office. But already glib sophists are proving triumphantly—with the aid of Macchiavelli—that his pledge is no just and lawful impediment which ought

do in the promotion of sobriety will, it is safe to say, encounter the united opposition of the Trade and of the Prohibitionists, who, ever since 1870, have rendered impossible any serious legislative attempt to reduce the number and improve the character of our public-houses. It is equally safe to say that whatever measure of piecemeal Home Rule may be brought forward will command the support of the Nationalists—for the Nationalists are politicians, and the Alliance men are the reverse. Mr. John Redmond, who made almost the only political speech of last month, at



Photograph by Hardie

Aberdeen.

The Marischal College, Aberdeen University.

to hinder his adoption as the Republican candidate. Mr. Roosevelt made just the same pledge about the Vice-Presidency. But political pledges are as pie-crust, made to be broken, and Mr. Roosevelt will probably follow the example of the lady who, swearing she would ne'er consent, consented.

Home Rule by Instalments. It is generally believed that Ministers contemplate devoting next session to a frontal attack on Intemperance and a flank attack on the Union. Of the details of either measure nothing is as yet known. Whatever they propose to

Grange, in Limerick, on September 23, indicated with his customary frankness and good sense the line which his party will adopt when Mr. Bryce's Irish Reform Bill comes to be debated. Starting from his constantly-reiterated declaration that "no scheme short of trusting the people fully can ever eventually succeed," he said that the touchstone he will apply to the Government proposal is this: "Is it a scheme which we can take for what it is worth as an instalment without the danger of its breaking up the National Party?" There is no reason to fear that C.B., with Mr. Bryce and Mr. Morley at his back,



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Stopping Places.

JOHN BULL: "Hadn't we better stop here?"
 JARVEY REDMOND: "Arrah, no, yer honour; there's a much better
 inn away beyond there."

[Speaking at Grange, co. Limerick, Mr. John Redmond said, "There
 was a 'Halfway House.' . . . His advice would be to reject it."]

could possibly submit any scheme to Parliament which did not actually and avowedly tend to pave the way to the complete realisation of that Home Rule which they desire almost as passionately as Mr. Redmond himself. But it is to be hoped that before their Bill is produced it will be discussed in principle and in detail with Mr. Redmond, without whose *imprimatur* it ought never to see the light.

A prodigious

Sir
 a m o u n t o f
 Antony MacDonnell. pother has been
 k e p t u p a l l

through the month over the so-called MacDonnell letters. It is not quite clear why Mr. Long should keep harping upon the necessity for producing the letters which passed on the appointment of Sir Antony MacDonnell to the Under-Secretaryship of Ireland. What everybody believes is that these letters will prove that the Government as a whole was committed by Mr. Balfour, with the assent of Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Wyndham, to the adoption of a rational liberal policy in Ireland, and that this policy was checked by the revolt of the Orangemen and the Tory lawyers of Dublin,

who had no wish to see their chances of promotion diminished by the adoption of a policy of retrenchment. For Liberals and Home Rulers to insist upon the production of those letters would be intelligible, but why Mr. Long and the Unionists, who hate Home Rule, should clamour for their production passes the wit of man to conceive. Judging from the comments of certain Tory papers, some Unionists are quite prepared to head a revolt against Mr. Balfour if the letters convict him of committing himself to a policy of devolution and the Government of Ireland according to Irish ideas. But one would have thought that the Unionist Party was weak enough already without submitting it to the ordeal of another split.

The Typhoon
 at
 Hong Kong.

This year, which has been remarkable in England for the unprecedented warmth and brilliance of its summer—a summer so protracted that on September 2nd, on the eve of Cromwell's Day, the temperature was over 90 in the shade in London—has been famous elsewhere for great catastrophes. San Francisco and Valparaiso have attested the terrible might of the earthquake, and last month from the other side of the Pacific came news of a typhoon which so far as destruction of life went was far more fatal than either or both the earthquakes combined. On September 18th the typhoon burst upon Hong Kong without any of the barometrical disturbances which invariably precede such storms. Fifteen



Westminster Gazette.]

The White Sheet Competition.

MR. GIBSON BOWLES: "Why didn't you enter, Mr. Balfour? You're just as well qualified as Walter Long and Wyndham."

[Mr. Gibson Bowles intervened in the Long-MacDonnell controversy to point out that the real culprit is—Mr. Balfour.]

[Sept. 8.

European steamers were driven ashore, and half the Chinese craft were destroyed. The loss of life among the unfortunate Chinese was enormous. Estimates vary from one to ten thousand, but the exact number of victims will never be known. Within ten days of the typhoon at Hong Kong the Gulf of Mexico was visited by a hurricane which was almost as destructive to shipping, although fortunately the loss of human life was not so great. Pensacola, a town of 10,000 inhabitants, was reduced to a mass of wreckage, Mobile was submerged beneath five feet of water, 20 per cent. of the cotton crop is said to have been destroyed, and New Orleans was cut off for days from railway communication with the outside world. As Ibsen says, whatever other virtues Nature possesses she is not economical. She shudders, and great cities crumble into ruins. She sneezes, and ten thousand mortals give up their breath. To ants and bees the actions of man must appear quite as ruthless and not less unaccountable.

The Fate of Cuba. President Palma and the Executive Government of the Cuban Republic being accused, rightly or wrongly, of having controlled the

last general election in their own interest, almost as unscrupulously as if they had been Southerners in the black belt of the United States, the defeated and cheated party appealed to arms. The insurrection spread. It seemed as if Cuba were about to relapse into the state of chronic civil war from which she had been snatched by President McKinley. Under the Cuban Constitution the United States has the reserved right to intervene for the adequate protection of life, property and individual liberty. President Roosevelt promptly notified the Cubans that if the disturbances continued he would be compelled to land troops. Meanwhile as a preliminary measure

he despatched Mr. Taft, the Secretary for War, to Havana to try to bring the disputants to terms. Backed up by a formidable display of ironclads, Secretary Taft proceeded on his pacific mission. Its first result was the resignation of President Palma, who, it is stated, on grounds of personal dignity, refused to make one effort to save his country. The next was the landing of an advance force of American troops and the assumption of the Governorship by Secretary Taft. An army of forty thousand men is being hurriedly prepared to occupy Cuba. It is sincerely to be hoped that it may not be necessary to use them. If the Cubans really mean fighting, 40,000 are too few. If they are reasonable enough to wish to enjoy self-government, will abjure too much ballot-stuffing and consent to hold reasonably fair elections—then, in that case there will be no need for 40,000 troops. The chances are that, sorely against his will, Uncle Sam will have to annex the island.

Shooting Star II. Just as I was going to press I received Lord Rosebery's little book on Lord Randolph Churchill, an interesting subject to be handled

by such a man. I have not yet enjoyed the pleasure of reading Lord Rosebery's criticism and appreciation of the statesman whose career so much resembles his own. A glance at the closing pages reveals more than one passage which Lord Rosebery might use in writing his own epitaph. The following passage might be applicable to either statesman :

And even with his unfulfilled promise he must be remembered as one of the most meteoric of Parliamentary figures, as the shooting star of politics, and as one who, when in office, strove for a broad and enlightened policy to which he pledged his faith and his career. He will be pathetically memorable, too, for the dark cloud which gradually enveloped him, and in which he passed away. He was the chief mourner at his own protracted funeral, a public pageant of gloomy years. Will he not be remembered as much for the anguish as for the fleeting triumphs of his life? It is a black moment when the heralds proclaim the passing of the dead, and the great officers break their staves. But it is sadder still when it is the victim's own voice that announces his decadence, when it is the victim's own hands that break the staff in public.

A Bishop in Revolt. It is very extraordinary how complete has been the lull in politics during the last few months. On October 23rd the hurly-burly will begin again, but for the time being every one has been too busy making holiday to find time either to make



Minneapolis Journal.

A Necessary Evil.

THE POLITICAL BOSSSES: "Of course, the boys 've got to talk."



The King and his Prime Minister.

This interesting picture showing the King talking to "C.-B." was taken at Marienbad recently.

speeches or to listen to them. Bishop Gore has, however, taken occasion to express in a very emphatic manner his determination to oppose any attempt of Parliament to legislate on the recommendations of the Royal Commission on the Romanising of the Church. He has, indeed, as a Bishop spread his mantle over the clergy who are admittedly breaking the law, probably relying on the fact that the majority of Englishmen are much too busy about more important things to care a straw what particular bib and tucker the grown-up children who have been ordained think it necessary to wear in church. That is all very well for a time, but that indifference may suddenly disappear and our High Anglican friends will then be in for a bad time.

Dr. Jameson called at our offices last month, and I was very glad to find him looking so well and in such good spirits. He has paid a flying

visit to England in connection with federation and railway rates. He has yet another year of office before him, if not two, unless something unforeseen should precipitate a General Election, in which case the Doctor will probably secure the rest and holiday which he so much needs. Of the Transvaal Constitution Dr. Jameson said it was as good as could be hoped for. He would have preferred that the establishment of responsible government should be postponed, but if it were granted it could hardly be done in a

less objectionable way. If the British stood together they would have no difficulty in electing a British majority, but the chances of such cohesion on the part of the British, the Doctor admitted, were very slight. All the news to hand from the Transvaal last month pointed to the election of a mixed majority of Boers and British, who are in opposition to the party of ascendancy represented by the Chamber of Mines. A most probable outcome of the election, therefore, is a Solomon administration, depending for its existence upon Boer support.

The Pope and the Republic. There seems no prospect of any arrangement between the Pope and the French Republic. Pius X.

seems to be one of those saintly good men who are raised up from time to time to render impossible the working of the compromise by which the men of this world manage to avoid deadlocks. He is the Vicar of Christ, and as such he is to be obeyed. In practice this means that we have to accept the ideas of a dear, good old Italian priest as equivalent to the master thought of the Creator,



By permission of the proprietors of "Punch."

Berlin on the Brain.

FIRST TOMMY (following Mr. Haldane with a suspicious eye): "Wot's he agoin' to do to us now? He give me a awful look as he passed."

SECOND TOMMY: "Yuss, and talking to hisself in German something horrible."

and all the affairs of this world have to be ruled in accordance with the notions of a cloistered celibate in the Vatican. The French Government and the French people appear to be quite calm in the presence of the approaching collision between Church and State, nor will they even be provoked by the somewhat intemperate language of Archbishop Bourne, who, with very natural *esprit de corps*, has rushed into the arena shouting war-cries on behalf of his fellow-prelates, who, after a vain attempt in favour of a more reasonable settlement, have fallen into line at a word of command from the Pope. The notion expressed in some quarters that the Archbishop's diatribe could affect the *entente cordiale* between England and France all fudge. The men at the head of the French Republic are much too well informed as to the real sympathy of the English people to be affected by the discourse of the Archbishop.

**The
New Black
Pope.**

Last month the German Jesuit of the name of Father Wernz was elected General of the Society of Jesus.

Time was when the Jesuit General was a kind of bogey with which Protestant children were scared in English nurseries. Nowadays we doubt whether there is a single British child who is really afraid of this ancient bogey man. A curious attempt has been made to excite public prejudice against Germany on the ground that the new General was of German birth; but the essence of the Society of Jesus is that its members have died to all national and personal considerations. They are dedicated to their order; their only Fatherland is the Kingdom of Heaven. Whether the General is a Spaniard, a Frenchman, an Italian, or a German ought to make no difference, and probably very seldom does make any difference. The idea that Father Wernz is a tool in the hands of Kaiser Wilhelm is an amusing illustration of the absurdities which are greedily swallowed when once men give themselves over to hatred, malice and all uncharitableness.

**The
White Savages
of
the South.**

The news that the white savages of Atlanta, in Georgia, have broken out in a murderous attack upon their coloured fellow-citizens has reminded us of one of the open sores of the world. The usual allegation was made that some negroes had outraged white women. This is on all-fours with the story always spread by Jew-baiters as to the Jews having killed a Christian child to obtain its blood for their religious rites. There are more white women outraged in the City of Chicago every year than in the whole State of Georgia, and for one

white woman who is defiled by a coloured man there are 10,000 coloured women who are submitted to this degradation by white men. To all civilised men a woman is a woman by virtue of her sex, which is not affected by the colour of her skin, and if we must lynch for such offences, I, as a white man, would like to see the white brutes swing first. But it seems that the real origin of the Atlanta murders was nothing more nor less than an attempt on the part of white labourers to kill out the competition of the coloured men. Most of the white savages who have discredited the name of American were, it is said, not the real old Southerners—whether gentleman or mean white—but were new arrivals who came South seeking work, and finding the negroes had the job, set to work to drive them away by shot-guns and revolvers.

**Mrs.
Cunninghame-Graham.**

There passed away last month one of those singularly gifted women who enter the commonwealth of English letters by way of marriage, and remain there as if by natural right. Mrs. Cunningham-Graham, whose death occurred in Spain at the beginning of September, was a Spanish lady of singular intellectual attainments. In her earlier years she was somewhat infected with the materialism of the society in which she moved, but as she ripened into perfect womanhood her soul asserted itself, and she became one of our modern mystics. Saint Theresa, whose life she wrote, started her upon the path in which she at last found peace and rest, and her last work, a translation of the famous mystic, St. John of the Cross, was published by her with a preface which to those in this generation seemed much more intelligible and useful than the writing of the saint whom she wished to reintroduce to the reading public. She was in a curious way a compound of a child of nature, a woman of the world and a modern seer. Those who knew her loved her, and her death brought a sense of keen personal bereavement. As for him whose life companion she had been since he first wooed and won his Spanish bride, his bereavement is well-nigh greater than can be borne. The sympathy of all go out to him in this hour of darkness. We can only hope that the memory of her whom he has lost may tend to inspire him to fresh struggles for the realisation of the ideal to which they were both devoted.

**The Suffragettes,
One Thing
that
Might be Done,**

The Suffragettes, as it is the habit to describe the active, energetic, and resolute band of women workers who are in dead earnest about securing the franchise, have been very busy last

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Photograph by

Lafayette.

THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER: A NEW PORTRAIT.

month. They have undertaken with a will the duty of enlightening Mr. Asquith's constituents as to the essential justice of their claim, and wherever they have appeared they have met with such earnest support that we are not without hope Mr. Asquith himself may come to realise that the question can no longer be cushioned, but must be honestly debated and decided in the House of Commons. Parliament fails in its first duty to the nation when it allows itself to be jockeyed out of all opportunity to debate a great moral and political issue like this of the franchise. No one asks Mr. Asquith or anybody else to vote for a measure which he honestly believes would be detrimental to the best interest of the State. But we do expect that they will be manly enough not to be afraid to stand up in their place in Parliament and justify the faith that is within them. The essential meanness of the tactics of the Evanses and people of that ilk naturally irritates women, but, as a man, it simply disgusts me and makes one ashamed to recognise that they belong to our chivalrous sex. When the Plural Voting Bill goes into committee the claim of the women to vote ought to be fully debated and decided by a division in the House. Vote against it if you must, but, in the name of manliness and fair play, vote!

The Police and the Public. When Parliament reassembles the Royal Commission, which has been appointed to investigate various reports made against the Metropolitan Police, will resume its sittings. It is to be regretted that there seems to be a tendency in some quarters to regard this inquiry as a slur upon the London police as a whole. Nothing could be further from the fact. The police of London are the admiration of the world. As I meet many foreigners and Americans who visit this city, I can speak with personal assurance that nothing fills them with more admiration than our police. Their courtesy, their good temper, their power of control excite universal admiration. Nevertheless, though I yield to no man in my admiration of the force, I have been considerably scandalised by the declarations of its official chiefs before the Commission. To judge from the evidence of some of these high-placed functionaries you would imagine that the London constable was absolutely incapable of sin. Man is made "a little lower than the angels," but according to these officials the policeman is made a little higher than the angels, because some angels, by transgression, fell, while, according to these witnesses, no policeman ever falls. The black drop of original sin which was squeezed out of Mahomet's heart when

he was a child must never have been found in the hearts of the thousands of men who answer for order in the City of London. Methinks these gentlemen do protest too much, and by their protestations provoke reaction. It is inevitable that in such a large force there should be men who, after all, are not infallible, but only ordinary human men, hired at so much a week, who will from time to time abuse that authority, especially when they are face to face with the most forlorn and hopeless, but not always the most impecunious class of the community. I hope, therefore, that no effort will be spared to bring before the Commission all evidence that can be obtained as to undue interference with women in the streets by policemen. It is a very unpleasant thing for honest women to go before a Commission and admit that they have been accused of prostitution by a man in uniform. But I am glad to know that the members of the Royal Commission are willing to receive evidence *in camera*, and will not expose the victims of an ill-conditioned policeman to the further ignominy of pillory in an open court. The Police and the Public Vigilance Society, of 141, Gower Street, London, the chairman of which is Earl Russell, and the secretary Mr. Timewell, will be glad to receive evidence and subscriptions which will enable them to bring the facts to light. No one need fear that in sending in his cheque he is doing other than the best service that can be rendered to the Metropolitan Police as a whole.

London County Council Election. There seems to be a considerable probability that the next election for the London County Council

will be the chief electoral event

of next year. The Conservatives, who have in the past disguised themselves as Moderates, are, it is reported, about to try the virtues of another *alias* and to appear this time as Municipal Reformers. The ill-fate of the Protectionists who masqueraded as Tariff Reformers might have warned the Moderates that there are limits to everything, and that those limits are passed when cannibals dub themselves vegetarians, or when the most stolid and reactionary obstructives of all municipal progress dub themselves Municipal Reformers. These eccentricities of political nomenclature are unimportant. What is serious is that there is a possibility that the Independent Labour Party, in the exuberance of its youthful enthusiasm, may decide to select the County Council Elections as a field-day for advertising its own existence and demonstrating its strength—or weakness—without regard to the effect which such action might have upon the

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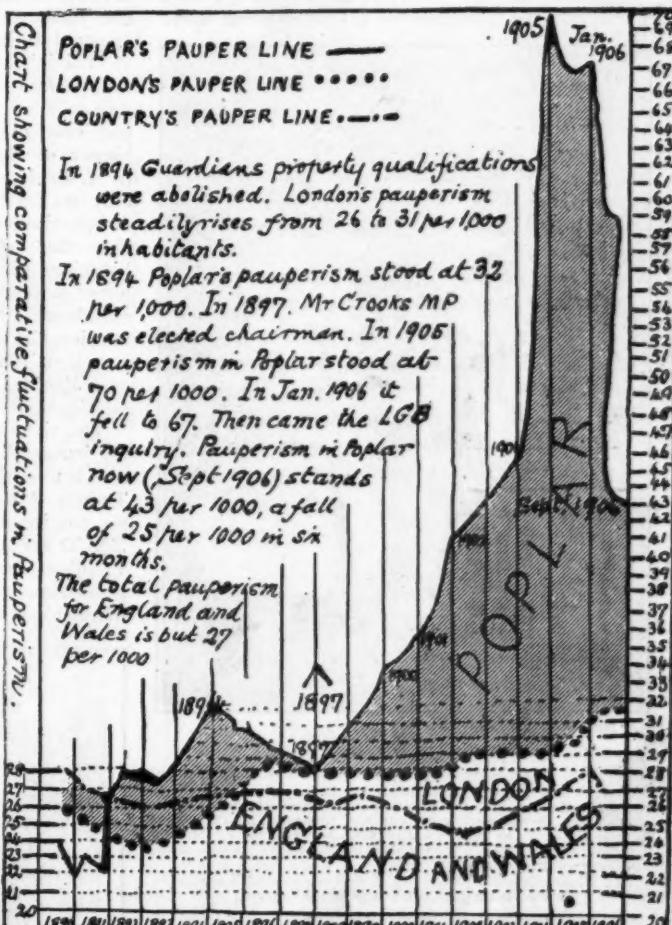
Government of London. It is difficult to believe that Mr. Keir Hardie can contemplate such a course. The London County Council has been the nursing mother of Municipal Socialism. The success with which it has administered the greatest city in the world on advanced democratic lines has done more than any other agency to make the programme of the Independent Labour Party what the Americans would call a thinkable proposition throughout the country. To risk the undoing of the work of the last twenty years by opening the door for the sworn enemies of democratic progress would be a blunder in tactics which the democracy of Britain would bitterly resent. One does not easily forgive parricide.

**The Danger
of
Reaction.**

There is no need
to get into a
flurry of alarm
over the possi-
bility of defeat, but it is just as
well to recognise one or two plain
facts which ought to give pause to
those who may be meditating a
policy of division. The first is that
the present majority has been in
power so long that, for mere love
of change, many will "give the
other side a turn." (2) Many of the
best of the Progressive majority
have gone into Parliament, and
Mr. Burns has left Spring Gardens
for the Local Government Board.

(3) The Education question has not
strengthened the majority either
among Churchmen or dissenters.
(4) The loss on the steamboats,
although a comparative bagatelle
beside the advantage of the L.C.C.
service, will be used to discredit
the policy of municipal socialism.
(5) And, what is perhaps the most
serious danger of all from the point
of view of the Independent Labour
Party with its Socialistic programme,
is the Poplar inquiry, which in the
public mind illustrates and emphasises
the evils inseparable from the
introduction of I.L.P. principles

into Local Administration. Of course this ought not to tell against the L.C.C., whose most conspicuous representative, Mr. Burns, instituted the inquiry which exposed the Poplar scandals. But we are not dealing with things as they ought to be, but with things as they are, and with such difficulties to overcome it is little short of treason for any one who cares for progress and democracy to adopt any policy which might have the result of placing the enemy in power.

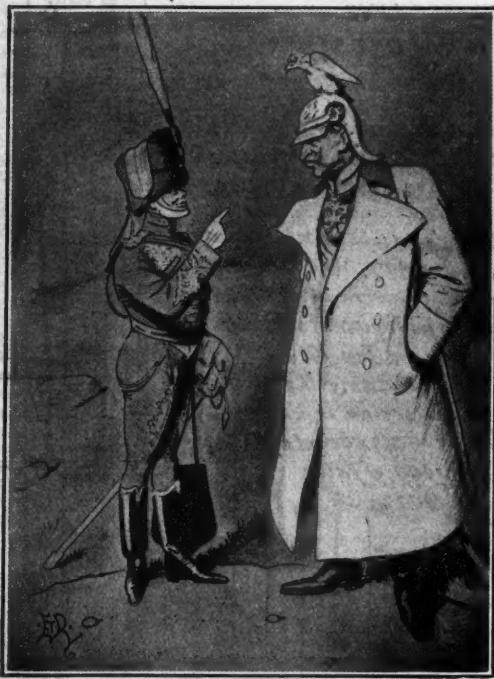


This chart, reproduced by the courtesy of the "Local Government Journal," shows the rise of pauperism in Poplar from 32 per 1,000 of the population in 1897 to 70 per 1,000 in 1905, and the fall in figures since the inquiry was begun last January.

CURRENT HISTORY IN CARICATURE.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as ithers see us."—BURNS.

THE German Kaiser and his people were much to the fore last month in the cartoonist's survey of the world. *Punch's* skit on certain spectators of the German manoeuvres, humorous in itself, is more humorous as a suggestion that the "young manliness" of which he has, in his time, inflicted no small amount on a long-suffering world



By permission of the proprietors of "Punch."]

Our Winston.

(An unrecorded incident of the manoeuvres.)

WINSTON (DR. GROSSE): "Now mind, your Majesty, if any point should arise during the manoeuvres that you don't quite understand—that you can't get the hang of—don't hesitate to ask me! Remember, I shall never be thinking too deeply to be disturbed by you. Any topic, mind! Strategy or tactics: anything that worries you about the Empire—all the same to me, you know—put you right in a moment."

(Mr. Winston Churchill attended the German manoeuvres in yeomanry uniform as the guest of His Majesty the Emperor.)

may in turn be inflicted by another generation on his own Grand Paternal Self. The Kaiser's resolute determination not to acknowledge the existence of anything shady in the administration of his Empire at home or abroad is hit off by *Nebelspalter*. His meeting with our King is depicted with the hyperbole of burlesque in *Neue Glühlichter* and *Lustige Blätter*. The face of his British Majesty is singularly well reproduced by the latter in unexpected setting.

The beneficial effect of the German waters on the august patient is rather broadly indicated by the irreverent *Ulk*. A much happier representation is that of the *Pall Mall Magazine*, in which a substantial old salt with the face of King Edward advises his nephew to stick to his soldier's craft, and not yield to naval megalomania. However his Imperial Majesty may deprecate the public washing of administrative dirty linen, *Wahre Jacob* and the *African World* call attention in forms more gruesome or strenuous than comic to the crimes and calamities which have disfigured the Colonial history of Germany. Russia is represented here by *Ulk's* hint that the revolutionaries have been only too docile pupils of the Government in the art of terrorism, and by *Jugend's* sly suggestion to the Tsar that crowns are more apt to draw down the lightnings of popular wrath than the plain citizen's hat of a Republican President. A pungent Temperance lesson from the Far East is one of Sir F. C. G.'s happiest hits: the idea of reformed China, after curing herself of the opium habit, sending missionaries to cure England of her drink habit, decidedly staggers self-righteous John Bull.

The situation in Egypt is cynically portrayed by the irrepressible *Ulk*: the diplomats may discuss who is to settle in Egypt, but all the time the row of Tommy Atkinses are settled in possession as solid, set, and irremovable as the Sphinx or the Pyramids. The Trusts take a back seat in the month's cartoons. President Roosevelt's spelling digression is satirised good humouredly by the New York *Puck* and our own inimitable knight.



TURIN. [The Tsarewitch as a Colonel.
TSAR: "And now that you are promoted to be a colonel it becomes your duty to restore discipline in the army!"



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Westminster Gazette.]

The Red Paint.

[Sept. 20.

LABOUR (to Mr. Keir Hardie) : "Steady on with that red paint, mate : you're splashing it about a bit too thick!"



Ulk.]

[Aug. 31.

Disgraceful Competition.

RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL : "Dear me! These beastly revolutionaries again!"



Melbourne Punch.]

A Tough Contract.

(The Prime Minister is wearying the Protectionists by his tardiness in entering upon Tariff Reform.)

SIR EDMUND BARTON (who has tried it himself) : "You've got to knock that into shape, Alf. You'll like the job, I don't think."



L. M. Gaskins

[New York

That Xtra F.

OUR FONETIK PRESIDENT : "And yet sum pupul as Ime not a Tarif reformer!"

Nobelspater.

WIL



Lustige Blätter.

The Inseparables.

[Berlin.]



Neidspalter.

The Latest "Winged Words."

WILHELM: "I'll have no pessimists in my country."

[Zurich.]



Neue Glücklicher.

Fast Friends!

But the best of friends sometimes fall out.

[Vienna.]



Ull.

At Marienbad.

EDWARD VII.: "I've shrunk already!"

[Berlin.]

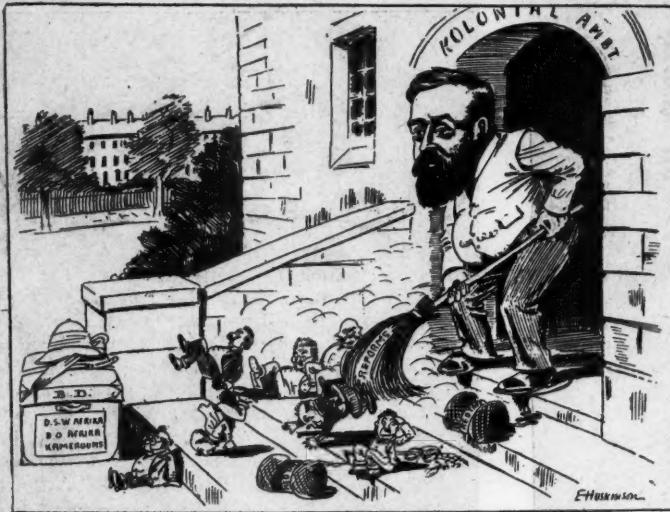
[Aug. 31.
Dear me!
in it!"]



[New York.]

not a Tarif

not a Tarif



African World.]

Germany and Her Colonies.

EXCELENZ DERNBURG: "Donnerwetter! This is worse than banking! What a lot of cleaning up I shall have to do before I can get to work properly!"

[Sept. 15.



Nobelpalier.]

A Swiss View of Uncle Sam and the Cubans.

"I do believe that the cheeky beggars think that they are going to be photographed, when I am really preparing to shoot them."



[Bengal.]

The Bengal Fire.

SRIJAT PUNCHONATH (to Firemen Morley and Minto): "Wake up, friends, wake up! You think there's nothing more to be done, except allowing the flames to burn out! And you go to sleep over it! But—but the flames do require to be put out!"

(The agitation against the Partition Question still rages.)



Wahre Jacob.]

In the Colonial Swamp.

PRINCE BÜLOW: "Angels and Ministers of Grace, defend us! That one has never stuck fast in the mud before."

Jugend.]

PRESIDENT

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La Silhoue

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No exceptio



[Jugend.]

[Sept. 4.

PRESIDENT FALLIÈRES: "Nicholas, you should get yourself a silk hat like mine; metal attracts the lightning."



[La Silhouette.]

[Paris.

Great Demonstration in favour of Sunday Rest.
No exceptions: one day of rest a week for everybody; the standard of demands is raised!



[Ulk.]

[Berlin.]

The Egyptian Question.
THE DIPLOMATS: "Let's go in and discuss the question of who's to settle here."



[Ulk.]

[Berlin.]

In the Paris Actors' Home.
COQUELIN: "Don't you think there should be a Home for Aged Actresses?"
BERNHARDT: "Aged actresses! There are none!"

Impressions of the Theatre.—XXIII.

(46.)—"THE WINTER'S TALE" AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

(47.)—"TRISTRAM AND ISEULT" AT THE ADELPHI.

(48.)—MR. COLLINS'S PANORAMA AT DRURY LANE.

46.—THE WINTER'S TALE.

HIS MAJESTY'S is but a stone's throw from the Pavilion Music-Hall. But between "The Winter's Tale" and the vulgarity show at the head of the street what a world of difference! And yet "The Winter's Tale" in many respects resembles the miscellany of a modern music-hall. The difference is that Shakespeare puts a soul into what, without a soul, would be a mere body of corruption and decay. At the Pavilion, there was no informing idea, no governing thought, no continuity of life, no beauty—nothing but the galvanic twitching of ugly and grotesque mimes as they convulsively did their "turns."

In "The Winter's Tale" we have almost the same ingredients. Indeed, when you think of it, they are almost curiously alike. There is the rogue Autolycus with his patter; there is the clown, the shepherd's son, as silly and ugly as anything on the music-hall stage. There are dancers galore, and to complete the parallel we have the living statue of Hermione to set against the poses of La Milo. Yet in the one case there is a memory of a beautiful idyl, and you carry with you a pleasant, haunting vision of a vanished world of old romance which has suddenly been conjured up in the midst of London of the twentieth century. In the other the same material produced only a feeling of repulsion, of revulsion and of disgust. The contrast is as great as that between the antlered deer, most beautiful and graceful of all the things of the forest, and the red and reeking remains of the same deer after he has been broken up. In "The Winter's Tale" we have the living stag, at the Pavilion but his liver and lights and entrails piteously exposed in turns upon the stage.

"The Winter's Tale" is the most music-hally, to coin a word, of all Shakespeare's plays. Its plot is of the slightest. Hardly any pains are taken to make it credible. The unities of time and place are violated with as much freedom as geographical realities. It is in truth a series of *tableaux*, or turns if you will, in which we have a medley almost as varied as that of a music-hall performance. Indeed, it is conceivable that if "The Winter's Tale" were to be staged at the Pavilion, the manager would introduce into the fun of the fair that follows in the wake of Autolycus the juggling and the tumbling and the antics of his usual *répertoire*. But notwithstanding the slightness and incongruity of the materials, how beautiful, how thrilling in its human interest are the scenes, even as they are cut down for presentation on His Majesty's stage! The madness of self-torturing jealousy; the

rapture of youthful passion; the fidelity of love inviolate; the Nemesis of lawless tyranny; the courage of loyal devotion—all these great themes, nobly illustrated and presented in a setting of exquisite beauty, make "The Winter's Tale" a dream of delight and of inspiration.

In that fair picture of old romance two figures stand out not as blurs so much, but as being in unpleasant and unlovely contrast to all the other characters of the play. Leontes, the jealous king; Autolycus, the sharper of the countryside— forerunner, in his simple way, of the mammoths of "Frenzied Finance," and a much more genial rogue than they—are foils which throw up the almost ideal beauty of the other characters. But there was a little too much of Autolycus, and Leontes was the very incarnation of the moonstruck madness of jealousy. It is true that jealousy is the maddest of all things, and if Shakespeare wanted to portray how utterly insane it can make a man he succeeds in Leontes. For we have in him the exaggeration both of this unworthy passion and of the retribution which follows. But as played at His Majesty's he fails to carry conviction. Possibly Shakespeare wished to hold up to ridicule and contempt the jealous fool who, not content with possessing the whole-hearted devotion of a true wife, would e'en forbid her to shed the overplus of her affection upon his dearest friend. Hermione no doubt showered much wealth of caressing tenderness upon Polixenes. But she was at the time with child to Leontes, with whom she was living in the fondest conjugal ties, nor could even the most jealous husband discover in her anything of inconstancy. According to the Zenana theory of married life it is an act of infidelity even to look upon another man, while to touch his hand is a breach of chastity. Leontes had no Zenana. He himself urged his wife to do her best to induce Polixenes to remain as their guest. Nevertheless, the moment he saw his wife innocently fondling the hand of Polixenes he invoked the strict doctrine of the Zenana to condemn her conduct, and went as mad as any Bedlamite in the gratification of his jealous vengeance. He even defied the immortal gods in his madness, and so brought upon himself the loss of his son and heir and the daily renewed remorse of a sixteen years' widowerhood. It served him right. But it is a defect either in the play or in its presentation that no one can feel even a spark of sympathy with Leontes. We even resent the sympathy and mercy accorded to him in the last act.

The trial scene, in which Hermione is condemned by her husband and vindicated by Apollo, may be

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47. TRISTRAM
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regarded as somewhat melodramatic, but I am free to confess that it seemed to me one of the most thrilling and pathetic scenes I have ever witnessed on any stage. There are certain scenes which involuntarily bring a lump into the throat. There are not many of them with me. But this was one of them. It was the moment when this motley play touched the highest note of tragic pathos. And not less engraven on the memory is the sweet idyl of the loves of Perdita and Florizel. It is a charming pastoral romance, one of the most poetical and delightful in the whole range of Shakespeare's plays. The fidelity of Camillo and the splendid loyalty and courage of the matron Paulina are other bright lights in the story. It was forty years since I read "The Winter's Tale." But I rejoiced to recognise the characters as old friends—so deep is the impression which a single perusal of a play will make upon a boy in his teens.

47. TRISTRAM AND ISEULT.

"Tristram and Iseult," a drama in four acts, by Mr. J. Comyns Carr, may be criticised as a poem or as a play. As a poem it is very beautiful and not unconvincing. As a play it is also beautiful, but not convincing at all. King Mark of the printed page may have existed; King Mark as the burly ruffian whom Mr. Asche presents to us at the Adelphi is simply impossible. "Mark's way"—we know what that was:

Behind him rose a shadow and a shriek—

"Mark's way," said Mark, and clove him thro' the brain.

That is what Oscar Asche's "Mark" could have done, for he is a beefy man, gross and coarse, and a

coward for all his bulk; subject to gusts of passion, indeed, but quite incapable of the decision to spare Tristram, when caught *in flagrante delicto*, in order that his infamy might doom him to a more painful punishment than death.

There are many versions of the famous story of the hapless loves of Tristram and Iseult. Tennyson's is the most familiar in poetry, Wagner's in opera. In "The Last Tournament," Tristram—Sir Tris-

tram of the Woods—after living in lawless love with Queen Iseult of Ireland—Mark's wife—marries Iseult, the white princess of Brittany, whereby rousing fierce anger in the heart of Iseult of Ireland, with whom, however, he continues to spend hours in amorous dalliance, until one day, "out of the dark, just as the lips had touched," there "flash'd a levin brand," and all was over. In Mr. Comyns Carr's version Tristram was no such fickle lover. He is the incarnation of honour, purity, loyalty and love. Iseult of the white hands is no pale-blooded princess of Brittany, rival to the Irish Iseult, but a shadowy, spectral form foreshadowing

death. Iseult, although claimed as wife by Mark—won as wife for Mark by Tristram's valour—had never been his wedded wife. The passion of Tristram for Iseult, of Iseult for Tristram, although transcending ethical limits and entailing fatal penalty, is, in Mr. Carr's version, as a fever for which they were as irresponsible as was Phaedra for the fierce lust that the vengeful Cyprian inflicted upon her to punish Hippolytus for his neglect of her altars. And Mark, who, in Tennyson's verse,



Photograph by

[Ellis and Waller.

Tristram and Iseult.

Iseult falls in love with Tristram, and this picture shows them when they are afraid that their love will be discovered.

steals "catlike through his own castle," strikes and slays like a butcher knight, in Mr. Carr's play looks like a butcher and acts like a cold-blooded Inquisitor.

The criticism passed upon the play by a gifted friend of mine, that plays should teach us how to live, not how to die, which is easy enough—and this play has no teaching of that sort—is not without foundation. It is a beautiful and tragic drama, but it is not encouraging. Here is Tristram, the soul of honour, crushing relentlessly under foot his love for Iseult in virtue of his higher loyalty to his king, suddenly seized by the base, mechanical, chemical contrivance of a love philtre, and compelled to do that against which his soul had heretofore triumphantly striven. What, then, is the use and purpose of human endeavour when Destiny can thus make sport of free will, and a single wine cup paralyse conscience and unchain passion, and brings about a situation so hopeless that we are told as the last word of wisdom—

For all Love's wounds there is no cure but death.

Surely here we have the echo of that pessimist philosophy which, whenever we come upon it, makes us sympathise with the impulsive Kaiser, who has just been telling his "Schwarzker" at Breslau that they are intolerable, and the sooner they quit the country the better he will be pleased.

The story, as Mr. Carr tells it, in brief is this:—Sir Tristram of Lyonnesse, nephew to King Mark of Cornwall, has, some time before the play opens, achieved at one stroke three notable things. The hosts of King Gorman of Ireland had invaded Cornwall. Their leader, Sir Moraunt, a legendary hero of all but invincible valour, had challenged King Mark's knights to single combat. Tristram alone was able to cope with the insolent invader. In single combat he had slain Moraunt, but not before Moraunt's poisoned spear had pierced his side. By that victory he had delivered Cornwall, achieved imperishable renown, and had won the deadly, envious hatred of King Mark. Tristram, although thus famous and envied, lay apparently stricken with a deadly wound. In vain all the leeches of Cornwall tried their skill:—

Only there whence came that poisoned spear
Dwells our last hope of healing.

Fair Iseult, Princess of Ireland, sister of the slaughtered Moraunt—Iseult of the healing hands—she alone may be able to heal him. But to send Tristram to the Irish Court was to send him to his doom. King Mark knew this, and although infirm of purpose, he irresolutely shrank from uttering the decisive word until, spurred to it by Tristram's step-mother, Arganthal, he ultimately assented to his departure. Tristram resolves to go, not to seek healing of his own wound, which he believes to be incurable, but to make peace between Ireland and Cornwall by winning Iseult as bride for King Mark.

In the first act we have the departure of Tristram, who is borne on to the stage in a litter, with due

accompaniment of harpers chanting dolorous music. As he is about to be carried on shipboard he says:—

I dreamed last night that loyal love was dead,
And I the cause

—the first foreglimmering of the ill to come.

The second act transports us to the Irish Court. Tristram has reached his destination, disguised, with a solitary follower. Iseult at once sets about his cure, and naturally enough falls in love with her patient. While he is convalescent, Sir Palamede, a Paynim knight, challenges the knights of King Gorman's Court. The king somewhat rashly promises to grant whatever request he might make should he come off the victor. When the act opens, the Infidel has made short work of all the Irish knights save three. To them the king explains the situation, and reveals the fact that if he conquers, Sir Palamede intends to demand the hand of Iseult. By way of encouraging the three survivors to do their utmost, Iseult's hand is promised to whichever knight defeats the Saracen. The news is broken to Iseult by a squire of Sir Palamede, who announces that if his master triumphs he will turn Christian and avenge the death of Sir Moraunt upon Sir Tristram. The knights depart to their inevitable doom. The Court is cleared. Tristram enters, and learns from Iseult's lips that she is "the prize the Pagan lord hath set his heart to win." He also learns that the lists are open to all comers, and his resolve is taken. Feigning to sleep, he retires behind the curtain, while Iseult sings him lullaby as she plays upon her harp. The chamber darkens, a chorus of unseen spirits is heard, and then a vision of Iseult of the White Hands appears.

The apparition, who announces that she dwells

In that far moonlit land toward whose pale coasts
All sails shall run for haven at the last,

declares—

Whom thou hast healed,
Though all unknowing, thou shalt wound again.
Whom thou hast wounded, I alone may cure.

The vision vanishes, leaving Iseult in amaze repeating the words—

“Whom thou hast healed, him thou shalt wound again.”
Ah, no! Ah, no!

Tristram's squire enters. Iseult forbids him to disturb his master's rest, and departs muttering—

“Whom thou hast wounded, I alone may cure.”
Is there no cure for me?

The squire is no sooner alone than he summons Sir Tristram to awake. The curtain is drawn back, and the supposed sleeper, now clad in complete armour, steps forth. Leaving his own sword behind (for it is with which he slew Moraunt, and its blade is gapped where the bloody steel bit through Iseult's brother's armour), and seizing that of his squire, he hurries off to the lists, just as the last Irish knight falls beneath the Paynim's spear.

No sooner has he gone than Iseult and her mother

enter the Court. The queen has suggested that the unknown patient was the knight who slew her son. She carries with her the bit of steel that Tristram's sword had left in Moraunt's body. Fitting this into the sword left outside the chamber, she exclaims to Iseult, "There lies thy brother's murderer!" and adjures her daughter to slay him as he sleeps. Iseult replies, "These hands were made for healing, not for hurt." "And mine for vengeance!" exclaims her mother, as she flings back the curtain, only to find an empty couch.

While she stands dismayed by this discovery, the blare of trumpets is heard, and amid a confused babel of many voices, the king and all his courtiers return in triumph from the tournament. "A stranger knight, clad in white armour, has vanquished the Pagan." Tristram—for of course it is he—is hailed as hero, and bidden to claim what boon he will. At this moment a Cornish lord enters to denounce Sir Tristram as traitor to his trust to King Mark. Amid a storm of execrations Tristram demands the hand of Iseult for King Mark. King Gorman is a man of his word. Iseult swoons in the arms of her maid, and the curtain falls upon a fine *tableau*, of which Tristram with uplifted sword is the central figure.

In the next act, the ship that bears Iseult to the arms of the Cornish king is nearing the coast. A great storm, which threatened the ship with destruction, is dying away. Iseult, "while the storm ran riot through the skies," had seen her spectral namesake flit with fearless feet across the foaming floor, and cry—

Not yet—not yet.

I heal all wounds, and thou all wounds save one;
Thou dost not need me yet.

Iseult, who had longed to die to escape from marriage with King Mark, sees her hope perish as the storm abates its fury. Her attendant carries a cunningly carved goblet, the gift of Iseult's mother to the bridal pair. On it was inscribed this legend:

"Those twain who drink of this sweet wine shall dream
An endless dream that knows no waking here."

The Queen had explained to the attendant that it was a love philtre, intended to free Iseult's heart from love for Tristram. Mark and Iseult were to pledge their troth in it—

When they have drunk of it, from that day forth
Those twain shall cleave together, heart to heart
And soul to soul, till at the last Death comes
To end what else were endless.

But she was straitly charged not to reveal the true nature of the magic wine to Iseult, who, when she read the inscription, not unnaturally conceived that the wine was poisoned. Sending for Tristram, she implores him to put the helm about and flee the land. Thrice she implores him. At last he angrily tells her that she had healed him only to avenge Moraunt by inflicting this deeper shame upon the man who slew him—

He shall live to bear upon his brow
The brand of coward, traitor, and what else
Shall link his name with endless infamy.

He claims death at her hands, and when she refuses he drains half the contents of the goblet, believing it to be poisoned. Iseult, seeing what he has done, drinks off the rest of the potion, and they stand for awhile distraught, awaiting death. They see strange visions of shadowy forms surrounding the rose-crowned brows of Love, while the sea

Breaks into flower and all the whitened foam
Is strewn with blossom.

"Can this be Death's rough road?" they ask.
"And if it be, then Death and Life are one." Her head falls upon her breast. "Iseult, I love thee," cries Tristram, and she replies, "As I love thee, too, and shall for ever love thee."

The work of the philtre is complete just as the ship enters the harbour, and upon the entranced lovers, who reel apart, enters King Mark with all his Court.

The curtain falls upon the stirring scene, to rise again upon the last act. Iseult, professing a desire to mourn for her brother's death before her marriage, has sought a remote retreat in the hills, where she is nightly visited by Sir Tristram. Her secret is revealed by a misshapen dwarf employed by his stepmother, Arganthal, and she and her husband lead the King to the trysting place of the hapless lovers. King Mark surprises the guilty pair, but refuses to slay them—

Thou shalt not die.
That were too swift a vengeance.
Therefore, live on
Hated and spurned by those who worshipped thee.
Is not this mercy?

Tristram, drawing his sword, rushes upon the King, only to be stabbed in the back by the husband of Arganthal, who has accompanied the King. Then Tristram dies in Iseult's arms. And as he dies Iseult cries aloud for her spectral namesake—

Where art thou now, that bade me call on thee?
Whom thou hast healed, him thou shalt wound again.
Yea, all stands clear at last. This wound is mine;
Yet that was not the end. Where art thou now?

Thus adjured, Iseult of the White Hands appears once more amid the wailing of the unseen chorus, and stretching her hands over the prostrate forms of the two lovers, declares—

For all Love's wounds there is no cure but death!

And that is the end of the sad story. Iseult is supposed to die on her lover's corpse.

The poem contains many beautiful passages. Speaking of the love philtre, Iseult says—

The drink was nought,
Nought but a sign that made the dumb to speak,
The deaf to hear, and freed two prisoned souls
That else were bound for ever. It was life,
Ay, life, not death, thou gavest us to drink!
What else is life but love?

In like ecstasy Tristram declares—

Who owns thee owns the world ! What else is left
In that poor realm that paupers count as life
Now lies unheeded, and its shattered laws,
Made for a starveling race that knows not love,
Read like a crazy scribble on the wall
That fences round our Heaven.

But are we then to suppose that the love potion which reduced the "shattered laws," breach of which seemed to the undrugged Tristram to entail eternal infamy to "a crazy scribble on the wall," was really nought but a sign that made the dumb to speak and the deaf to hear? What it did was to make his conscience dumb and the ear oblivious to the voice of duty and honour. In most plays Death is supposed to end all. But in this play, where the play culminates in an apparition of the Living Dead, it is impossible to regard Death as the last word. It is rather the beginning of a new chapter. If after Death comes the judgment, what befall Tristram and Iseult when they reached that pale shore, far beyond all land, beyond the sea—

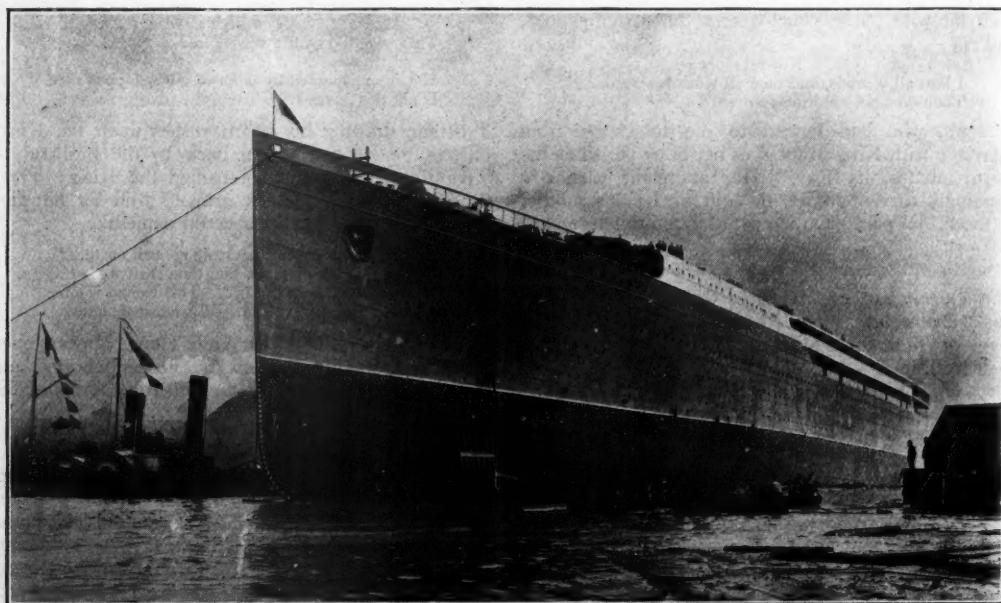
Where all ships run for haven at the last?

Mr. Carr attempts no answer to the question, and the audience is left guessing.

48.—MR. COLLINSS PANORAMA AT DRURY LANE.

Those who love a gorgeous spectacle and who delight in realism in the ingenious realm of stage car-

petry should not fail to visit Drury Lane. If they wish to study the interior of a sulphur mine without travelling all the way to Sicily, they will find a vivid living picture of the whole thing put on the stage with wonderful effect. It would, no doubt, be more useful if the exhibition of this remarkable panorama had its proper accompaniment in the shape of a lecturer with a wand, who would indicate more precisely what is what and where is where, how the sulphur is extracted, how it is worked up, and so forth. But it is very interesting, suggesting reminiscences of a glorified Polytechnic and Hall of Science for the instruction of ingenuous youth. There are other scenes very prettily mounted, affording panoramic views of the Isle of Man, of the Governor's Palace in Sicily, and a teetotal island called St. Helda, in the Mediterranean, which afford the spectator interesting specimens of the art of the stage artist, the scene-shifter, and the stage carpenter. A few real cows and one black pony are introduced to give more reality to the panorama. Altogether it is a very pretty spectacle, the enjoyment of which is somewhat impaired by the extraordinary manœuvrings of a company of apparently human marionettes, who go through the most astonishing movements and perform the most incredible absurdities in an entirely unconvincing way. As a kind of ingenious puzzle, constructed by a clever man on the principle of "contraries," it is somewhat diverting. But it tends now and then to distract attention from the panorama.



Photograph by Thompson and Lee.]

[Newcastle.

Launch of the Mauretania, the Largest Steamship in the World.

This new Cunard liner was built at Newcastle for the Liverpool to New York service. Her tonnage is 33,200, length 787 ft. 6 in., and breadth 88 ft. She is to be fitted with turbine engines, and her speed is estimated at 25 knots.

CHARACTER SKETCH.

GENERAL TREPOFF.

AN UNPUBLISHED CHAPTER IN RECENT HISTORY.

SO General Treppoff has gone! The one strong, capable man in all Russia! I sincerely deplore his loss. I am one of the few Englishmen who had the pleasure of the personal acquaintance of the deceased General. I always spoke of the man as I found him, and have been freely denounced in consequence by sympathisers with the Russian Revolution. Now that he is dead, the Radical papers, which denounced me as his tool and *agent provocateur*, are compelled to pay tributes to his honesty and liberalism. I venture to hope that some at least of my maligners may remember with shame the abuse they heaped upon me for speaking up for a man to whose better side I testified, when to speak a good word for General Treppoff brought down upon you the major excommunication of the Liberals of Russia.

I.—INTRODUCTION.

I met General Treppoff twice, and wrote to him many times. I never published any report of my interviews with him, although I naturally was compelled to refer to the substance of his communications. I voluntarily assured him that I would not publish our conversation until he had revised my notes, as the importance of the subject justified my taking every precaution against any misapprehension or misunderstanding as to the views which he expressed on that occasion. Only the week before his death I was discussing with Professor Milyukoff the best way of securing the revision of my MSS. by General Treppoff. His death renders this impossible.

In justice to his memory I deem it not only justifiable, but necessary, to put on record the notes of a conversation which at one time promised to bear good fruits in the shape of a pacified and liberated Russia. Although my notes are unrevised, the whole of the conversation was burnt so deeply into my memory I have no doubt as to their accuracy. Nor will General Treppoff's friends—and he had many friends—resent the publication of notes of a conversation which, I venture to think, reveal more clearly than anything yet printed the man as he was.

TREPOFF'S ORIGIN.

Before printing this record of our interview it may be well briefly to sketch the career of the man who, more than any other, was regarded by friend and foe as the incarnation of Power. General Treppoff was the remarkable son of a remarkable father. Eighty years ago a new-born baby was found on the doorstep of a respectable family in Moscow. The practice of leaving unwanted children about the streets is more common in Russia than in other countries, and in no other country is such lavish provision made for the upbringing of these foundlings. In the great State foundling hospitals the infant mortality is atrocious. Treppoff *père's* chance of survival was greatly improved by the fact that he fell into the hands of a Russian householder, who educated him and started him in the world so successfully that before he died the unknown foundling had become Prefect of St. Petersburg, and one of the most powerful men in the Empire. He became notorious throughout Europe from the attempt made to assassinate him by Vera Sassoulitch, who was triumphantly acquitted by a jury who would probably have been much more enthusiastic if she had been successful.

HIS CAREER.

Dmitri Feodoritch Treppoff, the youngest son of Vera's target, was born in 1855. He was therefore but fifty-one when he died. He went into the Army, and was regarded as a fairly average stupid subaltern, who read no books, and enjoyed life as young officers do. When he was twenty-two he went with his regiment to the Balkans. He fought with characteristic courage, was wounded, and went back to the camp from the hospital. When peace was made he came back to Russia, and by degrees rose to a colonelcy in the Horse Guards. He remained with his regiment until 1896, when he was made Police Master of Moscow. There he remained till the outbreak of the war with Japan, when he was gazetted to the command of a brigade in Manchuria. The outbreak of revolutionary violence in St. Petersburg deprived him of any chance of distinguishing himself in the Far East. He was appointed Governor-General

of St. Petersburg, with full control of the police of the Empire. When I reached the Russian capital at the end of August, 1905, I found General Trepoff the man on horseback. St. Petersburg was as quiet as London. Even the disgust excited by the signature of peace was not allowed to cause a ripple of discontent upon the sullen and stagnant pool of St. Petersburg opinion.

HIS POSITION IN ST. PETERSBURG.

At the Court and at the Embassies everyone swore by General Trepoff; and although in the workshops, in the newspaper offices, and in the lower revolutionary

once brutal enough and strong enough to serve the turn of an autocrat in despair. Whether they blessed him or they banned him, Trepoff was the man of the situation—the *vice* Tsar, the Dictator *de facto* of the Empire. Those who belittled him and bemoaned that so mean a man should be exalted to such high office, admitted that however petty might be the man himself, the post which he occupied made him the most important human personality in all Russia—bar none.

WHY I WENT TO SEE HIM.

The Tsar had given me permission to address



General Trepoff.

Died September 15th.



General Dedulin.

General Trepoff's successor.

strata everybody swore at him, they swore under their breath. A distinguished foreign resident in St. Petersburg whom I consulted as to the chances of a revolutionary outbreak, replied: "So long as Trepoff is in command I am not uneasy. On the day he dies, or is killed, I shall send my wife home." It was Trepoff, an ambassador told me, and Trepoff alone, who kept the flag flying in St. Petersburg. From the Liberals I heard all manner of stories concerning this jack-booted tyrant, who trampled ruthlessly upon all human rights and liberties. Trepoff was the man of the iron hand and the stony heart. Trepoff was the coarse, vulgar, illiterate boor, the only instrument at

Conferences on the Duma from the English point of view. But I was assured on all hands that the Tsar's permission was worth but little if it were not countersigned by his omnipotent Master of Police. At that time Russian Liberals generally, and Russian Social Revolutionaries without any exception, were utterly sceptical about the value of the Duma. I was satisfied by my conversation with the Emperor that he really and truly meant business; that, in his Majesty's opinion, the Duma was only the first step, and if it succeeded he was quite prepared to go further. Further, I had received the most positive assurances that laws conceding the four fundamental

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liberties—of Association, Public Meeting, Free Press, and Personal Liberty—were in preparation and would shortly be published. It seemed to me, therefore, that I could not possibly render greater service to the cause of Russia and of humanity than by urging the Russian Liberals to accept the Duma as a first step, and by loyally co-operating with the Emperor to render possible the peaceful evolution of Russian liberty. But when I quoted the Tsar's words, my Russian friends shrugged their shoulders and said: "Trepoff!" and when I urged that after all Nicholas II. was Tsar, and not General Trepoff, they said: "What about

depend, I jotted down roughly on half a sheet of note-paper the general line along which I wished the conversation to go. These rough notes I reproduce as a memento of one of the most interesting interviews of my life:—

Interview with Trepoff.

First object to put myself *en rapport* in friendly sympathetic relations; recall Grosser also, ancestral genius. General Emperor he is pillar of situation.

Emperor wished me to see him, first about my own propaganda.—Suspicion.—Meeting to set forth English point of view. (1) Government sincere; (2) Duma entails—submitted to Emperor. Will submit it to him as soon as in Russian.

Milyukoff—Cannot write or say one word until Milyukoff is out, and his friends or tried.—Whole thing hung up.

Situation seems to me very dangerous. Baku general. You stand between order and authority. But law. No law in Russia—but Trepoff's will.

THE INTERPRETER.

I was very fortunate in my interpreter. My old friend Dr. Duncan, a Russian of Scotch descent, who for many years had been the chief sanitary officer of St. Petersburg, consented to accompany me. Dr. Duncan was not only an ex-official who spoke Russian and English with equal facility, he was an old personal friend of the Trepoff family. Nearly forty years ago, when Dmitri Feodoritch was but a boy in his teens, Dr. Duncan had been entrusted by his father, General Trepoff, with the duty of accompanying his son to London. It was also very well known to General Trepoff that I had been received at Peterhof, and that I sought the interview at the express wish of the Tsar. He also knew that a day or two before my visit I had a long interview with Professor Milyukoff, by special order of General Dedulin, who had the Professor brought from prison to a police station in order that I might interview him. The circumstances, therefore, were propitious. But I had heard so much about the ignorance and brutality of this jack-booted Dictator that I was not a little uneasy as to how the interview would go.

ON THE LID OF THE VOLCANO.

We were received at the headquarters of the Governor-General, and after a short delay were ushered into his presence. At that time General Trepoff had been several times doomed to death by the Revolutionary Tribunal—if so imposing a name may be given to the secret juntas of desperate men and women who arrogate to themselves the power of life and death. Some six or seven attempts had been made to assassinate him; but he seemed to bear a charmed life. People still remembered his contemptuous remark when he believed he was on the eve of leaving Moscow for Manchuria: "I prefer to face the bullets of the regular soldiers of Japan than to be shot at by the bungling amateurs of the revolution."

As we took our seats and accepted his cigarettes in his spacious reception room, it was difficult to realise that this tall handsome soldier was the storm-centre of the brooding revolution. Conspirators with



How General Trepoff Restores Order.

Milyukoff?" To which I answered: "I shall see General Trepoff, and I agree to accept the fate of Professor Milyukoff as the touchstone of the sincerity of the Russian Government." Under those circumstances it can easily be imagined with what anxiety I made my way to interview the dreaded Mayor of the Palace.

MY PROGRAMME.

As is my wont before proceeding to interview any one upon whose decisions the fate of nations may

dagger, poison, revolver and bomb were waiting and dreaming of the moment when they might gratify their longing for vengeance. The concentrated hate of a million men and women beat about this sanctum of autocratic power. And there we sat and gossiped pleasantly, as if there were no earthquake trembling beneath our feet. Yet we were in the very crater of the revolutionary volcano, sitting on the lid with

Mr. Stead would like to hear my political ideas." I confess I was somewhat startled. "Why, of course," I said to Dr. Duncan, in English, "I never heard before that he had any political ideas. Nothing would please me more than to hear his views." On the latter part of this being translated General Treppoff began:—

II.—GENERAL TREPOFF'S PROGRAMME.

"I wish to realise that what I have to say relates only to Russia. With the Auslands—the Caucasus, Poland, Finland, and the Baltic provinces—I have nothing to do. They lie outside my jurisdiction, and many things have happened there which might have been prevented if I had been able to deal with them.

HIS DIAGNOSIS OF THE CRISIS.

"The state of Russia is very serious. It is a complex situation, due to many causes, the product of long years, during which many things have been mismanaged and more have been neglected. We are to-day reaping the harvest of the faults of previous generations. We need not discuss where the responsibility lies. It is sufficient for us to admit that, as the net result of antecedent causes, Russia is at present in the midst of a very grave crisis, so grave a crisis that it is idle to think that it can be coped with by mere repression or by any single measure of reform. The evil, which is of long standing, is very deep-rooted, and it must be approached on all sides. Nothing will do any good which does not recognise the complexity of the problem, and which does not seek to deal with all the phases of the malady from which we are suffering."

When this was duly translated to me by my Russo-Scotch phonograph I was amazed. Here at least, from the lips of the Tyrant of the Iron Hand, I was hearing the shibboleth of Liberal statesmanship. My preconceived prejudices against the ignorant Police Master who read nothing, and had not a political idea in his head, received a rude blow.

(1) THE LAND.

General Treppoff went on: "I will divide the subject into four parts. The first is the agrarian question, the second the industrial problem, the third education, and the fourth the Duma. I will deal with each in turn.

"Of all the troubles which confront us, by far the most important is that of the land. No settlement which does not settle the land question will settle anything. An influential Commission is at present engaged in investigating this subject with a view to immediate action."

"Where is that Commission?" I asked, "and who is the Commissioner whom I ought to see?"

"The Commission is away down near Saratoff," he replied. "But you do not need to trouble yourself to seek after Commissioners. I can tell you everything you want to know. The agrarian question is one to which I have given special attention. I



General Treppoff Crowns Himself Tsar.

which armed force was struggling to shut down the hell fire that raged below.

HOW THE INTERVIEW BEGAN.

I began by some complimentary remarks upon the tranquillity of St. Petersburg, and repeated some of the observations I had heard in diplomatic circles concerning his administrations. General Treppoff, who was courtesy itself, chatted awhile with Dr. Duncan about old times. We laughed about the Treppoff dynasty, and asked him if he had a son to take his place. No, he had only daughters, but there were other Treppoffs. Then suddenly brushing aside the conventional small talk, the General said: "Perhaps

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know it down to the ground. The agrarian question, briefly stated, is that the peasants have not got enough land to live on, and they are suffering in some districts very great hardship. This occasions discontent, and to remove the discontent is impossible unless we remove its causes."

HIS AGRARIAN PROPOSALS.

" Are you a land nationaliser ?" I asked, " like Count Tolstoy ?"

" No," he said, " I am not ; at least, I regard land nationalisation as impracticable at present. I would, however, move in that direction slowly. I know Count Tolstoy's ideas very well. I have been in correspondence with him. He is a Henry Georgeite. But I will proceed with my programme. I would grapple with the agrarian question on four different lines all aiming directly at the improvement of the peasants' economic position. First of all I would, wherever practical, increase the peasants' holding. This could be done without confiscation and without any revolutionary measures. There are in Russia immense areas which are derelict. The owners have become bankrupt or have no longer the means to cultivate them. I would, as a beginning, take over all land not in cultivation from these causes and divide it up among the peasants in need of land. There are also other estates which are at the disposal of the Government. In this way I would partially satisfy the hunger of the peasants for the land. But that is only one of my proposals. My second plan is to facilitate to the uttermost the redistribution of the population. There are districts where the population is congested—too many men on each square mile. There are other districts which suffer from precisely the opposite malady—too many square miles to the man. At present there are all kinds of difficulties in the way of redressing these inequalities by a process of exchange. I would facilitate them by removing all legal obstacles, and by giving free transport from the congested areas to the sparsely inhabited districts. In the third place, I would use the Land Bank—which in Russia, you know, is a political rather than an economic institution—as an agency for making advances to the peasants to furnish them with the appliances, mechanical and animal, which they need if they are to cultivate the soil to any good purpose. By these three measures I feel assured that it would be possible to remove so much of the discontent among the peasants that the agrarian question would be reduced to manageable proportions."

It is worth recalling the fact that this conversation took place twelve months ago, when Russia was apparently quite tranquil, before the railway strike.

" So much for the agrarian problem. Until that is settled there can be no real solution of the crisis. Legislation on the lines I have laid down is being elaborated, and when once the peasant is satisfied the revolutionary crisis ceases to be menacing."

(2) THE INDUSTRIAL CRISIS.

" Now," said I, " after the peasants the workmen. What of them ?"

" In the first place, remember," said General Trepoff, " that the workman does not cease to be a peasant because he comes to the town to seek employment. But it is true that the economic position of the artisan in the great centres of industry leaves much to be desired. He is too much at the mercy of his employers, who are arbitrary, both in fixing the conditions of employment and still more in the exercise of the right of dismissal. It is the duty of the Government to protect the workman against the tyranny and injustice of the capitalist. That was the object which I kept constantly before me when I was at the head of the police of Moscow. You have heard the name of Zubatoff ?"

I admitted that I had heard it, although I did not add that I had usually heard it coupled with fierce denunciations of himself.

" The system carried out by Zubatoff, in conjunction with, and indeed at, the suggestion of myself, was an attempt to raise the working classes of Moscow in the social scale. We sought our end in three ways. First, we encouraged the workmen to form trades unions for self-protection and for the promotion of their own economic interests ; secondly, we organised a system of lectures on economic subjects by competent speakers ; and thirdly, we set on foot a wide distribution of cheap and wholesome literature. We sought to encourage self-reliance, to develop intelligence, and to promote thrift."

" With what result ?" I asked, wishing to hear from the General's own lips what was the official estimate of the counter-revolutionary propaganda set on foot under police patronage in the old Russian capital.

" With the very best results," he replied. " Before I set on foot the Zubatoff system Moscow was seething with discontent. Under my *régime* the workman realised that he commanded the sympathies of the Government, and that he could depend upon us to defend him from the oppression of his employer. As a result, Moscow became tranquil. Once a hotbed of discontent, it is now peaceful, prosperous and contented."

I confess that this was a little too much for me. I had not then visited Moscow, but I had heard quite enough to convince me that the General's optimistic report was so far from the truth of things that I had to ask myself whether it was possible he could believe the assurances he showered upon me with so lavish a hand. A week later when I visited Moscow I found the city seething with revolutionary discontent. The bakers were on strike ; there had been open collisions between the troops and the strikers. The composers were on the eve of striking, and in another month the great railway strike broke out, with Moscow as its storm centre. But I had come to listen to General Trepoff, not to argue with him, so I asked whether

he proposed to extend the Zubatoff system to St. Petersburg.

"No," said he, "not yet. The excitement occasioned by the disturbance of January has not yet subsided, and until it is over these ameliorative measures must remain in abeyance so far as St. Petersburg is concerned. But the principle is right, and its application is merely a matter of time and of opportunity.

(3) EDUCATION.

"We now come," said General Treppoff, "to the educational problem. This may be divided into three sections—elementary, secondary, and University education. There is no doubt that in the matter of elementary education Russia has lagged far behind. It is necessary that some vigorous action should be taken, and taken at once. I regard the establishment of universal compulsory free elementary education as one of the first duties that must be undertaken by the Government. Every child born in Russia ought to be secured a right to a free elementary education."

"Splendid!" I exclaimed. "But where is the money to come from? Think of the millions that will be wanted to build schools all over the Empire! May I make a suggestion? Why not suspend the building of a new fleet for ten years, and devote the whole sum at present spent on the Navy to the building of new schools throughout Russia?"

General Treppoff listened as this was being translated to him, and then replied curtly: "Russia is rich enough to rebuild her navy and build all the schools she requires."

"I am glad to hear it," I replied; "but I think, however rich Russia may be, it will be difficult to do both."

"With regard to secondary education," said General Treppoff, "I regard that as a matter with which the Government need not concern itself. Those who wish for it are rich enough to pay for it. As they pay for it they may fairly be allowed to arrange it according to their own ideas. We cannot, unfortunately, take a similar course with regard to the Universities. They are for the most part State institutions, and the State must control what the State supports. There is, however, one change which I think might be made with advantage. At present every candidate for the service of the State must have a diploma showing that he has graduated in one of our Universities. I would abolish that. I would throw the public career open to all capable persons, no matter where they were educated. The State, of course, would fix its own tests of capacity, which every candidate must pass. But it need only concern itself with results. It has no need to prescribe the methods necessary to secure these results. If a candidate passed his examination I would not ask where he studied. He might have taught himself, have had a private tutor, or have taken his courses at a foreign University. What we want is all the talents we can command. I am against the

present monopoly. I would encourage free trade in brains."

WHAT ABOUT MILYUKOFF?

By this time, what with the time required for translation back and forth and with extraneous digressions, an hour had nearly passed. I ventured to ask about Professor Milyukoff, about whom I had made urgent representations in other quarters. General Treppoff said that he had asked for a report as to how the preliminary inquiries had proceeded, and whether or not it was possible to deal with the case at once. He hoped to have the report to-morrow.

"We have not yet touched upon the political side of the crisis, which is of very great importance. If I have not wearied you, perhaps you could come to-morrow, when I will give you my views on that side of the question also."

Of course, I was only too delighted to have another interview, and we parted. Next day we were back again punctual to time, and General Treppoff resumed his discourse as to the remedies required for the body politic.

"Pray assure General Treppoff," I said to my interpreter, "with what delight and surprise I heard what he had to say yesterday. I had been told that I would find a mere police master, and, lo! I came upon a broad-minded statesman."

General Treppoff bowed, and we at once plunged into the political question by a question as to whether he had decided to permit or to prohibit the approaching Congress of the Zemstvoi which was to meet at Moscow the following Monday. It will appear almost incredible to those who do not know the happy-go-lucky methods of Russian administration that General Treppoff said he had not made up his mind on the subject. He was waiting for a report from Moscow. Yet at that time delegates were already starting for the Congress.

(4) THE DUMA AND THE AUTOCRACY.

I asked him his opinion about the Duma. "I am in favour of the Duma," he replied.

"May I ask," I said, "whether it is true that when the subject was being discussed before the Emperor in the Council of the Empire, you said that the Duma would undoubtedly limit the autocracy of the Tsar, but that it was necessary to do it?"

"That is not exactly how it occurred," he replied. "The Emperor, who presided over the sittings of the Council of the Empire, asked each of us in turn, 'Will the establishment of the Duma limit my autocratic power?' It was a searching question, and many of the Councillors evaded it more or less adroitly or absented themselves. I am a plain, blunt man, who speaks what he thinks. So, when I was asked, I replied, 'It seems to me indisputable that the institution of the Duma will, to a certain extent, curtail the autocratic power of your Majesty, but I think that it will be easier to govern Russia if that is done.'"

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We then discussed the famous four legs upon which the Duma was to stand: (1) Liberty of Association, (2) Liberty of Meeting, (3) Liberty of the Press, and (4) Habeas Corpus. General Treppoff expressed himself in favour of the first three legs, but he boggled about the fourth.

"During the electoral period," he said, "the largest possible liberty will be allowed for association and public meetings. The law guaranteeing the liberty of the Press has been prepared and will shortly be issued."

ARBITRARY ARREST.

"So far, so good," I said; "but what about personal liberty? Is Russia to have a Habeas Corpus Act?"

General Treppoff replied: "A Habeas Corpus Act is admirable for England, and for similar countries; but in Russia it would be premature. Our political life is not sufficiently developed. We have vast arrears, centuries of development to overtake. Institutions that suit more advanced nations would not work well with the Russian people."

"But," I objected, "what is the use of conceding all the other liberties—of association, free speech and free press—if you retain the power of arbitrary arrest? Who will dare to speak freely under a law which permits him liberty of speech but leaves him equally free to be clapped under lock and key by any policeman who dislikes what he said?"

"Oh," said General Treppoff, "during the electoral period there will be as few arbitrary arrests as possible. Even now I am restraining myself with the utmost efforts from locking up many *mauvais sujets* because I hear they are going to stand for the Duma."

"You must understand," General Treppoff went on, "that there is a great defect in the Russian law. All our laws only prescribe punishment for the man who commits a crime after the crime has been committed. What we ought to have is a law that would prevent the crime being committed."

"Which means in practice," I replied, "that you would give every policeman the right to lock up on suspicion every man whom he chose to imagine might at some future time commit a crime. In other words, you make the police the sole law and the length of the policeman's foot the only standard."

"You are mistaken," said General Treppoff, "in thinking that any man can be locked up by any policeman. If a policeman suspects any man of an intention to break the law he makes a report on the subject to his superior officer, who is then bound to make independent inquiries. His report then comes before me, and it rests with me to say whether or not the man shall be arrested. After his arrest his case is examined into privately, and if he is found to be innocent he is dismissed."

HOW ABOUT MILYUKOFF?

"Well," said I, "what about Professor Milyukoff?"

"I have not yet got the report I have ordered. But that also followed the ordinary course."

"Can you tell me," I asked, "what crime Milyukoff has committed?"

"No," said the General, "it is so serious that I cannot even tell it to you."

"Well," I said, "you have not even told it to Milyukoff himself, and the gendarme told me that they were keeping him in prison until they had discovered what crime it was he was intending to commit."

"Professor Milyukoff," he replied, "knows very well on what charge he is arrested. If the report is favourable I hope I may be able to release him on bail in two or three days. But mind, he will have to be tried."

"Of course," I replied. "Try him, and if he is found guilty punish him—hang him if you will. Nobody will object to a judicial sentence passed after fair trial in open court. But what plays the devil with everything is the arrest and imprisonment without trial—especially when, as in this case, the man is so well known throughout the world."

"I know Professor Milyukoff's books," said General Treppoff. "He is a clever man, but he must obey the law."

"Well," said I, "you say you cannot tell me what contemplated crime it was that justified you in locking up Professor Milyukoff. But I will tell you that even if he had perpetrated the worst crime of which you can accuse him he would have done less harm to Russia, and to the Tsar than you, General Treppoff, have done by locking him up untried."

"How do you make that out?" said the General.

"The Tsar," I said, "had painted a beautiful picture and hung it up for the admiration of the whole world. He called it 'The Duma.' We were all admiring it as symbolising the dawn of liberty in Russia, when up comes General Treppoff with a blacking brush called arbitrary arrest, and smudges out the whole beautiful picture which the Tsar had painted. Now in England and America people no longer see the Duma any more, they only see the arrest of Professor Milyukoff."

Treppoff laughed. "I could let Milyukoff out at once—that rests with me."

TREPOFF DICTATOR.

"General Treppoff," I replied, "I have learned some things since I came into this room. I now see that in Russia there is no law, there are no judges, there is no Tsar; there is only General Treppoff."

I think he took this rather as a compliment. I told him of the proposal that I should hold conferences on the Duma from the English point of view.

He replied: "I regard it as a great kindness that you should hold such conferences. I will give the authorities directions to afford you full facilities to hold your conferences wherever you please."

"The Emperor," I said, "thought that in view of

the excited state of public feeling it would be better if I held only private conferences."

"Oh," said General Trepoff, "that belongs to my department! You may hold as many public conferences as you please. I will see that the authorities afford you every protection. When do you propose to begin?"

"Answer me another question," I replied. "When do you propose to release Professor Milyukoff? Because it will be idle to argue to a Russian audience that the Duma is other than a farce so long as you keep Milyukoff in prison."

"Well," he said, "I told you I would have the report in two or three days."

I replied, "To-day is Wednesday. Thursday is one day, Friday is two days, Saturday is three days. I will wait till Saturday, and if Milyukoff is liberated then I will begin."

PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS.

I took my leave, and I never saw him again. He left upon me the impression of a tall, powerful man, simple and unpresuming, who had fully realised the fact that force was no remedy, and was doggedly holding together the fabric of society until the new structure was ready. He was a W. E. Forster kind of a man crossed with Sir Charles Warren. I was surprised at the frankness with which he admitted the faults of the existing system and the width of his programme of reform. He may have been posing. But, on the other hand, his subsequent career justifies the belief that he was honestly expressing his inmost thought. In the very last recorded interview published since his death, General Trepoff is reported to have refused to present a reactionary journalist, M. Sherapoff, to the Tsar on the ground that his Majesty was resolutely determined to introduce a constitutional form of government into Russia, a resolution in which he—General Trepoff—entirely concurred.

When I reported the result of my interview with General Trepoff to my Russian Liberal friends in St. Petersburg they shrugged their shoulders. They did not disguise their conviction that the General was fooling me. "Maybe," I replied. "The release of Milyukoff will be the touchstone of his sincerity. If he lets the Professor go free, then I think I shall be justified in going ahead."

"Yes," they said, "if—"

I had sufficient faith to make all preparations for going ahead. I invited a company of Russian, English and American friends to a conference at the Hotel d'Europe on Sunday afternoon to discuss the Duma, and I also invited Professor Milyukoff to meet them.

I admit that my faith was somewhat tried. Thursday passed with no sign. On Friday there was a false report that Milyukoff was released, but he still lay behind prison bars. Saturday came, and still there was no news of his release.

MILYUKOFF'S RELEASE.

I was sitting in my room in the hotel at six o'clock on Saturday evening when a military officer in full uniform and decorations was ushered into the room. He bowed and then said in French: "His Excellency the Governor-General of St. Petersburg, General Trepoff, has commanded me to present his compliments to Mr. Stead and to inform him that Professor Milyukoff is free."

My readers can imagine how I rejoiced over this confirmation at the eleventh hour of my confidence in the determination of the Tsar and his Mayor of the Palace to make the Duma a success. The truth of the news of the release of the Professor was generally discredited. On Sunday afternoon my guests arrived, but the Professor was absent. We were well nigh through lunch and were discussing the advice given by an ex-boss of Tammany in New York as to the conduct of an electoral campaign for the Duma. Said one newspaper man across the table to another: "Stead thinks Milyukoff has been freed. Nothing of the kind. They are fooling him."

Just at that moment my friend Mr. Keay, hearing a noise at the door, went to see who was outside. Another moment and he returned, his face aglow. "Professor Milyukoff," he exclaimed, and we all rose in honour of our distinguished guest.

ITS SIGNIFICANCE.

I had to leave before the rest of my guests to keep an appointment at the Anitchkoff Palace, and I did not see Professor Milyukoff again till we met at Moscow a few days later. Then he kindly read my paper to the Conference at Prince Dolgorouki's palace, and acted as my interpreter in the debate that followed. As might be imagined his services to me were misrepresented. Suspicious Liberals accused him of aiding and abetting my propaganda for the Duma as a *quid pro quo* for his release. To remove the stigma he wrote a letter in which he protested that he would rather remain in gaol to the end of his natural life than owe his release to one who had undertaken the thankless rôle of *parlementaire* for the Tsar. General Trepoff was equally indignant at the suggestion—a *post hoc propter hoc* suggestion—that my conversation with him had anything whatever to do with Professor Milyukoff's release. Be that as it may, the whole story is now on record, and the world can form its own judgment. I never claimed to have secured M. Milyukoff's release. I only pointed to that release as the first-fruits of the policy which both the Emperor and General Trepoff declared it was their firm intention to carry out. But the belief was general in St. Petersburg that the release resulted from my representations, and General Trepoff was more severely baited in the Liberal papers for releasing Milyukoff on a foreigner's appeal than he ever had been abused for locking him up.

There is little more to add to this history. But I may quote one or two communications that passed

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between General Treppoff and myself as the sequel of this visit.

TAKING TREPOFF AT HIS WORD.

I had taken General Treppoff at his word, and I had the release of Milyukoff as an outward and visible sign that the new régime was about to be inaugurated. When I got to Moscow I found to my disgust that the Moscow newspapers were not allowed by the local censors to publish full reports of the Zemstvo Congress. At the suggestion of Mr. Wilton, the *Times* correspondent at St. Petersburg, I despatched the following telegram to General Treppoff:—

His Excellency General Treppoff, St. Petersburg.

Sept. 13, 1905.

I am amazed and distressed to discover this morning that the Moscow papers were forbidden to publish full reports of Zemstvo Congress proceedings. This censorship is so absolutely contrary to spirit of assurances received from your Excellency, I feel confident some over-zealous underling, ignorant of your broad-minded policy, is acting in equal defiance of your wishes and of plain common sense. I feel sure you will be glad to be informed of this unfortunate mistake, which so cruelly misrepresents the liberal professions I was so glad to receive from your lips.—STEAD, Stavansky Bazar.

I received no reply, but on the next day the newspapers were allowed to publish full reports of the Zemstvo Congress.

HAD SAUL BECOME PAUL?

After the Congress closed I held my conference on "The Duma from an English Point of View." Before my paper was read I had been interviewed by the *Russky Viedemosti* on the reasons why I believed the Duma would inaugurate a new era in Russia. In the course of the interview I naturally referred to my talk with Treppoff, and declared that although he might have been a Saul of Tarsus, I would prefer to regard him now as St. Paul after his journey to Damascus. This irritated General Treppoff, who sent me a letter in which he complained that I had published a report of our conversation without first submitting the MSS. to him. I replied that I had not published any report of our interview, the historic importance of which I esteemed far too highly to lose the chance of submitting it to his revision. As for the reports of newspapers which had interviewed me I disclaimed responsibility. I had spoken solely with a view of removing misapprehensions widely prevalent as to his policy.

For a few days it seemed as if General Treppoff intended to carry out his promises. I was allowed to hold my meeting at Saratoff without any interference. A St. Petersburg newspaper was actually forbidden by the local censor to publish an article criticising me because it did not contain the necessary compliments! But it was, alas! soon evident that although Milyukoff had been released, there was no realisation of the necessity for immediately releasing the other victims of administrative arrest. It seemed, indeed, that, as the editor of the *Russky Viedemosti* observed, Saul of Tarsus had been most imperfectly baptised.

A FAITHFUL REPORT.

My own estimate of the situation on the eve of the great railway strike will best be understood by a perusal of the following letter which I sent to General Treppoff on leaving Moscow:—

To His Excellency General Treppoff.

ON THE VOLGA. Sept. 18, 1905.

I have to report to your Excellency briefly two or three matters of importance.

1. Notwithstanding your positive assurances given to me at St. Petersburg that you would personally order the local



General Treppoff decorating House Porters (Dvorniks) who had displayed the required brutality to the Revolutionists.

authorities to give me facilities for holding meetings, public or private, the local police tried to interfere with my first meeting in Prince Dolgorouki's house, and it was only on positive assurances that I had your permission they desisted from troubling. May I beg of you to give instructions to the local authorities at Saratoff, Moscow, and Orel that your orders are to be obeyed, and that every facility must be given for my meetings.

2. The meeting in Moscow on Thursday was most interesting and instructive. The speeches made after my address had been read proved that the good effect of the Duma had been spoiled

by the continuance of the arbitrary proceedings still carried on by your police all over the country. I represented the Duma as an offer of peace. They replied : " Why then does General Trepoff still make war upon us ? He has released Milyukoff. When he has released the thousands of other prisoners of war now in his prisons we will begin to believe that the Duma means Peace."

3. M. Gringmuth of the *Moscow Gazette*, and Mr. Seriakoff of his staff who are organising a Conservative orthodox autocratic propaganda, will arrange for me another meeting in Moscow. They assure me that while they are working hard in support of the Autocracy and the Church their task is very difficult, and they are both convinced that the arbitrary powers of arrest wielded by the police must be abolished. They are both for *Habeas Corpus*. This is most significant and hopeful.

4. It is absolutely necessary, if the elections for the Duma are to be carried out intelligently, for you to give IMMEDIATE orders to forbid all interference with the organisation of electoral committees, and the holding of meetings at which the more intelligent can address the peasants and explain the duties of an elector. At present, as Mr. Gringmuth complains, the orders which forbid meetings are only obeyed by the friends of the Government. The revolutionary propagandists hold secret meetings, and there are no means of counteracting them.

5. It seems, therefore, to an English observer familiar with the holding of elections that nothing is more urgently needed than an immediate abolition of all orders or ordinances preventing the free intercourse for electoral purposes of all classes of the community. If the educated, law-abiding landowner is not allowed to address the peasants freely to explain the law and interest them in the elections, the field will be left open only to the lawbreakers, who will secretly do you all the harm they can. As you cannot catch the wolves, please take the muzzles off the sheepdogs. Unfortunately, your police at present often treat all sheep dogs which do not wear the official collar as if they were worse than the wolves themselves. Believe me you will need the help of all the good dogs you can find.

To this letter I had no reply.

The rest of the story is soon told. When the strike broke out it was decided to forbid the Revolutionary gatherings in the universities. General Trepoff issued

his famous order to the troops not to spare cartridges. I left St. Petersburg that night. The next day, at Helsingfors, the most circumstantial stories were circulated to the effect that the General had been assassinated by a man who, in discharging his fifth shot, cried : " I also have not spared cartridges." It was all a lie; but for a day or two it produced a great effect in Helsingfors, then simmering on the eve of revolution.

TREPPOFF'S END.

When Witte accepted office he endeavoured to keep Trepoff in his old post. The prejudice against the masterful Mayor of the Palace was too strong. He resigned, and from that time devoted himself to protecting the person of the Tsar at Peterhof. His influence was great; and Witte's friends openly accused him of organising pogroms in order to embarrass the Ministry. Be that as it may, General Trepoff at last definitely declared himself in favour of Constitutional Government. When it was evident that the Tsar must choose between the dissolution of the Duma or the appointment of a Ministry possessing the confidence of the majority of that body, he毫不犹豫地 gave his voice in favour of the latter course. When challenged for a reason why he proposed placing in office the Cadets, with Milyukoff at their head, he replied that he thought the alternative, the dissolution of the Duma, would render it almost impossible for him to answer for the safety of the Tsar. His advice was rejected. The Duma was dissolved. The Constitutionalists were driven into the arms of the Terrorists. But although General Trepoff died of a broken heart, his dread as to the possible effect of this policy on the safety of the Tsar has not been realised.

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Interviews on Topics of the Month.

57.—THE OUTLOOK IN RUSSIA: PROFESSOR MILYUKOFF.

TWELVE months ago in St. Petersburg I had my first interview with Professor Milyukoff, when he was imprisoned by the administrative order of General Treppoff. My latest interview took place last month in London. In the interval the man whom General Treppoff put in prison—alleging against him an offence so heinous that it could not even be named—would have been made Prime Minister of Russia, by the special approval of General Treppoff, if a hitch had not occurred which, at the last moment, postponed the realisation of this inevitable consummation.

The position of Professor Milyukoff is unique. If only all Russians were Professor Milyukoffs there would be no crisis, no revolution, nothing but an orderly evolution of political liberty. For Professor Milyukoff is one of those men, rare in all countries, rarest of all in Russia, who look at politics with the eye of a dispassionate statesman and the genial good humour of natural optimism. When Professor Milyukoff spoke at the luncheon at the Hotel de l'Europe, immediately after his release, a Scotch Member of Parliament who heard him marvelled that the man who had just come out of prison showed more serene confidence in the triumph of the Liberal cause than any of those who had never been deprived of their liberty.

Since that time twelve months have passed, and what a twelve months! Even those who have watched the development of the Russian crisis at long range through the newspapers must have felt something of the worry, the nerve-racking tension which it inflicted upon all who came within its influence. What then must have been the strain imposed upon Professor Milyukoff, who during the whole of that time had been the leader of the Constitutional Democratic Party and central pivot of the whole non-criminal political movement in Russia? I congratulated Professor Milyukoff upon his survival.

"Oh," he said, "you take too serious a view; things are not so bad as you think, and they will come out all right."

"That is good news," I said, "but I confess the outlook seems to me very black, and I should be glad if you could explain away one or two things in which you appear to have made the darkness blacker than it need be."

"What are these?" said Professor Milyukoff.

"In the first place," I said, "why did the Constitutional Democratic Party, which takes its stand upon the law, advocate the violation of the law in the Viborg manifesto, when the Emperor by dissolving the Duma had only exercised his legal prerogative?"

"In the first place," Professor Milyukoff answered, "we deny that the right to advocate the refusal to pay taxes or furnish recruits for the Army is a breach of

the law; it is an English expedient practised centuries ago by the Whigs, and practised quite recently by your passive resisters. We took the idea of passive resistance from the English Nonconformists. In the second place, we deny that the Emperor acted legally in dissolving the Duma. According to the fundamental law the decree dissolving the Duma ought to have specified the date for the election of its successor. This was not done."

"That is a mere technical fault of form," I replied, "for the decree expressly stated that the Duma was to meet in February, and an error of a clerk is a poor excuse for recommending the refusal to pay taxes. Passive resistance was always recognised by us as an illegality, and for that reason the Liberal Party as a whole refused to countenance it, whereas your party recommended it. But did you get all the Duma to approve of it?"

"Yes," said Professor Milyukoff, "on the first day 187 signed, and afterwards all the active members of all parties in the Duma gave in their adhesion—270 out of the 300 and something who regularly visited the last sittings of the Duma."

"Well, now, the next point is, why did you make trouble for poor little Finland by proposing to hold your conference, which is forbidden in Russia, just across the Finnish frontier? Finns have spoken to me about this, and have told me that, while they wish you well, they do not wish that you should bring trouble upon them by making their territory the seat for holding meetings forbidden in Russia."

Professor Milyukoff laughed. "We know very well what the Finns think. It is not the Constitutional Democrats, but the revolutionaries who make use of the Finnish territory against Russia. But we are quite sensible as to the need for having regard to Finnish susceptibilities. If the Finns but say the word we shall move on to Stockholm."

"That is very good," said I. "Now let us go on to two other matters, in which, judging from the news to hand at this distance, you seem to have put needless obstacles in the way. In the first place, why did you demand a universal amnesty for all political and agrarian offences? I quite understand your anxiety to liberate those who had forfeited their liberty by taking part in political assassinations, but the sweeping demand which you put forward would have let loose every murderer and brigand in the country, for every one who has killed anyone for the past twelve months, or has broken into a bank or robbed a train, has declared that he was actuated by political motives. Hence it seems to me impossible to expect any executive government to let loose all the ruffianism of the Empire on a pretext of political and agrarian motives."

"Do I understand," said Professor Milyukoff, "that you recognise the justice of demanding an amnesty for the men who killed the Grand Duke Sergius and Plehve?"

"Certainly," I said; "these are political assassinations pure and simple."

"And your objection, therefore, is to the amnestying of the people who committed crimes against the common law, merely because they were masked by the pretext of political or agrarian motive?"

"Precisely," I said.

"Then," said Professor Milyukoff, "let me assure you that the Russian Government was quite willing to have amnestied all these people who you say could not be amnestied with safety. The whole difficulty arose concerning the amnestying of about a dozen men who had killed governors, ministers, and high-placed functionaries. As for the amnesty of the others, there was practically no difference between us and the Government."

"Well," I said, "in that case it is not for me to be more Russian than the Russians, and if that be so, I will admit that you are free from the reproach that I have brought against you. My second difficulty is, why did you insist so strongly upon the obligatory universal expropriation of landlords without making it quite clear that for all the land you propose to take you are prepared to pay?"

"But," said Professor Milyukoff, "that is exactly what we did do. Our manifesto stands in evidence; we were obliged to demand expropriation, but only expropriation after the owner had received a fair price for his land."

"Well," I said, "I am very glad to know that you made it perfectly clear in Russia; it was certainly not clear outside Russia, where it was generally believed that, although you sometimes said fair words concerning a fair price, the bulk of your party, and certainly the mass of the peasants, were opposed to any expropriation that was not also confiscation."

"We have often been accused," said Professor Milyukoff, "of speaking with two voices, but the accusation is false. We stand for expropriation, but we have never stood for confiscation. What we wish to do is to have the price of land arranged, in the first instance, by committees composed of peasants and landlords at which Government officials might assist. That was the basis of our whole scheme, and we still stand by it, although it is much more difficult to-day to obtain the assent of the peasants to payment than it was last year, and it will be still more difficult if the agrarian movement should gain ground."

"I am very glad to hear what you say," said I, "and so I withdraw my complaint. And now would you like to know what I should have done if I had been the Tsar?"

"Tell me," said Professor Milyukoff.

"I should have recognised that the burden of the affairs of State was breaking my back, and I should have looked about anxiously for the strongest, most

capable pack-mule to whom I could transfer part of it. Looking around, I think I should have hit upon Professor Milyukoff, and should have asked him, upon his own terms, to assist me in restoring order in the country; and I will tell you what would have happened to Professor Milyukoff. He would let out all the prisoners on Monday, and he would have to begin locking them up again on Tuesday, and on Wednesday Professor Milyukoff and his colleagues would have been denounced by all the revolutionary press as being worse than Judas and the counterpart of General Treppoff."

"Possibly enough," said Professor Milyukoff, "and that is probably the reason why General Treppoff was said to have counselled the appointment of a Ministry drawn from the Constitutional Democrats. He was opposed to the dissolution of the Duma, feeling that it was exposing the Emperor to too much danger, but preferred, as an alternative, appointing a Ministry from the majority of the Duma. That, then, was on the *tapis*, and leaders of our party were given to understand that they might at any moment be summoned to Peterhof and entrusted with the formation of a Government."

"Then you were quite prepared to undertake the onerous responsibility?"

"Yes, on the conditions that were laid down—conditions that would have secured the support of the country. These conditions were exactly those which were insisted upon in the Duma—namely, universal amnesty and obligatory expropriation at fair prices. These were the two first."

"Then you think that it was possible to have constituted an Administration?"

"Certainly," said Professor Milyukoff, "we could have made a very strong Administration, composed of men of sagacity, of administrative experience, and men who commanded the confidence of the country."

"Why did negotiations fail?"

"It is not quite clear. It was touch and go, but it was ultimately decided against us."

"Then you have never seen the Emperor?"

"No," said Professor Milyukoff.

"I wish you had," I said. "If you and he could get together you would have no difficulty in understanding each other. The difficulty does not lie with him, but with the army of office-holders, who feel that their places are in danger, and who will fight tooth-and-nail for the retention of their offices."

"That danger is exaggerated," said Professor Milyukoff. "In the first case, as we are not a political party in the sense in which you understand political parties in England and America, we have not got an army of candidates for offices hungry for the spoils. The majority of the *Tchinovniks* are quite ready to worship the rising sun. There would, of course, have to be a few dismissals, but very few. About a dozen governors would have to go and some more subordinates, but the whole administrative machine and all its *personnel*, I am quite sure, would obediently carry

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out the orders that would be issued from St. Petersburg. Besides, a very great number of the officials are themselves in our ranks. This was proved by the elections at St. Petersburg and at Peterhof, where the officials, and even the personal servants of the Emperor, voted for our candidates."

"Then what do you think will be the result of the next general election?"

"M. Stolypin will put on the administrative screw as hard as possible in order to secure the election of Government candidates; but he will fail. The Tsar dismissed Witte for not employing the influence of the Administration to secure the election of Ministerialists, a practice which the Tsar is said to have declared prevailed in all civilised countries; but I doubt very

much, especially under the system of election established by the fundamental law, whether the Government officials will be able materially to affect results. The Social revolutionaries will take part in this election, whereas last time they held aloof. But a system which tells against a Government will also tell against them; so we confidently count upon coming back with a solid majority."

"Then, Professor Milyukoff," I said, "when your party takes office your troubles begin."

"Yes," he said, "and the task will be much more difficult than it would have been if we had taken it in hand twelve months ago. The dissolution of the Duma was a very false step, and has aggravated every difficulty with which we have had to cope."

58.—LAW-MAKING BY PLÉBISCITE: DR. HAYNES.

FOURTEEN years ago I remember submitting to all candidates for seats in Parliament the question whether, in the case of a dispute between the Lords and Commons, they would support the doctrine of referendum as a way of escape from the constitutional deadlock. Since 1892 there has been little heard of the referendum in English politics; but within the same period the principle of legislating by direct vote of the whole electorate has been making steady progress in the United States.

Dr. John R. Haynes, of Los Angeles, President of the Direct Legislation League, and member of the Los Angeles Civil Service Commission, called at my office last month, and consented to be interviewed as to the movement with which he has become so pre-eminently identified.

"Direct legislation," said Dr. Haynes, "has come to stay. It has not only come to stay, but it is going to spread. It is at present chiefly found on the Pacific Coast; but the simplicity of the principle and its efficiency as a remedy for most of the evils from which we suffer will secure its adoption in many other places."

"Then," I asked, "what do you mean by direct legislation?"

"The principle is simple. Take my town of Los Angeles, for instance, the charter of which is based upon the State Constitution of Oregon, and was the first municipality to follow the State example of adopting the principle of direct legislation. If in Los Angeles 5 per cent. of the electors choose to sign a petition to the City Council asking for the repeal of any law, or for the enactment of any law, they are entitled to have that law submitted to the direct vote of the whole electorate at the first General Election after the presentation of the petition. If the matter is urgent, and fifteen per cent. of the electorate sign the petition, the City Council can order a special election for the purpose of taking the vote of the people on the subject. A special election costs about £2,000, and it is generally avoided. In most cases the voting

papers are issued to the electors when they go to the poll for the ordinary election, upon which they inscribe their 'yes' or 'no' to the proposition on which the petition has been presented."

"It is, I suppose," I remarked in my ignorance, "generally used when it is desired to obtain the opinion of the people on some general principle, as, for instance, the nationalisation of railroads or woman's suffrage; and after the principle has been approved by the majority of the electors, the Legislature is held to have received a mandate to embody that principle in their legislation?"

"Oh, not at all," said Dr. Haynes; "you are quite mistaken. We have got far beyond the question of the taking of a mass vote upon a mere principle. When we say direct legislation, we mean not the formation of a general principle, but the passing of laws."

"But," I said, "legislation is in all countries supposed to be a matter of consideration and discussion. A Bill is framed with great care by the Government, it is then submitted to the representatives of the people, who discuss it clause by clause, and the law when it issues from the Legislature is supposed to represent the result of the collective wisdom of the representatives of the whole State. You do not mean to say that you are substituting for this elaborate system of deliberate discussion a blunt 'yea' or 'nay' of that democratic despot, a majority of a half plus one."

"Yes," said Dr. Haynes, "that is just what I do mean. We believe in the autocracy of the democracy, or, if you like, in the divine right of the odd man. And we do not limit that autocratic power to the formulation of general principles. For instance, it would be quite possible for you or me, being a citizen of any of the five States who have adopted this principle in their Constitution, or any of the cities like Los Angeles who have put it in their charters, to draft an elaborate Bill—a one-hundred clause Bill—with the most minute details and with all

the phases of a complex subject. This Bill would be submitted *en bloc* to the vote of the electors, and if one half *plus* one said 'aye,' that Bill, exactly as it stands, would pass into law."

"Without discussion," I said, "or amendment?"

"There is plenty of discussion in the newspapers, and the measure is discussed up and down the country all the time between the presentation of the petition and the taking of the vote. Bills so voted on are often discussed much more thoroughly than those which are hurried through the Legislature, often at the rate of a law a minute, without time being given even for reading their contents."

"Then there can be no amendments?"

"No, the Bill must be taken as it stands. Afterwards, if it be found necessary, the Legislature can be authorised to make such alterations as will more effectively carry out the principles of the Bill. But the Bill, just as it stands, without clauses or schedules, is transferred to the statute book of the State."

Dr. Haynes, seeing my amazement, went on to explain that it was absolutely necessary in American States on the Pacific Slope to adopt some such drastic measure to free the people from the grasp of the boodlers. Legislatures were packed with representatives of the co-operations, members were bought at so

much a head, and the people were powerless. The mass vote, however, restores to them their sovereignty and enables them to put the corrupt interests in their proper places.

"Which are the five States," I asked, "which have adopted the principle of direct legislation?"

"California," he replied, "North and South Dakota, Oregon, Utah and Nevada. In Oregon Woman's Suffrage has just been rejected by the direct vote of the people, but, of course, it can be brought on again as often as 5 per cent of the electors choose to sign a petition in its favour."

"Supposing the principle were adopted in this country, what do you think would happen?"

"I think," said Dr. Haynes, "that there would be submitted to the people of this country at the first General Election two propositions. The first, that the House of Lords is hereby abolished, and the second, that the Church of England is disestablished and disendowed. And, further," he said, "from what I see of you and your people, these propositions would be carried on a mass vote of much more than a majority of the odd man. But failing the adoption of this principle it would take you some time to achieve either of these necessary reforms."

From which it will be seen that Dr. Haynes is a gentleman of very advanced Liberal opinions.

59.—BRITISH TRADE IN BOLIVIA: MR. THOMAS H. MOORE.

SOUTH AMERICA is for the British public so much of a sealed book that I was very glad to welcome to Mowbray House an old subscriber who has spent nearly half a century in that little-known continent. Mr. Moore, Inspector-General of the National Bank of Bolivia, called upon me last month, and kindly consented to be interviewed for the benefit of his fellow-subscribers. He has spent years of his life in Mexico, in Chili, in Peru, in the Argentine, and he is at present in London on furlough from the responsible post which he occupies in Bolivia.

"Tell me about Bolivia," I said.

"Bolivia," said Mr. Moore, "is the Arcadia of South America. It is a state which is almost cut off from the outer world. Its people live secluded, and they have the qualities and the faults of the qualities of the ancient Arcadians, who, if Greek literature be any guide, were very much like the modern Bolivians."

"Let us have their virtues first."

"The pre-eminent virtue of the Bolivians is their honesty in great things. Bolivia is the only country in the world in which bankers can put £10,000 in specie on a mule, and send it without an escort through a scantily-peopled wilderness without the least fear that anyone will steal the money. If by any almost inconceivable chance the money was stolen, the Indians would never rest till they tracked down the thieves and delivered them up to justice."

"Are they as honest in everything as they are in this?"

"Alas! no. In small things, like their predecessors in Greece, they are pilferers. And in the service of the State there is much corruption. It has been bitterly said that in Bolivia all the intelligent men are thieves and all the honest men fools. I believe that the same was said of the ancient Arcadians."

"What about the resources of the country?"

"They are enormous. Bolivia is simply gorged with minerals. Her tin mines run deepest in the world. A Bolivian recently sold one-half of one of his tin mines for £350,000. Her silver mines are also fabulously rich, but most of them have been ruined by bad management. The country has hardly been tapped. Imagine a vast region of 700,000 square miles served by only one railway 700 miles long, and a great part of this in foreign territory!"

"Why, the German Empire only covers 208,000 square miles. So Bolivia is more than thrice the size of Germany, and has only 700 miles of railway?"

"That is the fact, and only 1,430 miles of cart road available for four months in the year. Communications are chiefly carried on by means of pack-mules. What is almost worse than having only one railway is that Bolivia has no seaport. Her natural outlet to the ocean was taken from her by Chili at the end of the war, and to-day she is shut up and shut off from the world."

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"How-fares it with British trade in this American Arcadia?"

"When first I went to Bolivia thirty years ago British goods had command of the market. To-day Bolivia takes £30 of German goods for every £27 she imports from Britain and £10 from the United States."

"Why have we lost our premier position?"

"Partly for our virtues, partly for our faults. I have known one British business in Bolivia ruined after another simply and solely because of the ignorance, incompetence, and lack of energy on the part of the British guinea pigs who ruled the board of directors in this City of London. Out yonder we have lost business chiefly because we were too honest to bribe the Custom officials. Our competitors shrug their shoulders and say as it is the custom of the country they need not be too squeamish. So we get left."

"Are there any signs that John Bull is waking up in Bolivia?"

"Alas! no; and the result is he will be hustled out of the country before he has time to open his eyes. Take this illustration. The only line in Bolivia is an English line. It has a monopoly—has had it for years. It has earned a dividend of from 10 to 12 per cent., and therewith was content. Owing to its monopoly it dominated Bolivia. It had only to keep pace with the times, to meet the growing needs of the country, to have retained its position. But the British Board did not see why they should not let well alone; 10 per cent. was good enough for them. They did not wish to sink more capital in branch lines that might not pay 10 per cent. And so it has come to pass that their monopoly is breaking down. The Chilian Government has guaranteed £2,000,000 for making new railways to the coast. New railways are being built from Peru and the Argentine. So our British line, like British traders, will get left, and more enterprising competitors will forge ahead."

"How are the finances of the country?"

"You almost need a microscope to see them. Imagine a country three times the size of Germany, with a total national debt (internal and external) of less than a million sterling, and an annual revenue of about half a million. The whole population of the country is under 2,000,000, of whom the Indians number nearly seventy-five per cent."

"The Indians—are they increasing?"

"No; they are drinking themselves to death in cheap alcohol imported and retailed by the Government, which has a monopoly of the supply of intoxicants. Next to nothing has been done for them, and they are in a worse state than they were when the Spaniards landed. They cultivate the land with wooden ploughs, and are steadily denuding the

hills of their forests in order to make pasture land for their goats. They are miserably poor."

"What about the general morality of the Arcadians?"

"Owing to the high marriage fees charged by the priests 75 per cent. of the children are illegitimate. The Church hitherto has prevented civil marriage. Bolivia this year, I hope, will obtain release from the absolute monopoly hitherto exercised by the Catholic Church."

"Is there any hope of an improvement?"

"From the Church, none. Many of the priests are drunkards. Nearly every priest has his concubine, and some more than one. Little or nothing has been done for education. Fortunately, the Liberals who are now in power are anti-clerical, and they may follow President Diaz's example in founding a progressive State upon an anti-clerical platform."

"You have been in Mexico?"

"Yes, I know it well, and esteem Diaz to be one of the great rulers of the World. No priest is allowed to appear in canonicals in the public streets. All the monasteries are suppressed. Church and State are separated. But there is a school in every village of one hundred houses, and all the children are taught English and Spanish. Mexico is destined to be to Spain what the United States is to Great Britain. And if the South American States have to prosper, like Mexico they must follow the example of Diaz in dealing with the Roman Church."



The Real John Bull Store.

JOHN BULL: "What with goods going out and goods coming in, I don't know how to keep count of my profits."

[The Board of Trade Returns for the first eight months of 1906 show an unprecedented increase in our trade. The exports have increased over the corresponding period last year by £34,500,000, and the imports by £33,300,000.]

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

THE SULTAN, THE KAISER AND GREAT BRITAIN.

HOW TO PUT SALT ON THE TAIL OF PAN-ISLAMISM.

THE one outstanding fact in recent diplomatic history is that when the British Government was confronted with the extremely unpleasant prospect of having to make war on the Sultan to induce him to keep his hands off Egypt, the German Government rendered us every service in its power at Constantinople. The Tabah incident might have had a very different ending but for the loyal and steady support which the Kaiser gave to the representations which we made to the Sultan. This being the case, I must confess that I read with some concern and surprise the clever but mischievous article on "Pan-Islamism: some Dangers and a Remedy," which my son, Mr. Alfred Stead, has contributed to the current number of the *Fortnightly Review*. The article might have been more accurately entitled "Pan-Islamism: how to Increase its Dangers beyond all Remedy." Absolutely ignoring the loyal aid and support which we received from Germany in coping with the Pan-Islamic agitation at Tabah, he actually takes that incident as an illustration of what he regards as the pernicious influence of Germany upon the security of the Empire and the peace of the world. If the Kaiser had done his uttermost to thwart our diplomacy at Constantinople instead of doing his uttermost to support it, the article in the *Fortnightly* would still have been injudicious. As the facts are, it is difficult to find a word to express its extreme lack of political common sense.

According to this writer, we have to face the "practical certainty of a bloody war in the spring of 1907" unless we adopt the "eventful and promising line of policy" which he recommends. What is that policy? It starts from a recognition that the Pan-Islamite movement is "an active reality, appalling in its promise of causing far-reaching disintegration and danger." Danger to France; danger to all the world, but especially danger to us. In Egypt, in the Sudan, in Afghanistan, and in Arabia, it is a peril to the British Empire. "It is a grave question what would happen there were the Sultan to preach a holy war against England," which "at present" suffers from the fact that she is not an amphibious Power, and therefore cannot land an army in the Balkans. We are, he tells us, still further aggravating this peril by the foolish way in which we are treading on one of the tenderest corns of the Mohammedan world in our treatment of the Sultan of Zanzibar. Islamism, in short, is an enormous force in the midst of an Imperial structure, of which the controlling wires lie outside and in others' hands.

We are, of course, very familiar with these alarms. They have been the familiar stock-in-trade of the

Russophobist for a hundred years. But that mischievous alarmist used them for the purpose of committing us to an alliance with the Sultan. Mr. Alfred Stead recognises equally with them the potential mischief-making capacity of the Sultan, but uses it as a plea for a policy of direct and uncompromising hostility to that potentate and his friend and ally the Kaiser. This, surely, is the very delirium of political heroics. The Sultan is powerful—oh! so powerful—we dare hardly go to sleep at nights for fear he controls the wires and shatters with his Pan-Islamite explosive our Imperial structure. Therefore let us make war upon him, partition the remains of his European Empire, and control Constantinople. But behind the Sultan stands the embattled might of the German Empire—a fact which might give some persons, as it did Lord Rosebery in 1895, reason to pause. Not so with this impatient advocate for a spirited foreign policy. Obsessed, apparently, by the success with which the Japanese alliance precipitated war with Russia, he advocates the creation of another alliance in the Near East for the purpose of clipping the claws and thwarting the ambitions of the Sultan and the Kaiser. There are three small States in the Balkan peninsula which have in recent years been occasionally at war and chronically at variance with each other. One of them is ruled by a German prince. A second is under the thumb of Austria. But out of these unpromising materials—Roumania, Serbia, and Bulgaria—Mr. Alfred Stead dreams that he can manufacture a firm fighting alliance for Great Britain, with whose aid we can partition Turkey, defeat Germany, and control Constantinople—Russia, apparently, being an assenting party to this pretty little programme.

Surely this is the mere midsummer madness of politics.

Mr. Alfred Stead declares that there must be a very "decided change of heart in Berlin." The change of heart seems to be much more needed nearer home, where it is possible to read such sentences as these in the *Fortnightly Review*—

It is, of course, unfortunate that it is still so possible for misguided enthusiasts or well-meaning but impolitic Ministers of War to lead the British public into forgetting the fundamentally inimical policy of Germany in individual Anglo-German friendships.

Choose, and choose wisely and quickly, must be the motto for Great Britain, with the German profession of faith ringing in her ears: "There is no God but Allah, Mahomet is his prophet, and the German Emperor is the Friend of all the followers of Mahomet."

Yet the last official utterance of Sir Edward Grey was an expression of his gratitude to the Germans for having stood our friend, and not the Sultan's, at the critical moment of our first collision with the new Pan-Islamism.

As for "the one certain and easy method" of checking Germany and controlling the Sultan, it is an

affair of piecrust and gingerbread. We are to have not a fighting alliance, but an *entente*, with Roumania, Servia and Bulgaria, which, however, is evidently meant to ripen into a fighting alliance, for we are told that an *entente* with such a group of Powers would give us a European army of formidable dimensions. With this army of 750,000 trained soldiers, "Germany's misfortune is our opportunity" :—

Pan-Islamism would be effectually checked, and our position in Constantinople rendered more satisfactory ; Germany would be rendered harmless, and could build her Asia Minor railways without let or hindrance ; three States would be enabled to develop peacefully and normally ; Europe would be rid of an unsolved problem, and the international situation would be steadied by the appearance of a British-Balkan *entente*.

This is all very pitiful ! When the sky falls we shall catch many larks. I sincerely hope no one will imagine from the name of the writer that he in any way expresses my sentiments or those of any English statesman.

THE NEW EGYPTIAN NATIONALISM.

UNDER this title Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, the notorious champion of Arabi Pasha, indicts Lord Cromer's Egyptian policy in the *Independent Review*. Lord Cromer's "veiled Protectorate," adopted as a compromise between Gladstone's policy of evacuation and Hartington's policy of annexation, was never, by its author, so the writer maintains, intended to promote the "prudent development of Egypt's institutions." After introducing many reforms widely advertised by Lord Milner and other agents in the Press, Lord Cromer this year assumed full authority, and there came a consequent resurrection of Egyptian nationalism. Egypt is becoming convinced of England's ill-faith. All reforms are now understood as fattening the ox for the slaughter, or preparing Egypt for annexation. The dread of this on the part of Egyptians is legitimate and natural, Mr. Blunt thinks, and not to be set down to the fanatical excesses of Pan-Islamism.

NOT PAN-ISLAMISM.

Of Pan-Islamism he claims to know more than any Englishman, certainly more than Lord Cromer. He says :—

I know its strength and its weakness. I know its fanatical side, and I know its side of reform and progress. I know what its value is in Arabia, in India, at Constantinople, and in the Sahara no less than in Egypt. I have been for the last twenty-five years on intimate terms with several of its chief exponents. I sympathise with it, and in its Liberal sense I wish it well. My words, therefore, may have weight when I affirm that the current talk about it, as applied to the Egyptian movement, of which at the present moment Mustafa Kamel is the most able advocate, is mere diplomatic mystification. There is next to no connection in reality between the fellahin of the Delta and the great fanatical brotherhood of the Sahara, the Senoussia, with which the French are in difficulties farther west. Nor are the fellahin fanatically affected by any propaganda from Constantinople. In Egypt there is no hatred for religion's sake either towards Christians or Jews as such, or even race enmity except at Alexandria, always a turbulent half-European city criminally inclined.

HOME RULE FOR EGYPT.

Mr. Blunt affirms that there is in Egypt no love for the Sultan, but "the man in the jaws of the lion calls out to the tiger for help, and in the grip of an English officialdom Egypt may well cast her eyes at times in the direction of Constantinople." But :—

What Mustafa Kamel and the Nationalists want is Home Rule for Egypt under the Ottoman Crown. Absolute independence they would perhaps prefer, but they look at this for the present as too dangerous a freedom.

Of this Nationalist leader Mr. Blunt bears the following testimony :—

As for Mustafa Kamel himself, I know him personally and I have read a good deal that he has published, and I have for him a high respect as an honest and consistent patriot. He is also an astonishingly able man with great political insight and power of eloquent expression. He has been reproached with changing his political connections. But all his advocacy has had the same basis, under changing conditions, that of gaining for his country friends ; that of trying to awake in Europe some sympathy with a liberal cause worthy of its assistance ; that of reminding Englishmen of their promises so publicly made of restoring "Egypt to the Egyptians." I am certain he is worthy of all the help English Radical Members of Parliament can give him.

Mr. Blunt stoutly affirms that annexation is beyond our power. France might consent, but not Germany without a European war. Annexation is the logical outcome of Lord Cromer's policy, but that step we cannot take. What then can we do ? Mr. Blunt recommends us to restore the self-government in Egypt which we destroyed in 1882. We can retrace our steps, and begin again with Lord Dufferin's programme. We could establish to-morrow a true native Government constitutionally endowed, but, Mr. Blunt adds, we want a man like Sir William Wedderburn to begin it.

PAN-ISLAMISM.

BY PROFESSOR VAMBÉRY.

THERE is not a more fervent friend of Islam in all Christendom than my friend Professor Arminius Vambéry of Buda Pesth. But his righteous soul is ablaze with indignation at the recent developments of what is called Pan-Islamism. He does not believe that any real Pan-Islamist movement is possible. Writing in the *Nineteenth Century*, he says :—

Pan-Islamism—viz., a united action of all Mohammedans in the world—is under the present circumstances impossible, but a local outburst of political efforts, under the disguise of religious fanaticism, deserves the much more our full attention.

It is because I am a well-wisher of the Mohammedans and anxiously desirous to see their lot ameliorated that I must declare myself against all adventurous and ill-devised plans of forcible revolution, such as the confidence in Pan-Islamism, which must long remain an empty vision, and, by rousing the suspicion of the mighty European Powers, will curtail the liberties the Moslems enjoy at present and will uselessly retard the work of their progress.

He is distressed by the folly of certain hare-brained German writers who imagine that the Kaiser can use Islam as dynamite to blow up English and French interests in Africa and Asia. He says :—

If German politicians imagine that by constantly petting the absolutist and ruinous rule of Sultan Abdul Hamid, and by

striving to represent the Emperor William the Second as the protector of Islam, they will attain their end, they are sadly mistaken. It is a great pity that the German Emperor is not duly informed of the disaffection and hatred he has created amongst the enlightened Turks by the support he gives to Sultan Abdul Hamid, for the general opinion prevails in Turkey that it is the Kaiser who instigates the Sultan to continue his absolutist rule, and who dissuades him from acceding liberties to his people.

Professor Vambéry is much exercised in his mind concerning the licence of the papers in Egypt and elsewhere in attacking England. He says:—

Any open attack directed against England, or any fiery appeal in the interest of unity and encouragement to shake off the hated yoke of the Christian conqueror, is quoted and carefully translated in the newspapers of the different countries.

Therefore, he concludes:—

Exceptional measures are not only permitted—nay, they have become an imperious necessity, and temporary restriction of the Press, for example, is certainly less injurious to the welfare of England and Egypt than the political hallucinations of a certain class of journalists, who, by venomously public opinion, do great harm to the moral and material interests of their country.

MR. HAROLD SPENDER'S VERSION.

Mr. Harold Spender in the *Contemporary Review* writes on England, Egypt and Turkey. He explains the action of Turkey in Egypt thus: "She looked across the Mediterranean and saw it shining beneath the sun, a glittering prize, grown in twenty years from a rubbish-heap to a gold mine. Without any warning she stretched out an ugly claw and scabbled at the tempting treasure." Great Britain suddenly discovered that she could not rely on the loyalty and gratitude of the very people she had enriched. Mr. Spender bears witness:—

Whether ordered by the Sultan or the result of an instinctive religious wave, a new and definite crusade began to affect Egypt in the summer of 1905. Preachers appeared mysteriously in Cairo and spread rapidly through the country, giving a new and stricter interpretation to texts from the Koran, and preaching in strong terms the wickedness of obeying the infidel.

The disaffection so fanned burst into a flame at the Tabah incident. Mr. Spender gives interesting quotations from the Egyptian Press showing how the anti-British spirit was propagated. Mr. Spender goes on:—

The great point is to realise that a great and formidable movement like Pan-Islamism has its roots far too deep down in the human heart and mind to be extirpated by a display of what is commonly known as "strong measures."

The remedies suggested by the writer are bars to hinder Mouktar Pasha using his position as a Turkish resident in Cairo as he has done. Press censorship is abhorrent to the English spirit. But—if it could be proved that Turkish agitators or Turkish-paid Egyptians are attacking England through a free Egyptian Press, then the limit of tolerance would be reached. Even in England the Press cannot be used for the sowing of treason. Better a few deported Turks than a sprinkling of European massacres and more gallows-crops of executed Fellahs.

But for the final thwarting of Turkey, Mr. Spender suggests the opening up of public service to the cultured and intelligent Egyptian:—

There is in Egypt now a large class of wealthy youths who look for worthy employment in their own country. The prob-

lem of the future is to win these men to our side by providing them with the two things they desire—better education and greater responsibility. It is really another form of the wider problem—to extend the bounds of self-government and to fulfil our mission by training Egypt to rule itself.

WHAT MR. BEIT'S WILL HAS DONE.

In the *Empire Review* Mr. Hubert Reade makes many suggestions for the University of Johannesburg which is to be founded by Mr. Beit's bequest. He hopes that it may be the centre of a new national cohesion in South Africa. He hopes that it may give the best practical, as well as the best theoretical, teaching in agriculture, horticulture and viticulture, and so bring in the Dutch farmers; and induce the Dutch churches, too, to let their students study in the Faculty of Theology in the new University. In conclusion Mr. Reade says:—

Mr. Beit's will has, in reality, made British Africa one. By his bequest to the Cape-Cairo Railway he has (save for the "Wasp's Waist") linked together Cape Town and Alexandria, and those best acquainted with Uganda, with British East Africa and with the Sudan, think it by no means impossible that men trained at Frankenwald might do admirable work both as administrators and as agricultural pioneers in those vast regions. In a word, Mr. Beit has called into existence the "Far North" to satisfy the land hunger of the Boer, and has given us the means to make the Boer feel himself the citizen of no mean Empire. The Dutch colonists in the Hinterland of Mossamedes found their chief obstacles in the Portuguese Administration and in the absence of markets for their produce. These obstacles will not exist in Northern Rhodesia, and if the Afrikanders can be trained in practical agriculture and ranching under tropical and subtropical conditions, there seems no reason why they should not find homes as planters along the Cape to Cairo Railway. If part of the Education Fund provided by Mr. Beit's will for Rhodesia is applied to found experimental farms and agricultural schools on the lines of the smaller of those in Western Australia and of those managed by the Boards of Agriculture in the United States and Canada, it would appear easy for men, who had received their theoretical education at Frankenwald or in England, to acquire such a practical training as would enable them to act as directors of plantations throughout tropical Africa. Thus new prospects would be opened up for the Boer farmers, and the area at their disposal for settlement widely extended.

THE AWAKENING OF CHINA.

Mr. LIONEL GILES in the *Nineteenth Century* publishes a translation of a very remarkable pamphlet widely circulated in the province of Hunan in China, which makes a strong appeal to the Chinese to rouse themselves to action for the defence of their nationality and Empire. He says, Let these

methods be adopted, and when put into practice they will prove efficacious. The area of Japan is not greater than that of the single province of Ssü-ch'uan, its population is not more numerous than that of the single province of Hunan. Twenty years ago, as compared with China, Japan was very poor and weak; but now, having been stirred into activity, it has grown to be a rich and powerful State. India, both in size and population, is not so very far behind China; but because as a nation she was incapable of making an effort, she has fallen under the dominion of England. In the light of these facts it behoves you, sirs, to be neither down-hearted nor yet too light-hearted. What you must do is immediately to begin girding yourselves for action. If you can manage to do this, though your country were as small as Japan, you can still become rich and powerful. But if you are unequal to the effort, then, although your country is as great as India, you must inevitably succumb.

**MORE ABOUT THE GERMAN DIABOLUS
AND HIS "POTSDAM PARTY" IN LONDON.**

"THERE is no Devil but Germany, and Mr. Haldane is the prophet of Germany"; in that sentence we have the condensed essence of the first twenty pages of the new number of the *National Review*. It is impossible not to admire, almost to love, Colonel Maxse for the splendid pertinacity with which he fights a losing cause, despite our conviction of the mischievous madness of the principles to which he is devoted. The heart always warms to a man who fights hard, hits straight from the shoulder, calls a spade a spade, and says what he thinks, even when we know he is fighting on the wrong side, and that his



Well, to be Sure! The Colonial Gentlemen have been busy here, too.

[Some members of the German House of Representatives have been touring in the Colonies to study them.]

victory would entail untold misery upon mankind. We feel, in short, for Colonel Maxse something of the sentiment which is inspired in readers of "Paradise Lost" towards Satan.

THE KAISER WITH TWO POPES IN HIS POCKET.

Colonel Maxse is obsessed by an evil spirit which leads him to see the hand of Germany in everything that goes wrong all over the world. Here is an instance. After deplored the conflict between the Church and the Republic in France, Colonel Maxse says:—

Pius X. owes his election to the Austrian veto upon Cardinal Rampolla, the French candidate, which is believed by Frenchmen, rightly or wrongly, to have been prompted by a hint from Berlin. Be this as it may, the German Emperor has struck up almost as intimate an alliance with the present Pope as with the Sultan of Turkey, and it is scarcely surprising that Frenchmen should detect the Imperial hand in the disastrous decision of the Vatican forbidding the Catholic Church in France from coming to terms with the Republic. Such a policy promotes chaos if it does not actually provoke civil war, and must still further weaken France to the advantage of her German enemy. The international aspect of the Church crisis was subsequently accentuated by the election of a German, Father Wernz, as General of the Jesuits, commonly called the Black Pope. With two

Popes in his pocket Kaiser Wilhelm is a happy man, and is manifesting his joy by showering "Black Eagles" on ecclesiastical dignitaries.

"THE GRAND INTERNATIONAL AGENT PROVOCATEUR."

Colonel Maxse appears to have taken Cicero's orations against Catiline as the model for his invective against Germany and its Kaiser:—

We have not the space to recapitulate the various occasions, nor is it necessary to do so, as they are matters of common knowledge, when Russia and Great Britain, Great Britain and France, or France and Italy, found themselves on the verge of war since 1870; but in every single instance there is reason to suspect Germany of having played the grand international *agent provocateur*. That Wilhelm II. is a willing and not an impt pupil of the Iron Chancellor as a war maker is shown by his success in promoting the Spanish-American War, the South African War, and the Far Eastern War, as also by his sinister efforts during the Siam, Fashoda, and Port Arthur incidents. Let us never forget, for we have it on the authority of no less a person than Count Bismarck, that the German Government followed up the Kruger telegram in 1896 by endeavouring to organise a coalition against Great Britain, and certainly no stone was left unturned during the South African War to enlarge the area of hostilities. Russian diplomats could tell a tale on this score should their lips ever become unsealed. Wilhelm II.'s latest achievement as marplot was his frantic effort to prevent a peaceful settlement of the North Sea outrage in October 1904. Happily his influence over Nicholas II. bears no proportion to his activity.

"OUR DEADLIEST ENEMY."

The South African war, during which the Kaiser twice received the thanks of Queen Victoria for having averted international intervention on behalf of the Boers, was, according to Colonel Maxse,

The crisis which taught us that Germany was our deadliest enemy, who was only restrained by a sense of her own naval impotence from compassing our destruction. If England can only be inveigled into any kind of "understanding" with Germany, however intrinsically worthless, the Wilhelmstrasse would acquire a powerful lever for undermining our *entente* with France, as the French would very naturally feel that we could never be counted upon in preserving the balance of European Power upon which the future of France depends, and which has been dangerously dislocated by the effacement of Russia. In that case we should inevitably see the evolution of that great anti-British coalition under German leadership, which has for many years been the sleeping and waking thought of Wilhelm II. Such an obvious *dénouement* must be obvious to every British statesman whose head has not been turned by Imperial flattery. *Germany only seeks our friendship in order to detach France from us.*

"THE POTSDAM PARTY" IN THE CABINET.

The worst of it is that this Beelzebub of nations has his allies in the British Cabinet. Colonel Maxse says:—

The Potsdam Party in the Cabinet is understood to consist of Mr. Haldane, Lord Loreburn, and Mr. Bryce. Our War Minister is believed to be animated by his innate love of Germany, the Lord Chancellor and the Irish Secretary by the irresistible attraction which any enemy of their own country exercises over a certain type of British Radical.

Of these, Mr. Haldane is the worst, although in Mr. Winston Churchill he has an understudy:—

There are renewed rumours in Germany of yet another fresh naval programme, which we have reason to believe the Kaiser is bent on laying before the Reichstag. This is the result of our dropping *Dreadnoughts*.

It is very magnificent all this, but oh how mad!

GERMAN EDUCATION UNDER FIRE.

MR. J. ELLIS BARKER writes in the *Contemporary Review* on education and mis-education in Germany. He points out that in Germany, and especially in Prussia, education was from the first used by the



Pasquino.]

The German Trinity.

[Turin.]

Government for the purpose of keeping the people in a state of subjection and of mental servitude.

THE PEOPLE'S SCHOOLS TWICE A FAILURE.

The German elementary schools, which contain some nine million children, were intended, according to Dr. Falk, (1) to promote patriotism; (2) to foster religion and morality; (3) to fit the young for practical life. The failure of the first is seen in the three million votes cast by the Social Democrats in 1903, whom the Kaiser described as "fellows without a Fatherland, enemies of their nation." The second aim is said to be also unattained, for the Protestants of Germany, who form two-thirds of the nation, are "not at all religious." Church-going is not a social obligation. The yearly average of illegitimate births in Germany is 180,000, against 50,000 in Great Britain. There are 12,000 suicides in Germany, as against 3,000 in Great Britain. Toleration is in Germany conspicuous by its absence. The third aim is better served. "The German child learns a few necessary things fairly well. The English child learns many things ill, of which most are unnecessary." The German child learns in the elementary schools

perhaps too slavishly to obey. The English Board School education errs perhaps in the opposite direction. The English Board School encourages the child to become a pauper by giving everything for nothing. The German parents, who have to pay, value more what they get. All classes join in the German school. The English Board School is still the charity school of the poor.

SECONDARY SCHOOLS—CRAMMING SHOPS.

After these concessions to the public elementary schools of Germany, the writer proceeds to attack the secondary schools. He says that they are in the main cramming establishments of the worst type, treated by parents and children as a great but inevitable evil. Even the Kaiser denounces the mis-education given therein, saying: "We ought to educate young Germans, sons of the nation, not young Greeks and Romans. We ought to desert the programme received from the ancient monasteries." Bodily exercise in schools has been until very recently disparaged. "Germany is by nature a gameless country." "As regards physical education, the German schools are worthless."

UNIVERSITIES—FACTORIES OF MEDIOCRITIES.

Of the twenty-two German Universities, with 3,000 professors and lecturers and 40,000 students, the writer has little good to say. He admits the number of students is increasing by leaps and bounds, but he says, "It may be doubted whether it is a matter for congratulation that the German universities are turning out an army of unemployed lawyers, doctors, theologians and teachers," to form "a huge learned, and therefore the more dangerous, proletariat." The writer ventures to affirm that "the average British doctor, lawyer, schoolmaster or clergyman is distinctly superior to his German colleague." "The output of books, mostly worthless, has enormously increased in Germany."

TECHNICAL SCHOOLS—TOO THEORETIC.

Though Germany is held to be no longer the model to Great Britain in elementary, intermediate and practical education, the writer admits she is far ahead of this country in technical education. Yet "German technical education is more extensive than intensive, more showy than practical and thorough." He quotes Felisch, who wrote, "we pay for our greater theoretical knowledge with diminished practical ability." The writer emphatically refuses to attribute the industrial success of Germany to the general education of its workers. Belgian industries, he says, are comparatively more flourishing than those of Germany, yet in Belgium 128 of every thousand recruits are unable to write.

THE PRESS MUCH BELOW OURS.

The chief practical value of the German schools consists, he maintains, not in the knowledge disseminated, but in the discipline instilled. Germany has learned the lesson of national co-operation, co-ordination of all the national forces, and has developed it to

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a higher extent than any other country. Our education encourages laziness and individualism. Mr. Barker, who, as has been shown, is not lacking in courage, dares to say:—

I venture emphatically to affirm that Germany, with all her schools and universities, and with her army of 300,000 teachers, is a far less intelligent and far less cultured nation than is the British nation. The general intelligence and culture of a nation may be measured by the Press, which appeals to all, and which reflects the national mind as in a mirror; and I think that no educated German will contradict me if I state that the whole Press of Germany—dailes, weeklies, monthlies—is not only vastly inferior to the British Press, but it is quite unworthy of the intelligence of a cultured nation. The German newspapers and periodicals, generally speaking, are filled not with facts but with trash. The German Press is a century behind the English Press, and the low standard of the whole German Press shows that the German nation is not a nation of thinkers. On the contrary.

These trenchant criticisms are advanced as a warning against modelling British education on the more unsatisfactory part of German education—the instruction without the discipline.

UNIVERSITY TRAINING AND BUSINESS CAREER.

Is a University training of use in business? is the question raised by the *Strand*, and answered by a number of eminent business men. Most of the writers say, with the late Alfred Beit, "It all depends on the man." Answers in the negative may be given first. Lord Burton does not consider a residence at Oxford or Cambridge a good preliminary for a commercial career. Lord Kinnaird thinks that the University probably would not do any harm to a young man with a family business ready for him to enter, though it would take him some time to readjust his ideas as to the relation between work and play. The University holiday of seven or eight months, with four or five months' work, is not a business ideal of work and play. But for a young man with his way to make, the public school should be sufficient. Sir Edward Stern says:—

My experience is that an Oxford or Cambridge training retards an ordinary young man; he learns lazy habits and an absolute want of the sense of duty; everything seems to him to be more important than his work, and although very ignorant, having learnt no foreign languages and little mathematics, he considers himself far too superior for the everyday drudgery of a business life. The London University, as it used to be, was a good training, as a man was bound to work hard in order to pass, and was dependent on himself.

Sir Alfred Jones considers that a University training does retard a young man's progress in commercial life by occupying years in the study of classical and other subjects when commercial training would be more valuable.

Answers in the affirmative, not without qualifications, are given by the Earl of Kinnoull and Lord Avebury, who stipulates that it must be a wise and all-round education. Sir Augustus Prevost, Governor of the Bank of England, is decidedly of opinion, from his nearly fifty years' business experience, that a University training is of assistance in all commercial or active business careers. Most emphatic witness is borne by Lord Armstrong, who thinks that it is

distinctly to a young man's advantage to have had a University education, as it saves him from the narrowness of specialised education:—

I find that employers of labour and directors of great industries are more and more inclined to select as their lieutenants men of a University education rather than those without it. I feel that this tendency will increase as the education in the Universities becomes more and more liberal in character.

A NEW WAY TO PRETORIA.

IN THE *World's Work and Play* Mr. Ambrose Talbot describes a new railway rib that is being fitted into the backbone of the Cape to Cairo line. It begins at Lobito Bay in Portuguese South-West Africa, it runs through Benguella, and it will extend in almost a direct line across Africa to Katanga, a point south of Lake Tanganyika, where it joins the Cape to Cairo Railway, 950 miles from the sea. The first section of this Benguella railway is now open for traffic. Lobito Bay is said to be one of the finest natural harbours in the world. It is a land-locked bay, about three miles wide and five long. The natural breakwater of sand is so steep on the inner side as to admit of the ocean liners coming within a few feet and landing passengers direct by gangway from deck to shore.

The great engineering feat has been the mounting of the great African divide or plateau 5,000 feet above the sea. As the gradient was found to be one in forty for several miles, it was decided to adopt the rack railway used in the Swiss mountains. Up the gorge the railway forced its way, the work being carried on night and day. Several millions of tons of rock were blasted away, and the railway has now reached the plateau. The route continues practically throughout the rest of its length at this elevation of 5,000 feet. It will connect Bihé, which is an important trading centre, especially in rubber. The first 150 miles were completed in two years instead of the three years allowed. The rest of the line will be completed in two or three years. The line will bring the rich mineral deposits of Lake Tanganyika within 1,000 miles of the sea-coast, about one-half of the distance *via* Cape Town. The copper ore already exposed is stated to be over 100 millions sterling in value. When connected with the Cape to Cairo Railway, Pretoria will be 3,000 miles nearer us than at present. Liners from Britain to the Cape will be able to call at Lobito, which is still a week's sail from Cape Town, and discharge and embark passengers and freight.

THE most noteworthy article in the September *Velhagen* is that on Hans Thoma by Eduard Engels. Thoma, who settled in Frankfort in 1876, did not conquer the public till 1890, when he sent thirty-seven of his pictures to the Munich Exhibition. He was then fifty years of age. In 1899 he became Director of the Art Gallery at Karlsruhe. He says he often dreams of beautiful pictures, but finds it impossible to paint them, but when he hears music he sees beautiful pictures or plans them in his mind.

A BRITISH VIEW OF GERMAN MANOEUVRES.

MR. HOWARD HENSMAN, in the *United Service Magazine*, gives some impressions of the German manoeuvres. They were this year directed to the defence of Silesia. The Kaiser's belief that invasion threatens only from the West seems to have been overridden by the newly-appointed head of the General Staff, General Von Moltke. The same influence is seen by the writer in the abandonment of those sweeping charges of cavalry brigades and divisions that are so dear to the heart of the Kaiser, but which are now regarded as almost impossible in modern warfare.

OBSOLETE METHODS.

But in other respects German methods are still conservative. For example, the writer says:—

Such lessons as foreign observers learnt from the armies in the field were largely of a negative character. The lessons taught both by the Boer war and the Russo-Japanese struggle have apparently been ignored by those responsible for the training of the German infantry. The old dense formation is still adhered to, and many of the assaults on the trenches during the second day's operations were conducted almost shoulder to shoulder. The art of taking cover, too, was almost entirely neglected, and the regimental officers were great sinners in this respect. Even when under an overwhelming artillery fire they kept their men hanging about in the open, often huddled together in dense masses, without making the slightest effort to entrench themselves, or to take advantage of the natural cover that offered itself. The attack formations were open to exactly the same charge.

In crossing the country the troops seemed to avoid cover, and only in very few cases to revert to hasty shelter trenches. The writer goes on:—

It seems clear that, so far as the German army is concerned, the old theory of attack by a quick burst of a huge body, and then, firing line and supports all jumbled hopelessly together, a blind faith in dead weight and enthusiasm, still obtain a considerable amount of favour. It is to be feared that the awakening will be a rude one.

OBEDIENCE WITHOUT INITIATIVE.

The German army has not yet learned the lesson of invisibility. Their greyish-black uniforms are conspicuous a mile away, and are extremely hot and uncomfortable. The spade work in trench formation was well done, but the German military passion for straight lines and geometrical exactness exposes the trenches to deadly enfilading. Of the German infantry the writer speaks in the highest terms. Their endurance and feats of marching could be equalled by very few of the European armies. But, says Mr. Hensman:—

For the rest the German infantryman is still the non-disciplined, wooden, unthinking fighting automaton that he has always been. Intelligence among the rank and file is a thing that is apparently unthought of in Germany, even if it be not actually discouraged. For blind obedience to orders and unflinching courage, the German soldier is impossible to surpass. But think for himself he cannot. He obeys a command mechanically, but he could not vary it an inch though his life depended upon it.

A MACHINE OF AN ARMY.

The same lack of initiative is found in the regimental officers. Enthusiastic, keen and intelligent they were, but—

Act upon their own initiative, however, they would not, and when confronted with a crisis or a situation not provided for in the enormously long and detailed orders issued by the staff, they were as helpless as a rudderless ship. Indeed, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that in the German army to-day the staff does the thinking and the rest of the army converts the thoughts into actions, machine-like, and without any independent consideration.

The whole of the manoeuvres were carried out strictly on text-book lines. "The cavalry was something of a failure." Its recklessness would mean enormous loss in time of war, and the horsemanship is greatly inferior to that of our own cavalry. The honours of the campaign would go to the artillery, which was uniformly good. "At picking up range the Germans are unsurpassed." The engineers, by means of telegraphs and telephones, kept the rival commanders in touch with every part of their forces. They showed, too, great ability to repair motor-cars. The organisation of supply and transport was admirable. "The Germans have brought the science of feeding an army in the field to a pitch of perfection that is almost beyond credit." The writer concludes:—

To sum up, it may be said that the German manoeuvres of 1906 have shown that as a mechanical fighting force the Kaiser's army retains its deservedly high position, but that it still lacks that flexibility of action and that power and initiative that should pervade all ranks, and without which no army can be said to be perfect.

THE FRENCH NAVAL MANOEUVRES.

The most noteworthy article in the *Correspondant* of September 10th is an unsigned study of the French Naval Manoeuvres, which took place from July 3rd to August 4th, between Toulon and Merz-el-Kebir.

The significance of these manoeuvres, says the writer, will easily be recognised when it is understood that they brought into action, under one commander, Vice-Admiral Fournier, all the fighting ships of the first line in the French Navy. To these were added—first, the most important section of the reserves, and next, the five torpedo flotillas and the two flotillas of submarine boats stationed in the Mediterranean. In the manoeuvres there was no serious question of strategy or of tactics in the ordinary sense. It was simply an experiment conducted by Vice-Admiral Fournier in "triangular tactics."

The writer says the lesson of the manoeuvres is that the ships, notwithstanding the most praiseworthy efforts, were unequal to their task. In future, ironclads of the highest tonnage should be adopted. There should be fewer and larger units. It would be much easier for an admiral to manoeuvre twelve ships of 18,000 tons than eighteen ships of 12,000 tons, and these twelve larger ships would cost less and carry more guns than the eighteen small ones. The writer also recommends that the field of action be changed. Cherbourg and Brest will play a more important part in war than any Mediterranean port, and he would like to see the manoeuvres of 1907 transferred to the Atlantic and the English Channel.

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THE PREMIER OF RUSSIA.

M. STOLYPIN AND HIS PROSPECTS.

THE Special Commissioner of the *National Review* in the October number, writing on "Russia from Within," devotes most of his article to a discussion of the person and the policy of the present Prime Minister, M. Stolypin.

STOLYPIN THE MAN.

M. Stolypin enjoys a personal reputation of which any public man in Russia might well be proud. With him word and thought are known to stand in a certain fixed relation to each other, both emanating from motives which are regarded by his friends and acquaintances as above suspicion. He is a sincere lover of fair play, eschews base actions, and is withal tolerant enough to take men as he finds them, and to make the best of very bad bargains. In a word, he belongs to the highest type of gentleman produced by Russian civilisation. The son of a chivalrous general and of a clever lady, Stolypin was brought up in the traditions of the old school of the Russian nobility. His mother was a Gorchakoff, whose widespread reputation for *esprit* was by no means usurped. A princess not only in the social but also in the intellectual sphere, her double title unhappily died with herself. If intellect were hereditary and will-power were identical with honesty, the present Premier would indeed be the man to lead his people to the promised land. But inscrutable Nature endowed him with other estimable gifts. At school he was distinguished by modesty and application among his fellows, of whom many were clever and most lazy. Mediocre gifts, good conduct in its bureaucratic sense, and a happy easy-going disposition were calculated to attract the benevolent attention of his superiors, and P. A. Stolypin has uniformly enjoyed the friendship and protection of the most Conservative administrators of the old *régime*. Thus it was by appointment, not by election, that he became Marshal of the Nobility in Kovno and later Governor of the Province of Grodno.

To the Premier's personal friends it appears a good omen that he invariably stood well with the champions of autocracy. He was a favourite even of the most reactionary among them all. They promoted him over the heads of his seniors, suspended traditions and usages in his behalf, and, so to say, pitchforked him into high places. For example, when the Province of Saratoff was greatly disturbed, disorders were of daily occurrence, and the redoubtable Plehve cast around him for an energetic man to administer it; his choice fell upon M. Stolypin, who, though lacking the bureaucratic qualifications for the post, was none the less appointed.

THE PREMIER AND HIS POLICY.

But precisely because of his admirable personal qualities, his influence upon the Crown and the nation appears to unbiased Russians to be fraught with disaster to both. To the Crown, because he may all the more easily persuade the monarch to flit away in petty palliatives the precious respite bestowed by fate, which might well be used to reconcile people and sovereign and bring together a practical Duma. And on the nation his political influence appears not less baleful, because with all his sterling qualities M. Stolypin is sadly deficient in the stern moral fibre which distinguishes a genuine people's patriot from an easy-going courtier who sees everything, including his own amiable weakness, through the roseate medium of optimism.

His adjoint, M. Kryshantoffsky, recently laid before M. Stolypin a plan for the revival of the Tsar's popularity by means of a great money sacrifice to be made by the Imperial family. The peasants, he said, want land, and we want the peasants' confidence and co-operation. Let the Tsar distribute, to those peasants who really need more land certain portions of the appanages whence the Imperial family draws the funds requisite for the support of its members. These appanages bring in two millions a year.

M. Stolypin adopted the proposal as his own. The Tsar rejected it, but M. Stolypin did not resign. The scheme was a mad one:—

It would have put the Imperial house in the power of the coming Duma and aroused the passions of the peasantry against the landowners. It was just the final touch which would have sufficed to send the revolutionary scale downwards and to break the monarchy.

Yet, says this "Special Commissioner,"

the Russian Premier, who has done his best under most trying conditions, deserves the hearty support of all the patriotic elements in the country. For the cause he represents is that of order, of law, of humanity. He is an honest administrator in a trothless environment; he is politically little in a movement of elemental magnitude, a straw in the eddies of a seething maelstrom. Truly he is well worthy of genuine sympathy.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH'S VIEW.

Mr. Goldwin Smith has some sensible remarks in the *Positivist Review* for October on the Russian Revolution. He says:—

The way in which we have regarded this revolution has hardly been philosophic. The Tsardom is the off-spring, not of Satan, but of the necessities of a primitive era, though it is now out of date, and calls for the exercise of the high wisdom which can make the past glide smoothly into the future. For all those peasant millions it still forms the only bond of allegiance to the State. In the French Revolution, the monarchy, instead of being constitutionally limited, was prematurely destroyed. The bond of allegiance was broken, and there followed civil war.

In the same Review Mr. Swinney points out the differences between the present movement in Russia and the Revolution in France.

HOW TO REFORM THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON returns to his thesis as to the right way to mend the House of Lords in the October *Positivist Review*. He says:—

All that is wanted for the moment is to turn into an understood political system the example tentatively set by the Prime Minister in selecting childless men and bachelors for all new peerages. If a hundred or a hundred and fifty capable men could be drawn from the House of Commons (present or past), from the diplomatic, colonial, civil, and military services; from County Councils, public institutions, co-operative and trade societies; from the ranks of Privy Councillors, Judges, King's Counsel, Royal societies, and great companies, publicists, professors, and learned societies—and without the paraphernalia of heralds, or the endowment of families, such men could be infused into the existing House without any legislation or bitter contest—the nucleus of a true Senate would be there. The thirty or forty debating Peers would be glad to receive fresh blood. The five hundred silent and absent Peers would remain silent, absent, and harmless.

This scheme is not put forward in any party sense. Both parties ought to be represented. But, in view of the enormous disproportion of Peers at present, new creations should be in inverse ratio to the actual balance of parties. The creation of hereditary Peers might still be retained as at present for those who court rank and honour without power. An ancient monarchy naturally involves a gradation of rank and royal favours. Only this—newly-created Peers with hereditary titles should have no right to sit in a Reformed Upper Chamber—either for themselves or their descendants.

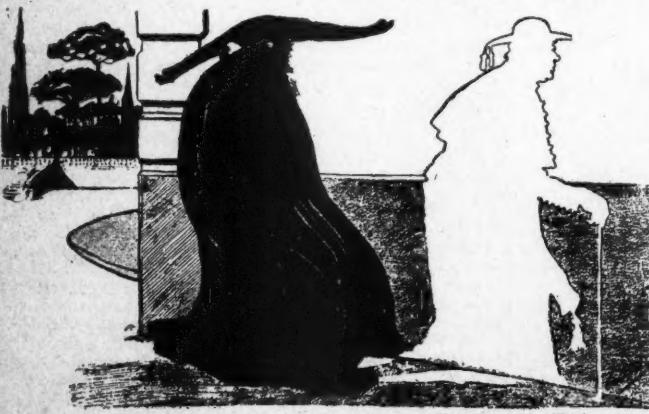
THE PAPAL AGGRESSION IN FRANCE.

In the *Fortnightly Review* Mr. Robert Dell, writing on this subject, puts very clearly the present acute religious crisis in France, but, I gather, takes a pessimistic view of its being solved. The inference many will draw from his article is that either the Pope is purblind to many modern tendencies, or he is being extraordinarily badly advised. In the French Ultramontane press of late it is constantly asserted by bishops that the will of the Pope is the will of God "absolutely and with no restriction." Authorised organs even declare that the Pope has a divine and immutable right to ratify or refuse to ratify civil legislation—"the Deposing Power," that is, applied to modern conditions, and even such men as M. Brunetière and the Viscount de Vogüé apparently accept these principles.

As for the demonstration of English Catholics to be held, it is stated, shortly in London to bring about an *entente cordiale* between them and the French Clericals, Mr. Dell says nothing could better show that both parties stand aloof from the general life of their respective nations. The Clericals have been the consistent enemies of England, and have done all in their power to prevent the present good understanding between her and France. If any one's interests are served, it will be those of the German Emperor. Every Government, and ours as well as the rest, must take into account the fact that—

for the present Pope, the claim to the Deposing Power is no mere shadowy theory, and the supremacy of the Church over the State is an inviolable principle to be enforced at all costs. Already the Pope is attempting to enforce that principle in Spain, and is involved in a dispute with the Spanish Government merely because the latter has taken one more step in the direction of complete religious toleration which, in Spain as in all countries where the official Church retains any real power, is still far from being realised.

The present policy of the Vatican—that it is better to lose every country to the faith than to abate one



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The Election of the Black Pope.

How is it that, contrary to all physical law, the Black Pope is the shadow of the White Pope?

jot or title of the claims of Rome—is an old policy, and that which has lost it the East, England, Germany, and now France.

THE ASSOCIATIONS CULTUELLES.

Of the *associations cultuelles* so much is likely soon to be heard that I quote Mr. Dell's clear statement exactly defining what they are:—

The *association cultuelle* is merely an *association déclarée* under the Law of July 1st, 1901, which has for its sole object the practice of a religion (*l'exercice d'un culte*); its area is that of the old ecclesiastical district, and it can be formed by any seven, fifteen, or twenty-five persons, according to the population of the commune; it must draw up a balance-sheet and inventory of its property annually, and present its accounts to a general meeting of members at least once a year. Outside these provisions, the *associations cultuelles* are left perfectly free to impose what conditions of membership they please, and to make their own constitutions and rules.

The Pope's recent refusal of the request of nearly two-thirds of the French bishops to be allowed to form such associations on the model of the Archbishop of Besançon was due to his obstinate notions of rigid absolutism, and was virtually an attack on the autonomy of the French state.

A PUPPET IN THE HANDS OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

The Pope, without knowing it, is a puppet in the hands of the German Emperor, and the wires of the Vatican are pulled by much more astute hands than those of Cardinal Vives y Tuto and Cardinal Merry del Val.

There is a close understanding between the Vatican and Berlin, highly desirable for the latter, considering that the Centre Party holds the balance of power in the Reichstag, and that the designs on Austria and the Netherlands, with which the writer credits the Kaiser, make him still more dependent on Ultramontane support.

THE DARK FUTURE.

The law of France must be enforced, and the writer hopes that catastrophe may be averted. In any case, the responsibility rests on Pius X. and his advisers, "who have incited him to do a greater injury to the French Church than its worst enemies could have hoped for in their most optimistic moments." Mr. Dell, I notice, considers "appalling" the extent to which the Church has lost its hold on the French people.

I wish (he says) I could believe that any considerable body of French Catholics were prepared to save the religion of France even without the consent of the Pope, but I cannot be so optimistic. It is most improbable that associations of Catholics will be formed in more than a very few places unless the Pope relents.

The Pope, in fact, has ordered the Bishops to "organise religious worship," and forbidden them all means of doing so.

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POPE PIUS X.

HIS CRUSADE AGAINST INTELLECT AND CIVILISATION.

THE *National Review* devotes considerable space in "The Episodes of the Month" to an account of what it describes as the Pope's crusade against thought. It declares that nothing can be more false than the—

legend representing Pius X. "as a liberal and enlightened Pontiff of progressive views." Cardinal Sarto's early life in an Italian seminary, where he was immured until he received priest's orders at the age of twenty-four, has made it almost impossible for the Pope to be other than he is. His Encyclical of February 2nd, 1904, "in which he states quite simply and literally that the Hebrew patriarchs were acquainted with the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, and found consolation in the thought of Mary at various crises in their lives," shows its author to be unable to understand contemporary religious problems, however pure his motives and lofty his character. Indeed, his whole-souled piety and transparent sincerity add to the hopelessness of the situation. Pius X. is bound by his principles "on purely theological, and not on merely worldly grounds, to aim at such a domination over the civil power as was aimed at, and in part achieved, by Gregory VII., Innocent III., or Boniface VIII."

This revival of mediæval pretensions has gradually brought Rome into acute conflict with intellectual Catholicism in France and Italy, and threatens to exasperate the faithful in Spain, while it must ultimately complicate the position of British Catholics. There have already been several ominous manifestations of what is nothing less than a crusade against thought during the present Papacy.

The attitude of Pius X. towards Biblical questions is, needless to say, obscurantist. The Biblical Commission appointed by Leo XIII. has been completely diverted from its original purpose, and its expert members have been swamped by bigots, whose sole qualification is their hostility to all criticism. This Biblical Commission has recently decided that Moses was the author of the Pentateuch. It is apparently still open to Catholics "to believe that he may have dictated parts of it to secretaries, and that additions may have been made to it in later times; but the composite authorship, now accepted by all Biblical critics without exception, was utterly repudiated." We are told that this amazing decree, worthy to rank with the condemnation of Galileo, has alienated even the most moderate critical scholars, some of whom "were perfectly willing that M. Loisy should be condemned, but are less pleased at a decree which involves themselves, and implicitly condemns such works as those of Père Lagrange, O.P., and the little book on 'The Tradition of Scripture,' by Dr. William Barry, which has recently been published with the *imprimatur* of the Archbishop of Westminster."

Worse still remains behind. A new Syllabus is said to be in preparation, whose

"object is to purge the Church of the 'intellectuals.' It seems likely to be successful." The publication of the Syllabus is expected to be accompanied by the condemnation of several Catholic periodicals, and possibly by a decree of the Index or the Holy Office condemning certain Catholic writers, including some of the best known English Catholic laymen.

THE *Windsor Magazine* for October offers little that can be quoted. There is a fine series of reproductions of the paintings in the Hotel de Ville, Paris, with elucidative and historical notes by Alder Anderson. Cartoons in *Vanity Fair* illustrative of the chief leaders in science and medicine are reproduced in facsimile, with biographical incidents attached, by B. F. Robinson and C. R. Hewitt. Miss L. J. Clarke gives an interesting account of direct methods of studying Nature in the James Alleyne Girls' School at Dulwich. The partridge is the subject of a characteristic study by S. L. Bensusan.

THE TRANSIENT SWAY OF PRINT AND PAPER.

"LITERATURE and the Living Voice" is the title of a very suggestive paper in the *Contemporary Review* by Mr. W. B. Yeats. It is a plea for the emancipation of literature from the tyranny of the printing press—a claim that ear and tongue, and not the eye alone, should have full play. He argues that it is the revolt against the literature that is read, and not spoken or heard, that makes the Provençal, the Welsh, the Czech and the Irish strive to revive or preserve their ancient language. There is a bundle of striking contrasts in the following passage:—

Ireland, her imagination at its noon before the birth of Chaucer, has created the most beautiful literature of a whole people that has been anywhere since Greece and Rome, while English literature, the greatest of all literatures but that of Greece, is yet the literature of a few. Nothing of it but a handful of ballads about Robin Hood has come from the folk or belongs to them rightly, for the good English writers, with a few exceptions that seem accidental, have written for a small cultivated class; and is not this the reason? Irish poetry and Irish stories were made to be spoken or sung, while English literature, alone of great literatures because the newest of them all, has all but completely shaped itself in the printing press. In Ireland to-day the old world that sang and listened is, it may be for the last time in Europe, face to face with the world that reads and writes, and their antagonism is always present under some name or other in Irish imagination and intellect. I myself cannot be convinced that the printing press will be always victor, for change is inconceivably swift, and when it begins—well, as the proverb has it, everything comes in at the hole. The world soon tires of its toys, and our exaggerated love of print and paper seems to me to come out of passing conditions and to be no more a part of the final constitution of things than the craving of a woman in child-bed for green apples.

THE NEW & THE OLD CULTURE.

Literary print takes us from our active life into the quiet corner. In old times things were different:—

The old culture came to a man at his work; it was not at the expense of life, but an exaltation of life itself. It came in at the eyes as some civic ceremony sailed along the streets, or as one arrayed oneself before the looking-glass, or it came in at the ears in a song as one bent over the plough or the anvil, or at that great table where rich and poor sat down together and heard the minstrel bidding them pass around the winecup and say a prayer for Gawain dead. Certainly it came without a price; it did not take one from one's friends and one's handiwork; but it was like a good woman who gives all for love and is never jealous and is ready to do all the talking when we are tired.

How the old is to come again, how the other side of the penny is to come up, how the spit is to turn the other side of the meat to the fire, I do not know, but that the time will come I am certain; when one kind of desire has been satisfied for a long time it becomes sleepy, and other kinds, long quiet, after making a noise begin to order life.

Perhaps teachers will lay these hints to heart, and train the voices of the children to be fit vehicles of a literature that shall be music as well as thought.

THE Liberal Publication Department has issued the first number of a penny magazine called the *Liberal Monthly*, which should be most useful. It is to be a convenient record of what is being done in those political and social matters in which the people are interested. As a penny monthly it can and ought to be more widely circulated than the *Liberal Magazine*, which costs six-pence, but which is an invaluable publication for reference purposes.

AGAINST TEACHING CHILDREN CHRISTIANITY.

MISS FLORENCE HAYLLAR writes in the *Independent Review* on Christianity and the Child. She raises the great question, "How far is a child capable of assimilating religious instruction?" The child, the writer argues, repeats the history of the race. Childhood in the individual corresponds to the primitive savage and barbarian stages of development in the race; and it was not to the primitive or savage or barbarian man that Christianity was given.

THE MESSAGE OF CHRIST FOR THE MATURE.

The message of Christ belongs to maturity, not to childhood. The writer considers the teaching of Jesus in the Gospels. Simple in appearance, it involves for the most part an experience which a child has not attained. The contrast between the commands of Christ and the conduct of Christians is apt to confuse the young mind. So much, she says, of Christ's teaching as is directly contrary to the common conduct of ordinary reputable persons should not be brought to the notice of young children. So with the history of the life of Christ. The story of the Birth at Bethlehem, of the childhood, and of the three years' ministry may well find a place in the child's mind, but she draws the line at the Crucifixion. The historical books of the Bible are again very perplexing, because of the unchristian conduct of many of the Jewish heroes. The Acts of the Apostles she considers to be the book which lends itself most easily to a straightforward treatment. Passages from the poetry, philosophy, and doctrine of the Bible might be committed to memory.

After this preamble it is somewhat surprising to find the writer insisting that Christian children should be taught by heart the Apostles' Creed, or some similar form. In addition, children should be told, in favourable moments, as much as they can understand about Jesus Christ, His life and His teaching.

CHILDHOOD ONLY A PREPARATION FOR CHRISTIANITY.

But the object of the elementary schools should be, she insists, "to furnish the children with a preparation for higher teaching analogous to that preparation of the world before Christ came." Justice and courage and self-mastery, which are presupposed and not taught by Christianity, should be learnt first, otherwise forgiveness and love are dangerous, humility and self-denial become mere weakness. The time for distinctively religious teaching, and for beginning the study of the Gospels and the Bible is, the writer maintains, generally adolescence, extending from the thirteenth or fourteenth to the eighteenth or nineteenth year. Preparation for confirmation should then be taken seriously. Then the high and solemn story of the Crucifixion should be told for the first time. This plan of religious education, she maintains, is the natural one:—

If any plan like this comes to be carried out, a much greater importance than is now the case will be attached to confirmation and the antecedent teaching. This would fall for the most part beyond the period of elementary school life, and would in all probability be undertaken, as it now generally is,

by the clergy; and of all the work in their hands would be the most critical and far-reaching.

This is certainly another way out of the religious difficulty. Here is one, evidently a devout believer herself, arguing that in the interests of religious education children should be taught the plain fundamental virtues until they have left the public elementary school, leaving the clergy to complete the religious instruction by proper training for confirmation. The writer makes a very valuable suggestion with more humility than perhaps is quite necessary, that among the studies compulsory before ordination, at least an outline of child-study, with the necessary psychology and physiology pertaining to it, should find a place.

WHAT THE LORDS WILL DO.

Blackwood, writing on the Government Bill and the West Riding judgment, concludes from the debate in the Lords on the second reading that the leaders of the Opposition in the Upper House have resolved to risk all the consequences rather than consent to a measure which "means the corruption of the national character, the ruin of the Established Church, and the degradation of the Christian religion." After this preliminary flourish, Maga condescends to suggest a compromise. If, it says, the Lords would take up the broad line that, certain equitable conditions being granted, all denominations should pay for their own religious teaching, they would occupy a very strong position:—

Of course, if the Church agreed to any such arrangement for her own denominational schools, it could only be on condition that the surrender carried with it full liberty in all respects, unfettered control of her own religious teaching on all points, and equality of treatment with all other denominations. Denominational schools would still be much better off than they were before 1902. If the Lords fight for this compromise, they fight on ground which is made more secure by the West Riding judgment; and they would have behind them an immense body of public opinion, which they will not have if they try simply to restore the position which was understood to be established by the Act of 1902.

A Plea for Industrial Museums.

MOST of the articles in the *Engineering Magazine* this month are very technical. There is one by Alfred Sang, however, which is of interest to others than engineers. In it he stoutly urges that industrial museums should be founded to fill a most decided want in technical education. The motto of the technical student should be "acquire the knowledge of something about everything and of everything about something." The value of exhibitions as a stimulus to industrial activity is widely acknowledged. Mr. Sang's proposal is that general information should be supplied by permanent industrial exhibitions—museums in short. He cites the Patent Office Museum as an example of what can be done in this way, but it lacks system, is overcrowded, and the lighting is outrageously poor. He thinks that prominent manufacturers would gladly contribute samples of their products. The object in view appeals alike to the college-bred and to the self-made manufacturer; is highly patriotic and far more attractive than many causes to which manufacturers usually donate with liberality. On this he would rely for the keeping up of the museums when once founded.

HOW THE GREEK CLERGY ARE TRAINED.

MANY Westerns who are accustomed to think of the Greek clergy as ill-educated and ignorant will be surprised on reading Rev. Islay F. Burns' description in the *Sunday at Home* of Halki, "A College of the Greek Church." The college is situated in one of the lovely group of islands in the Sea of Marmora. The college was founded in 1844, to provide "a fitting education of our sacred clergy in science, religion and morals." The full curriculum extends over seven years:—

The studies of the first four years are devoted to the humanities, and comprise language, natural science, and philosophy, with a wide variety of subjects under each head. Thus the languages studied, and that by all, are ancient Greek, Latin, Turkish, Russian and Slavonian, and French. In the study of the ancient languages philology has a special place. The fourth year is a partial exception to the above scheme, as certain of its subjects form a transition to theology. In the last three years the student is occupied partly by some aspects of law, but mainly by theology.

The student, who must on entry be not less than seventeen and not more than nineteen years of age, is tested right through his course. The education is given free. The number in residence varies from seventy to eighty. There are no athletics, and though fasts are prescribed the students are well cared for in the matter of food.

CHARLES JAMES FOX DENOUNCED.

IN "Musings Without Method" *Blackwood* inveighs against the current glorification of Fox. The writer says:—

Concerning no politician has so much cant been spoken and written as concerning Charles James Fox. His name has been whispered with a reverential awe by thousands who would have shrunk back in horror had they recognised the truth of his career. To him posterity has allowed a latitude which it withholds from all others known to history. The highly sensitive conscience which found Parnell's disgrace a patent necessity does not shrink from the indiscretions of Fox. Sir George Trevelyan celebrates in enthusiastic terms "the grateful veneration with which the whole body of his Nonconformist fellow-citizens adored him living, and mourned him dead." Indeed, there is an element of the grotesque in the passionate respect in which the party of Dr. Clifford holds this genial gambler, who loved women and the bottle as deeply as he loved the dice-box. For his extravagances they have an ever-ready excuse. With the bluff exclamation that "boys will be boys," they sun themselves in the light of his dissipations. They take a smiling pleasure in his vices, and describe as generosity in him what in another they would denounce for blackguardism.

As a man of pleasure he was supereminent. In an age of hard drinking and reckless gambling, Charles Fox had no equal.

His father took care that, when fourteen years of age, he left France a finished rake. After a career of fearful extravagance at the gaming-tables, Fox set up a bank at Brooks', with Hare and FitzPatrick as partners. Charles Fox, says the writer, went into politics without principles, and without principles he remained till the end. He was a partisan, and not a patriot. "Wherever there was a foe to England, there was a friend of Fox." "Throughout the war with Napoleon, Fox did his best to aid the enemy and to thwart his own countrymen." The writer concludes

with the exclamation: "How unfortunate is the party of Dr. Clifford, which, in spite of its active conscience and high professions, can find no better saints to reverence than John Wilkes and Charles James Fox!"

THE ATHLETE'S FACE DURING CONTESTS.

IN *Fry's Magazine*, Mr. C. B. Fry contributes a very original paper on "Facial Expression and Physical Effort." It is illustrated by a great number of instantaneous photographs, showing the faces of four eminent batsmen, three well-known fielders, four lawn tennis champions, three golfers and three footballers in their moment of most intense effort. In all cases the facial expression is a distortion suggestive rather of pain than delight, in the case of winners as well as in the case of losers. Facial expression is "nothing more than sympathy between the facial muscles and the muscular tension in other parts of the body incidental to concentrated effort."

MENTAL CONCENTRATION.

A valuable addition to the psychology of sport is afforded by Mr. Fry when he speaks of the concentration of will and attention of mind required in athletic feats:—

From personal experience I can affirm that if a long jumper, either during his run-up or at the moment of taking off, lets his mind wander ever so slightly from concentration on the effort, he knocks from two feet to a yard off his jump—he does 20 feet or 21 feet instead of the 23 feet of which he is capable. I go so far as to say that the great difficulty of long and high jumping is to concentrate the will. Much the same holds good of sprinting. A runner only realises the full speed of which he is capable by an intense, concentrated, and sustained effort of will. If during the race he allows his mind to wander a hair's-breadth off the single idea of reaching the tape, his speed falls off.

Mr. Fry gives a signal example of this truth. At one of the inter-Varsity sports he says:—

G. L. Jordan and I were the Oxford representatives. He was about a yard the faster over the distance with an equal start. I had a bruised heel, and we expected to win with Jordan or not at all—in fact, I was only an "off chance." In the race, as luck had it, the other three got very bad starts and I a very good one, and in consequence I received as a gift such a lead that, going unexpectedly sound, I could not have been caught. About thirty yards from home I suddenly took my mind off the effort of speed, and wondered where Jordan was, and with the momentary relaxation of mind my speed fell off and the others came up and passed me in a flash. Jordan won, so it was all right. But my lapse of attention cost me a two yards lead and another yard to the bad. This proves how rigid and concentrated is, or should be, the mental attention in sprinting, and I am quite sure that the tension of the muscles of the face is partly expressive of this mental tension.

However distorted the face of the winner, Mr. Fry says there is absolutely no mistake about the pleasure. He thinks that the facial distortion of the athlete proves how extraordinarily difficult it is to obtain the ideal balance of muscle which consists of contracting only those muscles which, separately or in combination, are really needed for effective action at the moment. It is necessary to remember that the contracted and therefore rigid muscle which is doing no work is so much against the desired action, and is also absorbing energy. "We ought not to make faces."

THE LOTTERY OF RACEHORSE BUYING.

"SPEARMINT in Private Life" is the subject of a sketch in the *Pall Mall Magazine* by Edward Moorhouse. In 1904 Spearmint was knocked down for 300 guineas to Major Eustace Loder. It has since won the Derby and the Grand Prix de Paris. "The two races were worth £16,000." The writer goes on to show that the purchase of racehorses is, to say the least, a very speculative proceeding. As a foil to Spearmint's 300 guineas, he says:—

In 1895 there were twenty-two fashionably-bred yearlings sold for £48,510. During their active careers on the Turf they won stakes of the total value of £2,799, leaving a deficiency of £45,711.

There are other cases in which very high prices have been more than justified:—

Cases like that of Sceptre, who, bought as a yearling for the unprecedented sum of 10,000 guineas, won all the classic races except the Derby, and was sold as a four-year-old to her present owner, Mr. William Bass, for the net sum of £25,000. The value of the stakes she won amounted to more than £38,000. When M. Edmond Blanc gave 37,500 guineas for Flying Fox (who had then finished his racing career), cautious people stood aghast. But it has since proved one of the very greatest bargains ever made. This horse's progeny have won stakes to the value of over £110,000, and four of his sons have been sold for sums amounting to £94,000.

It is stated incidentally that "a classic race" is the Two or One Thousand Guineas, the Derby, the Oaks or the St. Leger; and a classic horse is one who has won a classic race. The writer adds:—

This race of equine aristocrats of which we have just reason to be proud, and which is the envy of all other nations who love the horse, has been built up by a careful process of selection extending back to the time of the Charleses.

When as long a period has been taken in deliberate improvement of the breed of men, one wonders what will be the result.

THE JOCKEYS' UNHAPPY LOT.

IN *Fry's Magazine* Mr. Bernard Parsons describes his day with Mr. Dillon, the jockey who rode Spearmint when he won the Grand Prix. Mr. Dillon protested against the idea held by most people about the happiness of the jockey's profession. He is reported as saying:—

They ignore the many hardships that he is forced to put up with, and seem to forget entirely that his whole life must be more or less one of the greatest self-denial; for it isn't pleasant—especially when one has an appetite like a hunter—to see other people feeding on the fat of the land, while one has to breakfast off a couple of pieces of dry toast and a cup of coffee, and lunch off half a dozen grapes or a wineglassful of soda-water, to say nothing of spending a morning sweltering in a Turkish bath to get weight off, or else tramping a good ten miles on a hot summer day in thick sweaters.

Certainly the obligation of having to sweat oneself down to a stipulated weight is apt to create a feeling of disgust. The jockey told of one case in which he had to live in a Turkish bath for almost a whole day. He had to ride a horse at Yarmouth at 7st. 4lbs., and as he weighed 7st. 10lbs. he had to melt off the 6lbs. above what was required. This perpetually starving or wasting oneself to a prescribed weight seems scarcely human.

SECRETS OF THE CRICKET CHAMPIONSHIP.

IN *Fry's Magazine* Mr. C. B. Fry discusses the qualities of the leading four counties in the running—Surrey, Yorkshire, Kent and Lancashire. He heads his article "Behind the Scenes of the Championship." He gives the opinions of the county players themselves.

Kent, he says, owes her success to well-organised growth and good management. Her team is "an eleven of collective strength, not depending on one or two individuals." The revival of Surrey is largely attributed to the effect of the individual form of Hayward and Knox, but Surrey was by no means a one man team. The chief defect of Surrey was the want of a good medium or slow left-hand bowler.

The Yorkshiremen themselves are surprised that time and fortune have not been harder upon them. They have rather been "keeping up" than "going up." Their batting strength has been falling off. The fielding has gone off 50 per cent.

The Lancashire men consider their main weakness is their inconsistency in batting strength and in bowling, which was uneven and disappointing. The Lancashire fielding was, however, almost without exception, first rate. In reproducing these opinions of the teams themselves Mr. Fry lays down this rule, "A cricket team always knows itself, and is right in its self-criticism."

THE CAREER OF BU BEKIR IN MOROCCO.

A REPROACH TO ENGLAND.

IN "Pastels from Morocco," which L. J. B. contributes to the October number of *Cornhill*, we are given some particulars of the career of the tyrant Bu Bekir as political agent of England in Morocco. All who are interested in Morocco know something of his misdeeds, but few probably had any idea of the disgrace his life has been to England.

Here are one or two instances:—

Sitting as for years it was his custom to sit, at the door of his "fundak," looking out on the traffic that passed, he was shunned and feared by every passer-by who possessed anything that Bu Bekir might covet. Nothing was too small, nothing too big for his greed. Nobody was so insignificant that his all-embracing tyranny would overlook him, or so powerful that he would hesitate to attack him.

A donkey loaded with beans passed the fundak: Bu Bekir told his men to take it. The donkey, at European insistence, was given up a few days later, but its load had disappeared. A man passed with the day's tolls from one of the city gates: he was pulled into the house, and the money taken from him. A slave girl, walking up the street, took Bu Bekir's fancy: she was seized by his men, and was still in his house at the time of his death.

He imprisoned in his own house, and he used the Government prisons as his own. "Bu Bekir wishes him to be put in prison," was a sufficient order to the governor of the city; and "You are Bu Bekir's prisoner; you must settle with him," was the answer to anyone who was bold enough to remonstrate or ask for a trial.

Thus the protection of England in this case seems to have been worse than the injustice of Moroccan government.

MARK TWAIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

THE FIRST INSTALMENT.

THE editor of the *North American Review* begins with the publication of Mark Twain's autobiography in the number for September 7, the first of the fortnightly series. He says that he has read a quarter-million of words of the autobiography which Mark Twain has already written, and he declares that he is convinced that a life story of such surpassing interest was never told before.

Mark Twain himself speaks in even more glowing terms of his autobiography. He begins in the following characteristic fashion:—

I intend that this autobiography shall become a model for all future autobiographies when it is published, after my death, and I also intend that it shall be read and admired a good many centuries because of its form and method. It is based on a system which is a complete and purposed jumble. The book is never to end until I die. If I could talk to a stenographer two hours a day for a hundred years I would still never be able to put down a tenth part of the things which have interested me in my lifetime.

I told Howells that this autobiography of mine would live a couple of thousand years, without any effort, and would then take a fresh start and live the rest of the time.

He said he believed it would, and asked me if I meant to make a library of it.

I said that that was my design; but that, if I should live long enough, the set of volumes could not be contained merely in a city, it would require a State, and that there would not be any multi-billionaire alive, perhaps, at any time during its existence who would be able to buy a full set, except on the instalment plan.

Howells applauded, and was full of praises and endorsement, which was wise in him and judicious. If he had manifested a different spirit, I would have thrown him out of the window. I like criticism, but it must be my way.

With this amusing introduction Mark Twain proceeds to begin at the beginning by recording the fact that the Clemenses of Virginia were pirates and slavers in the time of Queen Elizabeth. He says that "this was no discredit to them, as it was a respectable trade then and monarchs were partners in it. In my time I have had desires to be a pirate myself." In the following reign one of his ancestors was British Ambassador, and married there and sent down a strain of Spanish blood to warm them up. This man, or another Geoffrey Clement, helped to sentence Charles I. to death. Upon this claim Mark Twain says:—

I have always been obliged to believe that Geoffrey Clement the martyr-maker was an ancestor of mine, and to regard him with favour, and in fact pride. This has not had a good effect upon me, for it has made me vain, and that is a fault. It has made me set myself above people who were less fortunate in their ancestry than I, and has moved me to take them down a peg, upon occasion, and say things to them which hurt them before company.

After passing through a more or less distinguished series of Clemenses, Mark Twain tells how his mother was a Lampton, a native of Kentucky, who married his father in 1823. They removed to Jamestown, in Tennessee:—

There their first crop of children was born, but as I was of a later vintage I do not remember anything about it. I was postponed—postponed to Missouri. Missouri was an unknown new State and needed attractions.

He wrote about Jamestown in the "Gilded Age," and Mark Twain tells us that Colonel Sellers, the delightful enthusiast of that story, was in real life his mother's favourite cousin, James Lampton. James Lampton floated all his days in a tinted mist of magnificent dreams, and died at last without seeing one of them realised.

The second part of the autobiography appears in the number of September 21st. In it Mark tells a delightful story of how he first rehearsed the part of a bear for amateur theatricals, was spied upon by two girls, and never discovered till long afterwards who one of the girls was who saw him. It is a most diverting tale, told in Mark's best style.

SUBMERGED REPUTATIONS.

I have only room for one extract from this second instalment. It deals with the superiority of submerged reputations to reputations on the surface. An author unknown to fame named Davis was, he declares, at one time the most widely read of all writers in the United States. He says:—

"Nobody has heard of Davis; you may ask all round, and you will see. You never see his name mentioned in print, not even in advertisement; these things are of no use to Davis, not any more than they are to the wind and the sea. You never see one of Davis's books floating on top of the United States, but put on your diving armour and get yourself lowered away down and down and down till you strike the dense region, the sunless region of eternal drudgery and starvation wages—there you'll find them by the million. The man that gets that market, his fortune is made, his bread and butter are safe, for those people will never go back on him. An author may have a reputation which is confined to the surface, and lose it and become pitied, then despised, then forgotten, entirely forgotten—the frequent steps in a surface reputation. A surface reputation, however great, is always mortal, and always killable if you go at it right—with pins and needles, and quiet slow poison, not with the club and tomahawk. But it is a different matter with the submerged reputation—down in the deep water; once a favourite there, always a favourite; once beloved, always beloved; once respected, always respected, honoured, and believed in. For what the reviewer says never finds its way down into those placid depths; nor the newspaper sneers, nor any breath of the winds of slander blowing above. Down there they never hear of these things. Their idol may be painted clay, up there at the surface, and fade and waste and crumble and blow away, there being much weather there; but down below he is gold and adamant and indestructible."

"THE Isle of the Buried Saints" is the title given in the *Sunday Strand* to a sketch of Bardsey Island, which lies off the extreme westerly point of North Wales. A Celtic cross states that 20,000 saints have been buried there. The tradition remains, in spite of the criticism that "it would be more facile to find graves in Bardsey for so many saints than saints for so many graves." The island is the property of Lord Newborough, who about the middle of last century instituted the office of King. He selected one of the islanders, who are mostly fishermen and farmers, and gave him the title of King of Bardsey, with crown, treasure and army. "The crown was a gorgeous diadem of brass, wondrously embossed and wrought; the treasure, a silver casket brought from Italy; and the army, a wooden figure painted to represent a soldier." The present monarch is a childless old peasant.

THE DUCHESS AND THE CRIPPLES.

Social Service for September contains a sketch of the Duchess of Sutherland as "Social Servant." Her development of the industry of hand-made fabrics in the Highlands has advanced to such a point that no fewer than 11,000 crofters look to the Duchess for the sale of their cloth. How a day's hospitality at Trentham Hall led to her formation of the Potteries Cripples' Guild is thus described:—

In March, 1900, the Duchess of Sutherland was invited to entertain at Trentham Hall some 300 crippled children from the vicinity of her Staffordshire residence. It was characteristic of her not only to accede cheerfully to the request, but also to suggest that some more systematic assistance should be given to these unfortunate children than was then afforded. As an outcome of this suggestion the Potteries Cripples' Guild of Handicraft was formed, with her Grace as President. The Guild had for its object the succouring and teaching of crippled children residing in the five towns known as the Potteries. A start was made with evening classes, and such light handicrafts were taught as these children were able to learn. They made such progress in twelve months that the Duchess was encouraged to open a small workshop for the manufacture of artificial flowers for millinery purposes. The experiment proved so successful that larger premises were secured and the industries of repoussé copper work and high-class printing were added. A French *Académie* was brought from Paris in order that the girls should learn their craft under the best possible conditions. The services of a lady artist were obtained to teach the lads to draw and create objects of beauty from a piece of copper. Every effort was made to encourage the pupils to exercise their own individuality. Gradually—very gradually—the spirit born of the slums was lost, and in its place there awoke a desire to overcome the obstacle of deformity by the development of brain and the acquirement of skill. It was arduous work, but the Duchess had a profound belief in the divine power of art and the possibilities lying dormant in these cripples. Ultimately this belief was more than justified. This policy has resulted in the Duchess of Sutherland's Guild of Handicraft enjoying a unique reputation for excellent craftsmanship. It seems that the very infirmities under which the workers labour have given a greater impetus to the finer qualities of the brain. So from the spirit of mendicity to the spirit of craftsmanship has the crippled child of the Potteries evolved.

LORD ABERDEEN'S CANADIAN RANCHE.

The Pall Mall Magazine contains an account by Mr. Olston Black of Lord Aberdeen's ranche in Okanagan Valley, in the Canadian Far West. Like other Canadian Viceroy's, Lord Aberdeen has formed a permanent affection for our greatest Colony.

A DRY VALLEY TRANSFORMED.

A branch line from the Canadian Pacific Railway, in the heart of the Rockies, leads to the Coldstream ranche. The place is thus described:—

The ranche occupies the greater part of a valley which, before cultivation began, was a dry and barren place, the hillsides thinly clad with the scanty grass of a drouthy land, while almost the only trees were crowded down in the bottom beside the little stream. To a large extent this description still holds good. Of the whole 13,197 acres forming the estate, 8,200 acres form the "range," where nothing grows or is expected to grow except the sparse natural herbage, green for a short time in the early summer, but brown and dry for the rest of the year. Brown and dry, but nourishing all the same. Over this hillside range the cattle roam—a little herd of nine hundred head—and thrive and breed. The yearling steers are picked out annually and taken over the mountains to fatten on the Albertan prairie till they are ready for transformation into beef. Some 1,220

acres are under timber. This leaves about 3,770 acres available for cultivation—a quantity which might be increased by clearing the strip of forest from the bottom of the valley. As a matter of fact, only about 1,700 acres are actually under cultivation. Last year 250 acres consisted of orchards.

PROLIFIC ORCHARDS.

In planting the orchards the ground around the trees is kept clear of other growths. First one hundred and sixty-nine apple trees are planted to the acre. After five years the number is reduced by half, and after another five years by yet another half. The crop from the Coldstream orchards in 1904 amounted to nearly one million pounds in weight. Three-quarters consisted of apples, second came plums and prunes; cherries completed the total. There is also a hop-garden of one hundred and twenty acres, a farm proper of seven hundred acres, mostly under wheat, barley, oats and potatoes, with another five hundred acres of artificial hay. The population is made up from many nations and continents. The staff of experts consists mostly of Scotsmen and Canadians. The labour bill amounts to £8,700 a year. The uncertainty of the rainfall has made irrigation a necessity:—

By an extensive scheme of irrigation flumes and ditches, bringing water from mountain tarns eight miles away, large and regular production has been made practically certain. No pumping is needed; there is plenty of water, and all that it needs is direction into proper channels. Gravitation does the rest.

Lord Aberdeen is laying out a number of twenty-acre and forty-acre plots for settlers wishing to grow fruit, at a price, under irrigation, of about £30 an acre. The new landowners are mostly men of good social standing from the mother country.

The Diversity of Messenger Duty.

In the October number of the *Royal Magazine* Mr. W. B. Northrop writes on the strange duties which a London District Messenger Boy may be asked to undertake. Not long ago a messenger was sent for to perform the duty of changing poultices for a cantankerous gentleman. But baby-minding seems one of the most important occupations, and another is leading the blind.

Here is a list showing the employments in which they are most frequently engaged:—

Baby-minders and nursemaids, attendants for new M.P.'s, Government couriers, messengers to Royalty, trained nurses, globe trotters on one-minute's notice, attendants for valuable pets, reminders for the absent-minded, attendants on the blind, guards for the dead, public carriers, Boot-blacks, shopping commissioners, burglar catchers, caddies for golfers, cricket and tennis attendants, models for artists, theatre attendants, guides of all kinds, secret service work, lunatic minders, lift operators, rapid travellers, special clerks, waiters, grooms, actors.

With the September issue *Westermann* completes its hundredth volume or fifty years of its existence. The history of the magazine is told in a long article in this number. George Westermann, its founder, seems to have taken the idea partly from *Harper's Monthly*, Scheffel, Auerbach, Bauernfeld, Fontane, Klaus Groth, and many other famous writers have all been contributors.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOURERS AND BOER PRISONERS.

DR. FRANCIS CLARK, the Father of the Christian Endeavour Movement, writes in the *Sunday at Home* on "The Boer Prisoners and their Endeavours." He quotes largely from the reports of Mr. Charles F. Mijnhardt, a prisoner who was also the President of the Union on the island of St. Helena. Both in St. Helena and in Ceylon, as also in Bermuda and in Portugal, the Christian Endeavour Society made great progress, and aroused intense missionary enthusiasm. In St. Helena there were nineteen Societies, with a total membership of nearly 1,000. In Ceylon ten Societies were formed with a membership of 800. Six island Societies in Bermuda had about 500 members. In some cases they had special Christian Endeavour journals printed and published. The result of this propaganda among the prisoners was that 175 young men dedicated themselves as missionaries. On their return to South Africa a Missionary Institute for their training was promptly provided, for the missionary spirit had come to pervade all the Dutch Church, as well as the prison camps; and within a few months more than 200 promises were received to provide the cost of board and lodging and schooling for the 175.

Among all the unexpected by-products of the Boer War, perhaps this outburst of religious and missionary zeal is one of the most striking.

AN AFRICAN POMPEII.

UNDER this title Miss Ellen Maples describes in the *Pall Mall Magazine* the ruins of Timgad, in French Algeria. This is the story in brief:

It is not every day that we light upon a city 2,000 years old. It is easier for a town to disappear, like San Francisco, than to re-emerge from ashes like Pompeii and Herculaneum. But when, some years ago, certain French discoverers lit upon the Roman city in the Algerian hinterland, it was hailed as an almost miraculous resurrection. It turned out that this was the original Thamugadas, built by the Romans as a station for their Thirtieth Legion, and used by them to bar the advance of the nomad tribes from the desert and the interior, who used this way to Rome. After 900 years, however, the city was sacked and destroyed by the Arabs. So it remained for centuries, until the place was inspected and excavated, twenty years ago, and came into the light again as a new and wonderful link between the old civilisation and the new.

Landing at Philipville, the traveller takes the railway across the Atlas Mountains and the desert to the terminus at Biskra, where the Sahara really begins. Twenty odd miles eastward lies the re-discovered city, about a hundred miles or so inland from the Mediterranean. The city was built in 100 A.D. Burnt by the Berbers, it was rebuilt in 535 by the lieutenant of Belisarius. In the seventh century it was again destroyed. In 1880 the work of excavation seriously began. Previously the Arch of Trajan alone stood high above the buried city. The Forum "is of great extent, and includes rows of shops, the temple of Victory, the Tribune for speeches, the Curia, and of course the Basilica,

which at Timgad is peculiar in having no aisles." One inscription engraved on the pavement of the Forum may be quoted. It is as follows: "To hunt, to bathe, and to laugh—this it is to live":—

This theatre is larger than the one at Pompeii, but smaller than those of Syracuse and Taormina. Two columns of the Capitol, which had been overthrown by an earthquake, have been recently re-erected, and form, next to the Arch of Trajan, the most imposing feature of the city. There remain also large baths, one of which includes three large halls and annexes, whilst various chambers—tepidarium, frigidarium, and so on—are in wonderfully good preservation.

The sketch is made more interesting by the admirable photographs accompanying it.

"LONDON'S GARDEN."

MR. KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN, in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, declares that London's garden "stretches from cool Midlothian to the Mediterranean Sea." But the garden of which he speaks is Covent Garden, and he gives a very vivid picture of the development of the market and of its present activity. He says:—

What a mart it is! Every day a huge flower show. Preparation for the next day's trade begins at Covent Garden overnight; the salesmen come at nine o'clock, and through the small hours their staffs are hard at work receiving. On gala night at the Opera—that revel of roses—it may occur to you to wonder how the fine miracle of luxury is managed: take a peep at the market before going home. The gloom of the streets about it is quietly alive.

The summer dawn comes early, and vans are still arriving. The salesmen's stands must all be filled by five o'clock; and full they are, every available shelf packed, gangways blocked, corners used, out-space all taken up. It is a fine sight. I think it must be finer than Dis's waggon. The market is opened; and first the bigger buyers come. Shopkeepers buying at sight tread upon their heels. But the crowd and bustle are greatest in the last half-hour, when smaller folk, including street-sellers, besiege the stands to drive hard bargains.

FLOWERS BY EXPRESS.

Ninety per cent. of the flowers that reach Covent Garden in November come from the coast between Bordighera and Marseilles. It is noteworthy that we owe this delightful invasion to French enterprise:—

The creator of this Mediterranean trade with England was Mr. Albert Hernu, one of the founders of the French Chamber of Commerce here. It is a marvel of organised expedition, and he was decorated for it with the Legion of Honour when M. Loubet came to London. He arranged for a collecting train to run along the coast from Menton-Garavan, and after years of urging induced the Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean Company to add flower-vans to their *rapide* passenger trains coming north. They now share with the Compagnie du Nord and our South-Eastern a seasonal revenue exceeding £90,000; for in fifteen years the consignments have increased from 15,000 to 500,000 packages. Not even the mails travel faster than these flowers. It is the Boulogne mail-boat they catch at 8.30 p.m., and they are on the market thirty-six hours after leaving Marseilles. Puck did better, it is true, but this is fast enough to keep them fresh.

They travel hardly injured in small flat baskets, or light boxes, two feet square and six inches deep, and the charge for each 11-lb. package from Nice to Boulogne is 8d., from Boulogne forward, 1d. British rates are heavier all round.

Mr. Snowden's sketch is accompanied by some charming photographs of roses.

AN ATTACK UPON ENGLISH LAW.

"I ALWAYS call a spade a spade," said a man by way of apology for his foul language. "Indeed!" said his neighbour. "I should have thought you called it a bloody shovel!" Dr. T. Miller Maguire is a controversialist of the Bloody Shovel method of argument. In *Broad Views* for October he publishes an article entitled "English Law a Contemptible Anachronism," which for vigour of expression can hardly be excelled. Dr. Maguire tells us how he made the acquaintance of a fair and lovable creature, a veritable Child of Heaven, who was also a daughter of shame, who was being torn to death by the fell machinery of the fiendish law:—

As I spoke to her, I saw that she was labouring under some strong emotion. Fain would I have soothed that Child of Heaven, and tenant of the slum. But she showed me a *subpœna* which she had received to be a witness. She then spat upon it and defiled it, and, in a perfect storm of tears and passion, as fierce as it was entirely justifiable, gave vent to terrible imprecations against the whole of that hateful legal system, which, when I was her age, I was taught to venerate as the majesty of English law:—



Lord Russell.

(Mr. Thomas Brock's statue in the Law Courts.)

In his article in *Broad Views* Dr. Maguire does his best to emulate the methods of that Child of Heaven. He ransacks his copious vocabulary for words of execration and contempt:—

Verily the English Themis, albeit arrayed in tawdry and costly robes, is an ill-conditioned and ill-bred vixen and courtesan—it is time she were publicly stripped and her fulsome features discovered plain in the sight of all men. Then our people would shrink from her in horror and disgust.

I tried to prove lately that the Courts of Justice were even worse dens of iniquity, waste, folly, and dismay than the War Office, the Home Office, Somerset House and all the other ruinous institutions called Government Departments. Clergymen, soldiers, authors, teachers, working men and ordinary folk in restaurants have since declared to me that I was absolutely true and right, and that no wise man would touch law with a pair of tongs.

In order to be quite certain that I was not exaggerating, I went out several times in the course of writing this article and asked certain neighbours, as I met them casually, "What do you think of English Law?" Shopkeepers, agents, caterers, clerks, bankers, men who had been jurors, and women of every class replied that they utterly abhorred the whole system—judges, law, and lawyers. Not one person, not even persons whose relatives were lawyers, had one good word for this supreme fatuity.

It is only moderation to say that everything which solicitors and lawyers touch they injure or degrade. I have been obliged to hearken to them again and again, and on only one occasion was their advice worth one penny to either myself, my opponents, and my clients.

Our jurisprudence is a blighting moral plague centre in our State. I do not exaggerate when I say that there is not one man except a paid official of my rank within a mile of my house who does not curse our law when its name is mentioned. Every lawyer when pressed admits its folly, cost and disastrous influence on our social condition.

"THE APOTHEOSIS OF BRITISH SCULPTURE."

THE new Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington is described in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, by Mr. Edgcumbe Staley, as a Valhalla for London. The genial chief of the modelling school, Professor Lantéri, is said to have created a new period in British art:—

The influence of Professor Lantéri upon British sculpture has been, and is, immense. Coming over to England from France during the disastrous war of 1870-71, he, together with Dalou, Gérôme, Le Gros, and other artists, found a hearty welcome and ready assistance at the hands of Leighton and other British *confrères*. Dalou became Master of Modelling at South Kensington, and when he returned to France in 1874, Lantéri was appointed his successor. Consequently, for a generation and more the latter has been moulding not only British clays, but British sculptors.

When Lantéri's great stone figure of Fame crowns the new national Palace of Art, it should, the writer says, be hailed as the apotheosis of nineteenth-century sculpture in Britain. A curious story is told of the selection of sculptors for some of the work:—

The allocation of four subjects to present students of the Royal College was due directly to the hearty patronage of Sir Aston Webb. Their assignment was managed quite after the method adopted in old Florence—the names of "Constable," "Leighton," "Millais," and "Watts" were written upon slips of paper, one of which was drawn by each student from a hat.

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BALZAC ON LABOUR.

STATE-PROTECTION, NOT STATE-INTERFERENCE.

THE *Revue des Deux Mondes* of September 1st prints a hitherto unpublished Letter on Labour written by Balzac in 1848. In substance it runs as follows:—

THE ORGANISATION THEORY.

After some references to the political side of the condition of France in that year, Balzac takes up the question of private interests. The words organisation of labour, he explains, signify a coalition of workmen, the labourer alone being styled a workman, while all other forms of work, such as those of the intelligence, invention, travel, learning, &c., are suppressed. All the wages have been doubled because of the restriction in the hours of labour, and consequently the amount of production is decreased and the object produced is made dearer. As a further consequence, rents go up and food becomes dearer, and the workman with his ten hours' day finds himself in the same position as before.

Another demand is that there are to be no privileged industries. If this idea gains ground, the duties created to protect industries must be abolished, and what will then become of French trade? If the home produce is made dearer, foreign industries will inundate France with cheaper produce. Again, if the dearer home products are protected, foreign industries will reply by similar prohibitions, and France's foreign trade will perish.

TYRANNY OF INTERFERENCE.

To say to a man, You shall only work a certain number of hours a day is contrary to the great Christian social principle, to each one according to his labour. It is an attack on individual liberty, private wealth and public wealth. A uniform wage for good and mediocre workmen is another false principle. Thus restrictions are placed on the amount of production and the consequent revenue to the State, and the good workman has no interest in bringing all his skill to his task. Another consequence is that the older married man is prevented from bringing up a family, seeing that he is paid no more than the young unmarried man with only himself to provide for. In this way the family is killed, society is destroyed, the essence of production is ruined. To seek to introduce equality in individual production by equal wages and hours of labour is like an attempt to realise equality of stature, brains, and capacities, which is contrary to nature.

THE EXAMPLE OF ENGLAND.

The essence and the foundation of all commerce is liberty. The State has no right to fetter or to assist commerce by interfering in the conditions of labour, concludes Balzac; its business is to protect commerce. Instead of endeavouring to organise labour by giving letters patent to mediocrity, let the State take a lesson from England, and assist trade by favouring the sale of the national products and finding

new markets for them. That is the only way to protect labour, and England has always done it admirably.

AMID SNOW AND ICE AT THE EQUATOR.

SIR HARRY JOHNSTON contributes to the *Pall Mall Magazine* an interesting sketch of the mountains of the moon. The ascent of Ruwenzori, in Central Africa, by the Duke of the Abruzzi, leads Sir Harry to tell what he has known of this mountain. He believes that it is the principal source of the old-world legends of the mountains of the moon, its snowy peaks seen above the clouds from the torrid plains below seeming something quite preternatural. The legends of the mountain attained their greatest consistency in the first century after Christ, but were revived when Arab travellers in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries reported the existence of these snow peaks of Equatorial Africa. Then learned men disproved their existence.

"THE MONARCH OF AFRICAN MOUNTAINS."

But, at the very same time, two missionaries of the English C.M.S., Krapf and Rebmann, discovered Kilimanjaro and Kenia. The former was hailed by the American poet, Bayard Taylor, as the monarch of African mountains. Baker's "Blue Mountains" were but the lower parts of Ruwenzori. Stairs and Stanley guessed the snow range would reach about 17,500 feet. Then came Sir Harry Johnston. The last altitude he and his party were able to take with precision on the verge of the snowfields was 14,023 feet. He calculated Ruwenzori was about 20,000 feet, and so superior to Kilimanjaro, which has since been fixed at more than 19,700 feet:—

In any case it is remarkable that such a considerable amount of snow and ice should exist actually under the Equator at relatively low altitudes. Evanescent snow may be seen on Ruwenzori at 12,000 feet, while the present writer has walked amongst blocks of half-frozen snow at just over 13,000 feet.

Ruwenzori itself is rather, he thinks, due not to volcanic action so much as to a wrinkle in the earth's surface. He says, moreover:—

It is one of the rainiest regions of the world; the upper slopes must have a rainfall of nearly two hundred inches per annum. Many of the foot-hills round the base are partially denuded of forest, as the result of long continued agricultural operations. Above 6,000 feet the permanently inhabited zone almost comes to an end, and one enters a magnificent tropical forest.

GORGEous COLOURING.

Sir Harry describes the wonderful flora of the slopes of this mysterious mountain, and then says:—

Though the colour of the Alpine zone from 9,500 to 13,000 feet is in general of a somewhat sombre character, with a tendency to grey-green, yellow-grey and deep brown, there is a certain gorgeous richness in some of its aspects when examined at close quarters. For instance, the trunks of many dead trees are covered with enormous mantles of moss, mantles that may be two feet in thickness. These mosses range in tint from yellow-green to red-purple, being often chestnut-brown, orange, and crimson. The short turf-like grass in places is bright emerald-green, and is dotted with "lady's smocks," with mauve orchids, large daisies, yellow buttercups, blue forget-me-nots, and other flowers of more or less English aspect.

NATURE AGAINST POLYGAMY.

MR. MAURICE GREGORY contributes to the *Contemporary Review* a very short paper, but one that is full of decisive figures. He says:—

There is a most remarkable law, which has a great bearing on the question of Polygamy, and that law is the approximate equality, in nearly every part of the earth, of the numbers of boy and girl infants, of boys and girls, and of grown men and women. For this reason a religion claiming to be universal must, from the very nature of things, abolish polygamy from its code of ethics. Polygamy is impossible as a universal institution.

The following figures are worthy of consideration in this relation.

He then gives a number of statistics, of which the most important appear in the following table:—

TABLE SHOWING THE WHITE RACES OF THE WORLD ADDED TOGETHER.

	Men and Boys.	Women and Girls.
British Empire	25,922,321	26,691,673
United States	34,349,007	32,641,781
Continent of Europe	105,077,640	108,593,138
Mexico and South America	17,781,314	17,495,941
Russia	63,339,886	63,276,547
Total	246,470,168	248,699,080

The total of the White Races therefore shows a proportion of men and boys, 100; to women and girls, 101.

The negro races in the United States show the same proportion; men and boys 100, women and girls 101. Of Asiatic races the Japanese ratio is 102 men and boys to 100 women and girls. The figures for India and Ceylon show a ratio of 104 men and boys to 100 women and girls. From all of which it appears the obvious intention of Nature that if man and woman are to mate, they must mate, one man with one woman.

THE ORIGIN OF "BLUE-STOCKINGS."

MR. J. H. LOBBAN contributes to *Blackwood* a very interesting paper on the "Blue-Stockings." He says the origin of the term has been very variously explained. Boswell, who had a first-hand knowledge of the Blue-Stockings, gives this explanation:—

One of the most eminent members of these societies, when they first commenced, was Mr. Stillingfleet, whose dress was remarkably grave, and in particular it was observed that he wore blue stockings. Such was the excellence of his conversation that his absence was felt as so great a loss that it used to be said, "We can do nothing without the 'blue stockings'; and thus by degrees the title was established."

To this Mr. Lobban adds:—

Benjamin Stillingfleet was a distinguished botanist, who made a scientific reputation by his advocacy of the Linnean system, and whose name is still familiar to botanists as identified with a genus of euphorbiaceous plants. But his eccentricity of dress entitles him to a greater renown than his scientific attainments. His claim to this triumph of nomenclature is supported by Mrs. Montagu (whom Johnson called "The Queen of the Blues"), and by Hannah More, the laureate of what is mistakenly called the "Blue-Stocking Club."

The Blue-Stockings reached the zenith of their fame when Mrs. Montagu removed to her palace in Portman Square. Actors, writers, statesmen, divines crowded her reception rooms. All ambassadors and foreigners of note she entertained, and occasionally Royalty was among her guests. Samuel Johnson was a frequent visitor.

DAINTY DISHES WE DESPISE.

MR. PERCY COLLINS in the *World's Work and Play* describes a variety of "dainty dishes ignored by Englishmen." Snails stand first in his *menu*. Paris uses 200 million snails, weighing about ten tons, every year. In most other European countries also the edible snail is counted a luxury, and snail eating has extended even to the United States. Snails used to be a favourite dish in London restaurants during the eighteenth century. In France snails are reared with as much care and forethought as a farmer bestows on his cattle.

Frogs' legs are regarded as a delicacy in nearly all the countries of Europe and America. Canada for a long time now has been importing frogs into the United States for table purposes. The hindquarters of the frog alone are eaten. "The flesh is very white and tender, nutritious and delicately flavoured, and when nicely cooked is one of the most dainty dishes that the epicure could desire, surpassing in flavour all kinds of fish, flesh or fowl."

Hedgehogs are still eaten by gypsies and certain Continental rustics. But:—

The ancient Greeks recognised the flesh of the hedgehog as a delicacy, while the same dish not infrequently made its appearance upon the tables of English farmers a century or so ago. In fact, there are records which show that at this time hedgehogs were actually bred and fattened for eating. When in good condition, the flesh is said to be sweet and well-flavoured, with a reminiscence of quail.

The grub of the May bug or cockchafer forms a nutritious and palatable repast. Locusts have been regarded as luxuries from the earliest times. Locust-eating tribes invariably grow fat. Trepang, or sea-cucumbers, are very popular in China. The edible birds' nests, which fetch as much as 15s. a pound, carefully prepared and boiled down form a practically tasteless jelly, but with sugar and lemon-juice become perfectly palatable. The chrysalids of silkworms are regarded as a luxury by the poorer Chinese, who also value the larvae of bluebottle flies, which they specially rear in heaps of putrid fish.

THE AMIR AND WOMEN'S DRESS.

MR. ANGUS HAMILTON, who has a short article in the *Lady's Realm* for October on Life at the Amir's Court, tells how the present Amir put a stop to the picturesque dress of the Afghan women.

Proud of their prepossessing qualities, the women of Afghanistan have exploited their charms so much that it was left to Habib Ullah to impose a check upon the increasing attractiveness of the street costume of the feminine portion of his subjects. One day, in the spring of 1903, to the unspeakable dismay of many pretty women and of all young girls, he issued orders, changing the white *burka*, which, although covering the head and figure, and leaving a latticed insertion before the face, was in a measure attractive. Thereafter these white street robes were to be dyed kharki for Mahomedan women, red or mustard-yellow for Hindu women, and slate-colour for other women. Disobedience of this law was threatened with a fine of fifty rupees, while its requirements had to be fulfilled within fourteen days. Unhappily, by this change an attractive feature in the life of the city has disappeared, the lamentable hues enforced upon the poor ladies by the Amir's edict emphasising the dirt and discomfort of the Kabul streets.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND SPELLING REFORM.

In the *Fortnightly Review*, writing on "The President's English," Mr. William Archer avows himself an advocate of spelling reform, though rather than spell "fonetikaly" he would "at once go over to the stagnationists" and write "programme" and "prologue" to his dying day. "We have made our cheap jokes at the President's expense," says Mr. Archer; "now it is time to be serious":—

I believe the matter to be a momentous one—more so, perhaps, than the President himself fully realises. I believe that the future of the English language hangs in the balance, and that there lies before us, during the next few years, a decision of world-historic import.

The Simplified Spelling Board have been too timid in their recommendations, and Mr. Archer does not believe that reform will make any real headway until their present proposals have been enormously extended and amended. English opposition to them, so far from preventing their adoption, will much more probably hasten it.

THE STOCK ARGUMENT.

The "stock argument" against spelling reform is, of course, the "etymological" argument. This "has long been abandoned by all who have given any real thought to the subject":—

It is disowned by the very people who, were there anything in it, would be the first to insist upon it—namely, the philologists and language-historians. The history of the language is written in a thousand volumes, and can never be really lost or obscured; and the idea that our current spelling is, in any effective sense, a course of instruction in etymology, is patently false.

Even supposing that current spelling were a very ready key to etymology, it is a monstrous pretension that a hundred million people who have no use for this key ought to be encumbered with it throughout life, merely for the sake of the few thousands, at most, who have some use for it.

THE PRESENT PROPOSALS CRITICISED.

Admitting the desirability of spelling reform, Mr. Archer thinks the value of the President's proposals more than doubtful. He especially remarks that nothing is done to remove that perennial rock of offence to shaky spellers—the large group of words ending in "ieve," "eive," "eave," and "eve." If the Spelling Board's recommendations are adopted and put in practice, we shall have a long period of constantly changing language, and, consequently, of constantly changing dictionaries. Moreover, when the Simplified Spelling Board is at length satisfied, it does not follow that the rest of the English-speaking world will be satisfied. Chaos alone is likely to result.

A STAND ON SPELLING REFORM.

Mr. Archer insists on

the advisability, nay, the necessity, of a definite pronouncement on spelling reform by a special body, so constituted as to command the respect of the whole English-speaking world. The question should be referred to an International Conference, Congress, or Commission, which, fairly representing all the communities and all the interests concerned, should speak with as near an approach to authority as is possible or desirable in our democratic world.

This Conference President Roosevelt might invite to meet at Washington, and delegates from the British Islands, the British Colonies, and the United States should attend it, to the number of thirty to forty-five in all.

Phonetic spelling is obviously impossible, for the reason that what Aberdeen considers phonetic London does not, and (sad to say) Australia might now hardly do so either. Perhaps, however, in the course of levelling centuries, phonetic training and travel "may beget a composite international pronunciation which will dominate the whole English-speaking world."

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON'S VIEW.

Mr. Frederic Harrison, writing in the *Positivist Review*, says:—

There is, of course, much in English spelling which is vexatious and absurd. Many useful changes are being gradually introduced, and many American innovations are quite right, and are being slowly adopted here. But to introduce by a sudden public order an entire new dictionary would be, even if successful, a cause of endless confusion and division amongst the reading world. The elder generation would never consent to learn a new language, nor would they ever read a new book spelt in a way as troublesome to them as "Chaucer" or "Piers Plowman" now are to the average youth. A young generation which had been brought up on *fonetik* literature would not read our existing books. Many millions of books would become waste paper. So far from the *Rusell-Karnegy Nu Stil* bringing together our two nations, it would rudely set them by the ears. The laughter which the President's order caused would become an angry growl, if we thought it serious, here. We may learn many things from America, but their literature is the last thing we should take as a model.

ENGLISH-SPEAKING REUNION—JINGOISM !

This, from Mr. Harrison's point of view, ought surely to be regarded as a point in favour of President Roosevelt, for he goes on to say:—

A far deeper question remains. This dream of welding into one the whole English-speaking people is a dangerous and retrograde Utopia, full of mischief and false pride of race. It is a subtler and more sinister form of Jingoism. We all need to have our national faults and weaknesses corrected by friendship with those of different ideals and without our special temptations. The English race is already too domineering, ambitious, and self-centred. Combination with America would stimulate our vices, our difficulties—and our rivals. But this is too big a topic to treat in a paragraph.

Surely this is to go off on a false track ! To oppose the reunion of the English-speaking race is hardly the line which we ought to expect from those who believe in the unity of mankind. What is more natural than that those who seek the larger unity should wish to secure as a stepping-stone thither the union of all those who speak the same language, read the same literature, and are on the same plane of civilisation ?

THE *Sunday Strand* assumes quite an Anglican complexion in its October number. An anticipation of the Church Congress at Barrow-in-Furness, a paper on Cathedral Scholarships for Boys, a sketch of Rev. H. St. John Woolcombe, Head of Oxford House, as the "Coming Man," with the latest portrait of the Bishop of Ripon, are among the principal features. Not on clerical lines is a paper by Netta Peacock on the life and work of Jean François Millet, the peasant painter.

TRISTAN UND ISOLDE.

THE REALITY IN WAGNER'S OWN LIFE.

I WAS reading the *Fortnightly Review* on top of a motor 'bus, when I looked up and saw a crowd standing outside the pit and gallery at the Adelphi, waiting to see the representation of Mr. Carr's "Tristram and Iseult." By a curious coincidence I was reading at that moment Mr. H. A. Clay's "Inner History of *Tristan und Isolde*," Wagner's "*Tristan und Isolde*." How strange it all seems! There was the original *Tristan* of ancient legend, there was the latest *Tristan* on the stage of the Adelphi, and here in the pages before me the story of how Wagner played the part of *Tristan* himself to a German *Isolde*, who rejoiced in the poetic name of *Wesendonk*. And in the crowd in the Strand waiting for the theatre doors to open, or on the vehicles which pass to and fro in the crowded streets, who knows how many still fresher variants of the old world tragedy were being enacted in the lives of these mortals, each of whom may find in their own hearts some echo of the passion which Wagner has linked to immortal music, and which Matheson Lang and Miss Lily Brayton were to portray, as best they could, on the boards of the Adelphi!

Mr. Clay's article is based upon a volume recently published in Berlin, entitled "Richard Wagner to Mathilde Wesendonk." The interest of the letters to the world at large, apart from their being the writer's last letters published, is all the greater because of the evidence which they afford of the fact that Wagner learned in suffering what he embodied in music, and that the opera was forged in the furnace fires of his own heart.

WAGNER'S ISOLDE.

The names of the persons in this drama of real life were *Tristan* (Richard Wagner), *Isolde* (Mathilde Wesendonk), *King Mark* (Otto Wesendonk), a partner in a large New York silk business, who, with his young wife, had settled in Zürich, where Richard Wagner had been living a political exile for two years. *King Mark* was wealthy and generous, and displayed much personal hospitality, which Wagner shared. Mathilde Wesendonk was much younger than her husband, of unusually attractive appearance, with losty forehead, dark and enthusiastic eyes, an expressive mouth, and a rich gentle voice. She was little more than a charming child, whose mind was like a sheet of blank paper, upon which Wagner at once began to write. Wagner was at that time married to his first wife, *Minna*, who, besides enduring the misery natural to a commonplace person married to a man of genius, was also very inadequately supplied with cash by her husband, and she was quite unable to enter into her husband's ideas. *King Mark* and his wife *Isolde* were extremely kind to *Tristan* and his *Minna*. They even bought them a small house near their villa, and furnished it for the Wagners, in order that Wagner might have an environment congenial to his musical

composition. They moved into this house, the "Asyl," in 1857, and in that year Wagner began the poem of "*Tristan und Isolde*." He finished it in 1859. Mr. Clay says these dates enclose the whole crisis which is reflected in the romance. Three years before Wagner had conceived the idea of writing on this theme; but, he said, "as I have never in my life enjoyed the real happiness of love, I shall erect a monument to this fairest of all dreams." He set to work in 1857 to erect this monument, for at that time love had entered into his heart. Although he had said nothing, he cherished a hopeless passion for *Isolde Wesendonk*. With her he spent every afternoon, to her he confided all his schemes and dreams, and she was the first person to whom he brought the first draft of "*Tristan*."

THE AVOWAL.

It was the reading of this draft which played the part of the love philtre in the Adelphi drama. In September, 1857, when he gave to her the poem or text of "*Tristan*," the hitherto unexpressed love was at last revealed. "Then for the first time she lost her self-command, and declared to me that she could die," Wagner wrote in his diary a year after that: "On September 18th, he remembers on that day, a year ago, he completed the poem of *Tristan*, and brought her the last act; she had kissed him and said, 'Now, I have no wish more' :—

On that day, at that hour, I was born again; so far went my previous life (*Vorleben*); now my after-life began. In that wondrous moment I lived alone. . . . All bitterness had gone from me; I might go astray, feel tortured, but I knew clearly that your love was my highest good. . . . Thanks, my gracious, beloved angel!

THE JEALOUS WIFE.

Meanwhile Wagner's poor wife was in ill-health and madly jealous of his devotion to his *Isolde*. *King Mark* in Zürich appears to have been a very reasonable and sensible man. His wife told him all about the worship which she had received from Wagner, and he, recognising the ideal purity of the relation, was entirely undisturbed. The letters, says Mr. Clay, passionate and intimate as they are, show beyond all doubt the purity and hopelessness of the relationship. This, however, was but small consolation to *Frau Wagner*. She recognised that Wagner's intercourse with *Frau Wesendonk* was devoid of all moral wrong, and permitted its continuance, though she did so with jealousy, sneers, and condescension. But after a time she lost her self-control, and intercepted and opened a letter from him to *Frau Wesendonk*. A painful scene ensued. Wagner persuaded his wife to go away for her health, but before the day of her departure, breaking her promise, *Frau Minna* went to *Frau Wesendonk* and insulted her: "Were I an ordinary woman, I should go with this letter to your husband." As *Herr Wesendonk* already knew all about it, *Frau Wesendonk* had no difficulty in putting herself right, and *Frau Wagner* departed in wrath.

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THE TERRIBLE RENUNCIATION.

When she came back two months later she was no better. Wagner on his part declared that it was his unselfish and romantic passion for his Isolde which alone had rendered it possible for him to endure the company of his wife. "What has sustained me for six years, comforted and also strengthened me to endure by Minna's side, in spite of the enormous differences of our natures, is the love of that lady. We were resigned, renouncing every selfish wish, we suffered and were patient, but loved each other." But when Frau Wagner returned, Wagner found it impossible to live between his wife and his Isolde, so with a broken heart he decided to leave Zürich. In his diary which he kept for Isolde, he wrote of his last night in the "Asyl":—

Before I closed my eyes I could not help thinking how I always went to sleep, imagining how one day I would die just there; I should lie so when you came to me for the last time, and openly before all enfolded my head in your arms, and received my soul with one last kiss—Cold and as if hunted I left the house . . . where shall I die now? . . . and so I fell asleep. From these uneasy dreams I was aroused by a strange rustling; as I awoke I distinctly felt a kiss on my brow—a heavy sigh followed. It was so real, I started up and looked round. All was still. I lit a light; it was just before one, the end of the ghosts' hour. Had a spirit watched beside me in this troubled hour? were you awake or sleeping at that time? how was it with you? I could not close my eyes again.

A STERN SERENITY.

From Geneva Wagner went to Italy without hearing anything from Isolde, but in the next month he heard that she was composed, tranquil, and resolute to carry the renunciation through. He wrote in his diary at Venice:—

Yes, for your sake I hope to recover; to keep myself for you, that is, for my art. With it, to live for your consolation—that is my task. It agrees with my nature, my destiny, my will, my love. So I am yours. So you, too, shall recover through me. Here *Tristan* is being completed, in spite of all the storm of the world. . . . Hero Tristan, heroine Isolde, help me, help my angel! Here ye shall cease to bleed; the wounds shall heal and close up. From here the world shall learn the noble, sublime need of the highest love, the anguish of the most passionate bliss. And lofty as a god, whole and serene, you shall see me then again, your humbled friend!

Wagner wrote to Frau Wesendonk, but she returned his letter unopened. Two days later he received a note from her consisting of three words. Afterwards he received her diary, which showed that her lofty nature was purified and transfigured through sorrow, and the thought filled him with happiness, awe, and adoration.

Wagner finished "Tristan," the second act of which he regarded as his greatest masterpiece. The beginning of the scene shows the fulness of life in its most violent effects, the close the most sacred and deep longing for death.

THE MAGNANIMOUS HUSBAND.

He afterwards saw Frau Wesendonk at Zürich, and he saw the traces of her sufferings in her features; and

as he kissed her wasted hand he felt the duty of being strong. Mr. Clay says:—

The character of Pogner in the *Meistersinger* was intended to immortalise Herr Wesendonk, so Wagner expressly stated. Some will see rather an analogy in the figure of King Mark. Though Wagner was under every obligation to his patron, his name is almost entirely omitted in this correspondence during the most crucial period. It was only after he recovered his serenity and returned to Switzerland that Herr Wesendonk is mentioned again with a certain tolerance, as of one who could hardly enter into his great ideas. But Herr Wesendonk must be admitted to have behaved with consummate patience and gentleness towards his wife, and, for her sake, towards Wagner. He was a business man, and, perhaps, realised that he himself did not give the intellectual stimulus, or arouse the enthusiastic worship essential to a woman of her ardent temperament. With great faith in her, and a rare forbearance, he trusted to time to heal the deep wounds which were the inevitable outcome of this passionate and hopeless romance.

WHY WOMEN WRITE GOOD DETECTIVE STORIES.

WRITING on Art and the Detective in the October *Temple Bar*, Mr. Cecil Chesterton says that if we want to find the best contemporary mystery stories we shall not go to "Sherlock Holmes," or to Mr. Arthur Morrison, or to Mr. Fergus Hume. We shall rather turn to the work of two women, Mrs. A. K. Green and Mrs. Florence Warden.

Why women should succeed in this branch of fiction is explained by Mrs. Green herself. Mr. Chesterton writes:—

In one of her best stories, "That Affair Next Door," Mrs. Green introduces us to a very commonplace old maid, like most old maids, curious, secretive, keenly observant of her neighbours' affairs, and fond of speculating about other people's business. Circumstances throw her into the very centre of a mysterious crime, and suddenly reveal in her all the qualities of a great detective. All the characteristics which made her a nuisance to her neighbours make her an invaluable ally to the police. The conception is a daring, and, I think, a true one.

I fancy that the two faculties which the great Sherlock declared to be the prime necessities of a detective, observation and deduction, are feminine rather than masculine faculties. It will hardly be disputed that it is so in regard to the former; while, as to the latter, what man ever discovered as much about the inhabitants of the house opposite as any woman will deduce from the shape of their window blinds?

Mr. Chesterton considers Miss Florence Warden even more worthy of note, but her merits are not duly acknowledged because criticism does not do justice to the mystery story. You may have romance without incident, or you may have incident without romance. But unlike E. Nisbet or Mr. Stanley Weyman, Miss Warden has got the real thing:—

The first chapter of "The Mystery of Dudley Horne," the first two or three chapters of "No. 3 The Square" strike the note that gives the thrill. They are genuinely romantic.

IN the October issue of *Chambers's Journal* Mr. W. H. Bernard Saunders writes an account of Whittlesca Mere, which bordered on Huntingdonshire and Cambridgeshire, and was drained in 1851 by Mr. Wells of Holme, who thereby added fifteen or sixteen hundred acres of land to his estate. The lake was six miles long and three miles broad in some parts, and it is only at great cost that the mere is prevented from becoming itself again.

ABDUL HAMID, THE SULTAN.

A CHARACTER SKETCH BY M. MIJATOVITCH.

The *Fortnightly Review* opens with a bright, but all too brief, character sketch of the present Sultan by M. Mijatovitch, "formerly Servian Minister to his Imperial Majesty the Sultan," but much better known in London as the most distinguished diplomatist who has ever represented Servia at the Court of St. James's. M. Mijatovitch was one of the most useful members of the Hague Conference in 1899, and it will be an international misfortune if, because of the change of dynasty, Servia should not again enjoy the advantage of securing the services of the *doyen* of her Diplomatic Corps as her plenipotentiary at next year's Conference.

His sketch of "Abdul the Damned" and "Abdul the Assassin" in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review* is a pleasant and delightful surprise. The Master of the Massacres may be a very fiend in Armenia, but in his private life M. Mijatovitch found him a very charming and sentimental gentleman.

THE SULTAN ON THE POWER OF LOVE.

How, for instance, can anyone wonder that the Sultan made captive the chivalrous heart of the Servian Minister when we read this idyllic disquisition upon the nature of true love from the lips of the Commander of the Faithful :—

When the telegrams announced the formal engagement of King Alexander of Servia with Madame Draga Mashin, the Sultan sent for me, asking me at the same time to bring, if I could, a photograph of the King's *fiancée*. I did so. The Sultan looked at the photograph for some time, observed that Mme. Draga was evidently a handsome woman, and that she had beautiful eyes.

"Yet," he said in his quiet, earnest manner, "I cannot sufficiently wonder that King Alexander, who seemed to me a very shrewd young man, should commit such a folly! No doubt the day will arrive when he will see clearly himself what a folly he has committed."

And then, after a prolonged silence, he continued :

"But, after all, what right have we to complain? What right have we even to criticise? Can a man escape his destiny? And is it fair to forget what an irresistible power love has? Where is the strong man who is not weak when he finds himself alone with a woman with whom he is in love? And are we not all liable sometimes to commit follies? Does love ever ask what is your rank and your dignity? Does love ever ask what your father and mother will say to that? Does it ever listen to reason? I, verily, do not think we have a right to laugh at the folly of this young man. Poor Alexander is evidently deeply in love with Draga. All we can do is to wish for him that his love be crowned by true and lasting happiness. I will wire him my best wishes, but you must also let him know that I shall always rejoice to hear of his happiness."

I was so charmed, and really deeply impressed by this philosophical discourse of Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid on the power of love, that on my return to the Legation I wrote it down immediately. He never seemed to me to stand in a better light than on that occasion. He evidently knew what love was, and he seems to have reduced his own experiences to philosophical principles, which led him to be fair and charitable to others.

THE SULTAN AT THE OPERA.

Another story of a more *risqué* character represents Abdul Hamid less as a philosopher and more as the Lord of the Seraglio :—

On one occasion, in the empty Court Theatre in the Merrasim Kiosk, an Italian company was playing the opera "Robert

le Diable." The Sultan took the Russian Ambassador Zinovjeff, the Persian Ambassador and myself in his box. In the adjoining box were a few equeuries of the Sultan. Those two boxes contained all the spectators on that occasion. Abd-ul-Hamid, as a true lover of music, listened attentively to the singing of the artists on the stage, and during their singing never spoke a word with us. But when Pepita, after her beautiful prayer to the Madonna, began to undress herself, prior to going to bed, and took off first her dress, then her bodice, then her top petticoat, the Sultan turned, alarmed, to Zinovjeff.

"No doubt," he said, "your Excellency knows the habits of the European young women. Do you think this young actress is going to undress herself altogether in our presence?"

"I hope not!" answered Zinovjeff. "But I do not know; the actors, and more especially the actresses, like to humour the desires of their patrons."

The Sultan immediately caught the meaning of the Russian Ambassador, and laughed heartily.

M. Mijatovitch declares that he was never able to detect in the Sultan even a shadow of cruelty. Humph! But why not? No one can detect shadows in the sun. Neither is the shadow of cruelty to be found at its source.

A VERY HUMAN MAN.—

M. Mijatovitch maintains that Abdul Hamid is a good Turk, an able man, one of the best and ablest of Sultans, a man of great initiative and unusual energy. He is also a man full of quiet humour, sensitive as to his personal dignity, a man fond of pictures and devoted to music and the theatre :—

He is distinctly a man of aesthetic taste. He is fond of flowers, of beautiful women, of fine horses, of lovely views of sea and land, of everything that is beautiful. He is an affectionate father. He takes care that the ladies of his harem shall enjoy higher pleasures, and provides for them concerts and theatricals. He can be, and is, a devoted friend to his friends.

So much does he crave for friendship that he even invited King Milan to Constantinople to live with him as his loving friend. He told M. Mijatovitch to tell King Milan :—

I often feel quite lonely, and that I am longing with all my heart and soul to have near me a man to whom, as to a faithful and sincere friend, I could confide what I have in my heart, with whom I could freely exchange thoughts and take counsel, and with whom I could share joy and sorrow. I feel deeply that in Milan I should find such a friend. Write to him to come, that we as friends may help each other to bear bravely the load of our destinies.

What a spectacle! Abdul Hamid and Milan of Servia as the David and Jonathan of a scoffing world, whose verdict would have been "*Arades ambo.*"

—AND "A GOOD EUROPEAN."

M. Mijatovitch thinks the Sultan is a good European :—

If Europe understood rightly the true situation, it would request Abd-ul-Hamid to put himself at the head of the Pan-Islamic movement, and by his own statesmanlike abilities, and his conciliatory character, try to make it a force not necessarily hostile to Christian interests. Abd-ul-Hamid is more capable than any other living Mohammedan to understand that, after all, the best Pan-Islamic policy would be to cultivate the best possible and truly friendly relations with the Christian nations.

Hum!

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS FOR AUSTRALASIA.

THE September number is a quiver and a flame with reforming zeal. The editor exposes to ridicule the conduct of the Victorian Government in censuring at the bar of the House a minister of religion who had dared to declare it responsible for an unpunished murder committed by betting men. The editor declares that "rarely has any community been shaken to its foundations as Victoria has been during the last three months. Social reform has become the burning question. Meetings which surpass in numbers those of the celebrated Torrey-Alexander mission are the order of the day. The whole community has been aroused, and the thrill has been felt even in the remotest and tiniest centres of the State, and indeed all over Australasia. The Licensing Bill and the proposed Anti-Gambling Bill are the result of popular clamour."

A sketch of the Collingwood Tote, or gambling hell, Melbourne's dearest folly, is given, with photographs of the place during the police raid. The wire entanglements, subterranean passages, and other protective devices employed by the gamblers to evade attack or capture by the police are vividly described. Archbishop Clarke writes in condemnation of gambling. His Grace condemns raffles and lotteries in charitable bazaars, but

urges that while maintaining an uncompromising attitude of hostility to betting and gambling, the Church should join with public bodies and public-spirited men to organise innocent, healthy, and amusing games and sports for



Sydney Bulletin.

The Marriage Tie.

The old wife turns up at the altar and forbids the marriage.

(Mr. Reid, the Free Trader, has been flirting with a policy of Anti-Socialism.)

public holidays, and join in teaching the whole community how it is possible to be both merry and wise.

Mr. John Vale gives an account and criticism of the Victorian Government Licensing Bill, noting with pleasure the twenty-two carefully drawn sections taken from the Acts of New South Wales and New Zealand, which seek to bring all clubs under supervision; to impose an annual fee for the privilege of selling liquor; to enable opposition to be raised to the granting of certificates of registration; and to secure the suppression of undesirable clubs. The crucial part of the Bill is that conferring local option powers to continue, to reduce, or to prohibit licensing powers in the given electoral district.

Mr. J. C. Watson replies to Mr. G. H. Reid's criticism of his Socialism. He says that the Labour Party recognises among logical thinkers of to-day only two economic schools—Individualists and Collectivists. He says: "It is late in the day to begin to argue whether Socialism as a principle is good or bad; all civilised countries have already adopted large instalments of it. The only real question to be considered is the degree to which it is wise to go in the public interest." The whole number palpitates with life.



Sydney Bulletin.

The Anti-Gambling Crusade.

At the conclusion the audience were requested to join in singing the National Anthem.—*Age.*

BOOKIE (to friend): "Sing 'Gor' Save the King,' why don't yer?"
FRIEND: "Wha' for?"
BOOKIE: "Why, s'elp me, he used to run racehorses himself!"

THE Young Man for October is notable for its account of Bishop Stubbs, "A Great Christian Socialist"; and a paper on the football season, by Mr. John Lewis, noticed elsewhere.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER.

THE contents for October are somewhat below the average. Excepting Professor Vambéry's paper on Pan-Islamism there is nothing that calls for separate mention.

THE TRADE DISPUTES BILL.

Mr. Clem Edwards, M.P., objects to the Government Trade Disputes Bill as insufficient, because it contemplates that "trade unions shall be sueable in certain circumstances." Moreover, "actions for injunctions are not prohibited, neither are actions for declarations of indemnity." The weapon of the injunction, he urges, may be very much more harmful to a union than the action for damages. His amendments to remove these defects were not accepted. Perhaps this paper may suggest an answer to the question raised by Mr. L. A. Atherley-Jones in his story of the Labour Party, "Is it a necessity for the working men that there should be a Labour Party in the House of Commons?" Mr. Jones thinks that the practicable programme of the Labour Party is already included in the Liberal programme.

NEW WORK FOR OUR AGENTS-GENERAL.

Mr. R. E. Macnaughten, formerly of Harrow, laments the defective teaching of geography in our public schools. He suggests that it should be made an essential part of the curriculum, and taught by aid of the magic lantern. For lecturers on this subject he says, "It so happens that in the Agents-General for the respective Colonies there already exists a body of men who by the very nature of their training and in virtue of their office are ideally qualified for such a task." If they could be persuaded to deliver lectures on their respective Colonies at our leading public schools, persons better fitted for the task could not be found. He also advocates co-operation between, say, six public schools, whereby an interchange of lecturers could be arranged.

THE CHILDREN OF FLORENCE.

A charming paper by Miss Rose Bradley says that through the children one gains a glimpse into the heart of Florence:—

The type appears to have altered little since the days when those great masters, strolling through the streets of their beloved city, caught and immortalised the childish forms and faces, on canvas, in stone and in marble, wherewith to adorn her loveliness. It is rare to meet an absolutely plain child in Florence, but it is not only the dark eloquent eyes, the clear-cut features, the clean line of throat and chin, the graceful proportions of the small limbs to the body, but it is also a certain air of distinction and aloofness in their bearing which makes it a pure pleasure to watch these children at their play. I have heard it said that the real living child is almost as important a note in Florentine architecture as those charming *putti* which smile down upon us from all sorts of unexpected places, in churches, and over windows and archways in the street.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Rev. Herbert Thurston recalls the fact that American spelling is based on the somewhat arbitrary decisions of Noah Webster, and he thinks that President Roosevelt's precipitate action will rather retard than advance the consideration with an open mind of the phonetic problem. There is a very interesting series of extracts from a diary at Dublin Castle during the Phoenix Park trial. The Earl of Erroll describes Mr. Haldane as "between the devil and the deep sea, having at once to meet the Radical demand for retrenchment at all risks, and the more moderate members of his party who desire efficiency

as well as economy. Mr. Herbert Paul reviews the Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Discipline as a revelation of "the clerical conspiracy." Miss F. B. Low sketches vividly the Sudermann Cycle, and urges on English readers the study of this author, who ranks with the immortals in Germany.

THE WORLD'S WORK AND PLAY.

The World's Work and Play for October fairly bristles with interesting papers. Several of these have been noticed at some length elsewhere.

WHAT "THE JUNGLE" HAS DONE.

Mr. Isaac Marcossen describes the beginning of reform in Packingtown. He was in Chicago in February, and found in the great packing-houses "a riot of dirt and disorder, and everywhere an indescribable stench." He adds:—

I went to Chicago in August, six months later. A hot sun beat fiercely down on the yards. Smoke still hung over the pens, and the smell of slaughter and of cattle was still in the air. But in the packing-houses glistened newly cleaned windows; trucks table, sand floors showed signs of recent scrubbing; the inside walls were freshly painted or whitewashed; concrete was replacing wood. New and detached toilet-rooms had been put in. The women wore blue uniforms and many men were in white duck. On all sides, in English and foreign languages, blazed the words "Be Clean." Order was succeeding disorder, for the cleansing of Packingtown had begun.

AN ENGLISH MECHANIC IN AMERICA.

Under this title Mr. James Blount describes his experience in English and American workshops. American methods and atmosphere impress him as greatly superior. Yet he believes that the British workman as a mechanic is undoubtedly a superior all-round man to his American cousin. He recognises the educational advantages of America over all other nations. He notes that "the American looks ahead all the time—the Englishman is perfectly content and satisfied with present level." He laments the intemperance and love of gambling prevalent in England, more so than in America. In America, too, every man, whether son of a railway director or son of a labourer, begins at the bottom and works upward. He sums up by saying that as long as the present social conditions in England make it impossible for the working man to raise himself to a higher level socially, so long will England be handicapped in competition with America.

OTHER ARTICLES.

There are vivid descriptions of industries as varied as the ostrich farm in Africa, scent-making as a hobby, minting money in London, and cigar-making in Holland. The importance of floating docks and their superiority to the ordinary dry dock ashore is enforced by F. A. Talbot. A floating dock to lift the new Cunarders of 45,000 tons could be built for £170,000. Mr. F. T. Jane describes our newest battleships, comparing them with the *Dreadnought*. Burnard Grae describes pretty fully the recent exposures in Australia and New Zealand of the patent medicine fraud. As a background to all these varied developments of human energy may be put the paper by F. A. Ogg, on the vast undeveloped regions awaiting the multitudinous presence of man. Canada can, he says, provide with the greatest ease for 100 millions more people. Argentina can accommodate as large an increment of human life. Western Australia could find room for an agricultural population of 10 millions. He concludes that there is room enough for industry and prosperity for thousands of generations.

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THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

SEVERAL of the chief articles in the *Fortnightly Review* have been noticed separately; it is a good number on the whole. Mr. T. A. Cook has something to say in reply to Mr. Dell's criticism of Mr. Bodley's recent book on contemporary France, and, rather tardily, Burne-Jones's Life by his wife is reviewed. Rather tardily, also, appears the first part of an article on Lafcadio Hearn, but it is none the less a very interesting article. The writer, Dr. George Gould, says Hearn's father was Irish and his mother a Greek, and Lafcadio was named after the island on which he was born. He cannot have known much of his mother, for the marriage proved unsatisfactory, and his father divorced his mother when Lafcadio was very young. French writers seemed to have had most influence on Hearn, especially Flaubert, who was his literary deity. There is another literary article, light and very brightly written, on the Italian poet Carducci.

IS THE PARTY SYSTEM HONEST?

Mr. Ian Malcolm comes decidedly to the conclusion that it is not. The point of his article is that in England we have already the group system in practice, at all events to a certain extent, and that it would be much better for us to adopt it honestly altogether. We have now eight or nine groups in Parliament differing from one another fundamentally on some important questions, yet keeping up the farce of "party discipline." The admitted genius of the British people for parliamentary government will, the writer thinks, prevent British groups intriguing for mean, unpatriotic ends. The two-party system is too limited to admit of real honesty of opinion, and the group system would enormously facilitate the work of committees and economise the time of the House.

PRESENT-DAY POLAND.

Mr. B. C. Baskerville's view of the present state of Poland is that it is parlous. He insists once more on the limitations of that typically brilliant person the Pole. Except in occasional cases of artistic or musical geniuses, it seems as if of him it had been decreed that, unstable as water, he should not excel. The present Polish revolution is not Pole revolting against Russian, but caste revolting against caste, the proletariats against the "privileged classes." To the latter belong the Civil servants, who are the product of German methods grafted on to the Slavonic nature, which generally means stringent laws loosely administered. There are from twenty to twenty-five political parties, but only five have any real importance, and of these the Realists seem the most moderate and practical. But their very moderation, their desire to bring about desired reforms by evolution rather than by revolution, makes them unpopular; and it is the noisier and hastier patriots and Socialists who have the upper hand. The Polish question to-day, therefore, is virtually a struggle between the local Russian Government, the patriot, and the Socialists, who believe in terrorism, and are well organised and tenacious. The writer sees no hopeful solution, especially as the geographical position of Poland is so unfavourable.

OTHER ARTICLES.

In the paper on "Archaeology and Infallibility" Protestant readers will find a clear statement of what Catholics mean by the doctrine of infallibility, and how they regard belief in miracles. Infallibility deals with divine faith alone, not with human facts, such as miracles

or alleged miracles. These the Catholic is apparently left free to believe or not, as his reason can or cannot be convinced. If the Church allows what seem superstitions to continue, it is because she considers they do no harm, and that by rooting them up too suddenly she might weaken the faith of her unlearned adherents, who cannot distinguish between essential matters of faith and matters of mere tradition.

Writing on "Women and War," Gertrude Silver suggests that all mothers should help to make the nation efficient by asking the headmasters of their boys' schools to let their sons join at once the school cadet corps. She insists that training in pride of country—by which she should begin at home in earliest life.

Mr. Basil Tozer, writing on "The Abuse of Sport," calls urgently on all sportsmen to exert themselves in their own interests to suppress all unnecessary cruelty in connection with sport, else the anti-sporting section will get the upper hand, and hunting of all kinds and shooting be made illegal, which he considers would be a real loss to the nation. An organised attempt to do so will, he thinks, soon be made, and many humane sportsmen will suffer for a few inhumane ones.

THE UNITED SERVICE MAGAZINE.

THE most important paper in the October number is Mr. H. Hensman's account of the German manœuvres, which has been separately noticed. The general idolatry of speed in the Navy is challenged by "Black Joke." He especially points out that the faster fleets will have more boiler power, therefore probably more funnels. The slower fleets should, therefore, deliberately lay themselves out to destroy funnels. Nor is a fast wing in a battle fleet, he says, capable of profitable employment in a fleet action. Earl Fortescue is led by Mr. Haldane's suggestion of County Committees for the administration of the Auxiliary Forces to recall the work done by his great-grandfather, the Lord-Lieutenant of Devonshire, with the co-operation of the local authorities, in preparing for a Napoleonic invasion in 1803. Six months' work, he says, had no inconsiderable results. A strong division, with all arms and subsidiary services, had been raised. He urges that the local authorities should be prepared and fitted in time of peace for the expansion necessary under pressure of a crisis. Lieutenant E. W. B. Gill draws lessons from the volunteer cyclists' manœuvres of 1906. He observes that in three days 80 per cent. of the men had punctures, or about twenty-seven per day average. The country was dotted over with stragglers. He urges the consequent need of cyclists being able to find their way about in any country by aid of maps. He also advises practice in marching by night. Russian communications in Asia are the subject of a paper in which the writer says that the whole of the distance from Calais to Kandahar has been covered by railway, excepting the span of 195 miles across the Caspian Sea and a gap of 500 miles between Kushkinski Post and New Chaman. If the railway were completed, seven days would be saved and the horrors of the Red Sea and the monsoon avoided. Mr. H. D. Carey insists that the keystone of the Indian frontier arch must be supreme military authority in force, civil and judicial as well. There are several historical articles. One dealing with the United States navy mentions that the new model of the American frigates in the early part of last century was the conception of an English Quaker who had been building ships in Philadelphia for thirty years.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

THE October number is characteristically *Contemporary*. Four articles have claimed separate mention elsewhere.

"ACCESS TO THE LAND."

Erik Givskov, in a second paper on "Home Industry in Belgium," brings to light the striking fact that wherever there are extensive communal possessions the wages are higher than elsewhere in Belgium, even though this public land is mostly found in the less fertile districts. The well-being of the common people is superior on poorer land to which they have access, than on richer land to which they have not. On these facts is based the following plea and prophecy:—

Tax land values and the land will be available for all who desire land, not as an investment, but as a means to produce for themselves and their fellow men all the commodities of life which their exclusion from the land has made artificially scarce. Then co-operation will be an ideal form of production, for the peasant will be permitted to retain all its benefits, no longer being robbed of them by increasing land values. Through co-operation and electric motive power the well-to-do peasants will have at their command all the advantages which till now have been the monopoly of the great manufacturer and of the great farmer. Then the large towns will disappear, and the whole country become one great Garden City. There will be no slums, but a healthy life for all.

"IGNORING THE COLOUR LINE."

"Long Views and Short on White and Black" is the title under which Mr. Sydney Olivier discusses the colour problem. He contrasts the West Indies and its policy of equal rights, with the Southern States and its policy of race distinction. For their results he quotes Professor Royce of Harvard, who points to Jamaica, where he says "the negro race question seems to be substantially solved." Mr. Olivier says of the West Indies:—

The significant fact, then, is that owing to whatever favouring circumstances the long view has been taken in these communities, the attitude of ignoring the colour-line; and it has produced a situation in which, at any rate, the nightmare of racial antagonism does not oppress the small minority of whites who, in virtue of their capacity, lead and control them. The long view—the religious as contrasted with the secular—the view of the idealist as contrasted with that of the practical man, has justified itself here in practice.

THE LOGIC OF MUNICIPAL TRADING.

Mr. H. Morgan-Browne supplies an effective rejoinder to Mr. Schooling's indictment of local finance. He adds:—

On what logical grounds objection can be taken to this particular form of human activity it is difficult to see. Public bodies can borrow at 3 per cent.; in other words, they can command cheap capital. Private companies, as a rule, cannot. What, then, can be more reasonable than that self-contained communities, such as towns, should avail themselves of the cheap capital which their corporate responsibility enables them to obtain, in order to carry on for the good of their members certain services of general utility, for which otherwise they would have to pay at a higher rate or for a smaller return to a private company.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. Edward Farrer writes somewhat discursively on Canada and the United States. He says that the triumph of Free Trade at the polls in the United Kingdom does not mean that Canadians will throw themselves into the arms of the Americans. The tendency is the other way. He urges that the Government should give Canadians a larger voice in the settlement of disputes with Americans. Mr. G. G. Coulton

is roused by the ideal pictures of religious education before the Reformation to produce evidence of the shocking illiteracy of the priests and monks, to say nothing of the common people. Mr. W. S. Palmer gives a subtle version of the resurrection of the body. He emphatically denies that the corpse after death is still the man's body. The organic unity of life which is the man will, he says, carry on from the molecules it built up into a body all the meaning they have ever had. Dr. Dillon yields to the temptation of anti-Germanism. He recalls the times when Germany was only held back from aggressive war on France by other Powers, and states that when Great Britain was fighting the Boers, Germany made an offer to the Tsar which involved an expedition against British possessions in the East. He insists that German policy, which is constant, necessitates the mutual antagonism of France and England.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

THERE is no article of supereminent value in the October number, but the literary and academic side of life receives more attention than usual. Mr. H. W. Wilson renews his attack upon the Government for its avowed policy of disarmament. He sees in them "blind leaders of the blind." He maintains that the practical difficulties of disarmament are insuperable. "Sir Henry and the Liberal party are setting out to suppress the competitive instinct in the nations, when they, as Free Traders, exalt the unrestrained development of this instinct in the individual as the source and cause of all progress."

Professor A. V. Dicey protests against the Trade Disputes Bill as encouraging violence, exposing working women to gross oppression, legalising boycotting, and corrupting the British democracy.

Professor Skeat writes on modern English spelling, and with a douse of fact quenches the ill-informed condemnation of projects of spelling reform. He says:—

Our spelling was reasonably phonetic (upon Latin models) from about 700 to 1200, and still phonetic (but upon French models) from 1200 to 1500. It remained the same, but with much interference on the part of teachers of Latin and Greek, till 1600 and later. After that, it ceased to have vitality and became a mere instrument for the use of printers.

Spelling reform is, he says, quite an old thing.

"How to Choose an Oxford College" is a question which a recent graduate answers by saying "If your son is a clever boy, send him to Balliol; or, if not there, to New College, Christchurch, Magdalen, Trinity or University." Open scholarships are denounced by W. H. D. Rouse, headmaster of Perse School, Cambridge, as morally bad for all concerned—teachers, schoolmasters, parents and boys, and for the boys both morally and intellectually. He would restrict scholarships to those who were actually in need.

Sir Joseph Lawrence pleads that no patent should be granted to foreigners unless they came here to manufacture their patented articles. For want of this stipulation he reckons that this country has lost hundreds of millions.

Mr. Maurice Low reckons that Mr. Bryan has lowered his chances of the Presidency by 50 per cent, in consequence of his plea for State ownership of railways. He reports a growing expectancy that Mr. Roosevelt will consent to be nominated again. The Canadian correspondent reports a deepening feeling amongst Canadian merchants in favour of the Commercial Union of Canada and the West Indies. One of the most pleasing features of the number is a poem to Henry Newbolt, by the Hon. W. Pember Reeves.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW.

THE October number supplies Liberals with reading much to their mind. Perhaps the most notable paper is that, noticed elsewhere, by Miss F. Hayllar, who applies the science of child study to the elimination of the religious difficulty. Of high importance is Mr. W. S. Blunt's account of the new Egyptian nationalism.

LIBERALISM AND SOCIALISM.

Mr. Chiozza Money, M.P., discusses the relations of Liberalism and Socialism in the light of the Master of Elbank's cry of warning. Mr. Money maintains that wherever two or three men are gathered together for mutual help, Socialism is in the midst of them. He recalls that Professor Dicey recognised the period of 1865-1900 as the period of Collectivism. This Mr. Money would describe as the period of Unconscious Socialism. "The twentieth century begins a period of Conscious Socialism." To renounce its Socialism would be to destroy the Liberal party. He says, if the Liberals imagine that they can exist merely by flourishing the Free Trade flag, they are mistaken. Liberalism can only be a power by leading the nation along the path of sane Collectivism.

A LIBERAL "BLOC" IN EUROPE.

Mr. Brailsford considers Sir Edward Grey's foreign policy in relation to the Congo and Pan-Islamic movement. He says that "the old combinations sought peace as an interest, or if not peace, then victory, for their members. The new combination seeks peace as a principle," and has for the first item on its European programme the reduction of armaments. As "a struggle to do justice to one persecuted Jew was the means of constituting a great Republican *bloc* in France," so, argues the writer, a concerted effort to liberate Macedonia and the Congo might help to form, with a full consciousness of high ends, a Liberal *bloc* in Europe. He fears that Sir Edward Grey's trust in the gradual enlightenment of Belgium for a solution of the Congo problem is not likely to be vindicated by events. He advocates reform of Turkey as a whole on the death of Abdul Hamid by means of a working agreement with Germany, who should be squared by our support of the Bagdad Railway.

WHAT IS WRONG WITH OXFORD.

Mr. A. E. Zimmern, a junior member of the classical staff, discusses the difficulties of Oxford in the new century. He believes that Oxford is marked out to be the intellectual capital of England, to be the home of ideas in every department of spiritual activity. To carry out this destiny only those should be admitted who have capacity to absorb ideas. But, alas! "Oxford notoriously contains hundreds of men who are and will remain totally devoid of ideas." They are only there because they can afford to come. The expense of living at Oxford is the *crux* of the whole problem. If it were lowered from a minimum of £90 to £60, most of the present difficulties would disappear. The other difficulties are the competition of the younger Universities, the widening breach between Oxford and the professions, the deadness of classical study, and the pressure of examinations. Of the latter he says:—

The system was not devised, and is not maintained for genuine students at all. It is maintained for the sake of forcing unwilling idlers to work. It is a gigantic engine of compulsion to drive the free Barbarians of England to the waters of knowledge. There is only one way of killing the present examination system. Fill Oxford with real students, and it will automatically disappear.

THE MOTOR TYRANNY.

Under this heading Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson declares:—

The motorists are the chartered tyrants of the road, and they use, or abuse, their privileged position with an inconsiderate insolence which illustrates forcibly the extent to which the wealth of England, during the past half-century, has passed away from the hands of gentlemen.

By way of remedy he advocates considerable increase in the tax on motors, a minimum fine of £50 for breach of the law, the reduction of the speed limit to ten miles an hour, and the prohibition of the emission of vapour and smoke. Motor omnibuses and motor vehicles used for trade should not be allowed to ply the streets, as they are not yet perfect enough to appear in public.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Prince Lieven seeks to vindicate the German land-owners in the Baltic provinces, who have, he maintains, been the chief helpers and educators of the Letts. Mr. F. A. Channing, M.P., writes with enthusiasm of the land policy of the Government, as expressed in Lord Carrington's own policy as landlord. J. W. Mackail describes the genius of William Morris as essentially architectural. It was organic, structural, constituent. His purpose was the reconstruction of art as a function of life, and the reconstruction of life as a perfect whole.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

THE October number opens with a paper by Dr. Forsyth, who reiterates his oft-repeated position that the Church's one foundation is the Grace of God incarnate in Christ. By Grace he means the "forgiving, redeeming act of holy love to human sin, an act ultimate and inexplicable." Dr. W. T. Davison contrasts the negative conclusions of Höffding with the positive conclusions of Ladd, as to the essence and prospect of religion. He expresses the conviction that a purified and progressive Christianity is the religion of the future. Mr. W. F. Moulton is led by a review of Lord Acton's Liberal Catholicism to ask what would happen if English Romanism were purged of its mediæval accretions, its monstrosities and its dishonesties. "The Rome of Acton would be less accessible to attack than that of Wiseman." Professor J. A. Thompson does not anticipate that the discovery of the mode of origin of living organisms is near at hand. But he does not fear the effect of such a discovery on religion. Mr. U. A. Forbes, writing on India in the twentieth century, urges progressive Indians to aim at social rather than political reform. From the Jewish home-teaching prescribed and practised, Mr. E. G. Loosley suggests how Old Testament history may have been transmitted orally, with corresponding reflections of the later stages in transmission. Mr. E. E. Kellett gives an interesting account of the conversion of Iceland 900 years ago, and incidentally presses for the study of the sagas and their enthralling tales. Why should our boys be forced to learn Xenophon and the Iliad, while ignorant of the tales of our own Norse kinsmen? Rev. R. C. Cowell contributes an appreciation of Abraham Lincoln,—"Master of Men."

To the *London Magazine* for October Mr. R. J. MacLennan contributes an article on Glasgow as it has been painted by its own painters. Pictures by Sam Bough, John Knox, George Henry, Alexander Roche, John Lavery, William Kennedy, and other artists have been reproduced.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

THE October number presses the panacea of Henry George with more than usual strenuousness. It is prominent in the Editorial Notes and Comments, and it appears in two other articles—one by L. H. Berens on "Shall We Tax Land Values?" and the other by Andrew Scott on "The Economic Aspect of a Single Tax on Land Values."

A PROGRAMME FOR THE HAGUE.

Mr. Harry Hodgson writes on the formation of an international Arbitration Court, and suggests that the judges ought to be definitely elected at the formation of the Court, not appointed only when a difference arises. The writer would have the judges denationalised; "they shall renounce the special claim which their respective nations have on them, and their bond and obligation shall be to all the contracting States alike." The contracting States ought, Mr. Hodgson urges, to bind themselves to maintain the authority of the Court, by force, if necessary. He asks, Why should not Esperanto be adopted as the language of the Arbitration Court? A good auxiliary language at the Court would in other ways benefit the world. Mr. Hodgson thinks it is not reasonable that small peoples like those of Luxembourg and Montenegro should have equal part in the control of the Court with the great States that peculiarly feel the stress of military rivalry. France, Germany, Russia, Austria, Italy, Great Britain and the United States, with the Japanese, should alone control the Court. If only two nations be willing, the Court could be established.

WORDSWORTH'S UNCONSCIOUS PROPHECY.

Mr. Angus M. MacKay finds in Wordsworth's character of "The Happy Warrior" an unconscious prophecy of the saintly General Gordon. He takes this as an illustration of the predictive element in Hebrew writings. He amuses himself by asking how if men in subsequent ages were to treat Wordsworth as they treat the prophets. Some critics, he says, would urge that the prophet and hero must have been contemporaries. Others would insist that the foreshadowing of Gordon was a pure piece of necromancy.

THE NEXT STEP IN PHILOSOPHY.

Mr. J. C. Meredith, writing on the progress of philosophy, thus states what he believes to be our exact position in the history of philosophy:—

We require a comprehensive system of Neo-Kantianism, one which, while true to the critical spirit of Kant, would recognise that every fundamental distinction taken by Kant is in its immediate statement dependent upon the stage which metaphysics had reached in his day, and one which would avail itself of the advances made by Hegel—but for the purpose of opposing itself to Hegelianism as a system of higher and more conscious criticism.

OTHER ARTICLES.

"The scientific aspect of religious education" is set forth by George Talbot in a paper in which he says, "Theology stepped in merely to unhinge man's nature, to pervert his emotions, to retard his progress, and to check his general progress." He insists that religion and morals are taught in the school of experience, and not by theoretical instruction. Mr. W. M. Lightbody, writing on ethics as a natural science, declares that a coherent system of ethics only becomes possible by the elimination of reason! A contributor of *Studies on Happiness* urges that we have no justification for attempting to induce others, the young especially, to desire the better part unless we believe in a life to come.

"It is worth while from a selfish point of view to be good and virtuous. It is not worth while, from a selfish point of view, to be unco' gude." Elmina L. Sutherland defends the English system of free choice in marriage as against the French system of parental arrangement.

BLACKWOOD.

Blackwood for October is an eminently readable number. There is an illuminative discussion concerning a General Staff by Major MacMunn. "The Speed of the Capital Ship" is the title of a paper which urges enduring mobility as of more importance than high speed. In the *Dreadnought*, it complains, fighting power has been entrenched upon. More than a million has been wasted, according to this paper, on attaining higher speed at the cost of fighting efficiency in the construction of recent battleships. A very amusing Nature study is supplied under the title of "My Green Frogs." Their meals off flies, beetles and bees are humorously described. A picturesque reminiscence of Constantinople depicts, amongst other things, the network of spies sent forth from the Palace to propagate whatever rumour seems at the moment most desirable. Fatalism is said to be the secret of Turkish stagnation, a fatalism which does not prize life, and so differs widely from the Japanese fatalism, that does not fear death. The number is strong in politics. Sir Herbert Maxwell severely criticises the Land Bill of Mr. Agar-Robartes, and the Small Landholders' (Scotland) Bill. He complains that, owing to the increase of public burdens and the shrinkage of rent, amounting to from 25 to 30 per cent., the landowner has only a small margin remaining to maintain himself and his family in reasonable comfort. The Death Duties "must eventually cripple, if not paralyse, the whole land-owning interest." The projected legislation will benefit neither the landlord, large tenant, nor small holder.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

MR. JONATHAN THAYER LINCOLN opens the September *Atlantic Monthly* with the Manufacturer's Point of View of the Labour Question.

The cause of most of the difficulties between employer and employed arises, he writes, from the fact that each forgets that the other is a human being. He recognises a great power in the spirit of loyalty to the dignity of labour which underlies the trade unions, whether this loyalty be realised or not. He mentions the case of a strike which was settled advantageously by the plan of making the wages vary with the fluctuations of the market.

There is an essay on Brag by Mr. Wilbur Larremore. Brag is defined as egotism spoken or acted to impress others, and its viciousness consists in being found out. That does not imply that all egotism should be suppressed. Outside of utilitarian ends, self-optimism is much to be desired. The day-dreams of a child fancying himself the central figure in heroic deeds of impossible achievement are healthy, and a similar faculty, in a sobered form, is an important factor in mature intellectual life.

In an article on the Power of Bible Poetry Mr. J. H. Gardiner notes the persistence of the power of appeal of the Old Testament, and especially the poetical books. There is in addition to the strong balance and rhythm of the Hebrew poetry the fact that it throbs with the earnestness of the men who in the stress of the Reformation wrought their translations. We must also remember that the sufferings, the joy, and the faith are all uttered as the experiences of real men.

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GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.

FIRST place is given to an article on Hallowe'en by Miss McClelland. She urges that its ancient customs offer a splendid opportunity to host and hostess to entertain their guests in a novel way on October 31st. Certainly anyone wishing to give a party on that day could not do better than study the suggestions given.

A splendidly told story is that by Mrs. Gallaher entitled "Found : a Career." It sets forth the woe and tribulation in a family of clever girls during the absence of the only one of them who had no career. Her return is hailed with joy and housekeeping voted a career in itself.

In "Hospitality as a Fine Art" Miss Fallons urges upon newly-married folk that "trying to live up to somebody else's standard" is really the root of most social trouble, and not until this is abandoned does true hospitality have a chance.

Dr. Alice Perry concludes her sensible article giving

begin with, they are deceptive, and never indicate the true locality of the wearer's knees. Cousin Tom seems to regard my reason as wholly unimportant, but I tell him it gives one an awful shock when a man sits down and bends a foot away from the place he looked as though he was going to. No woman likes to have her calculations upset by anyone, and every man, if only in deference to this alone, owes to society the debt of keeping his trousers pressed and adjusted. The man who accumulates three distinct sets of bagginess on one indistinct set of trousers deserves to be suspected of going through life oblivious to what's what.

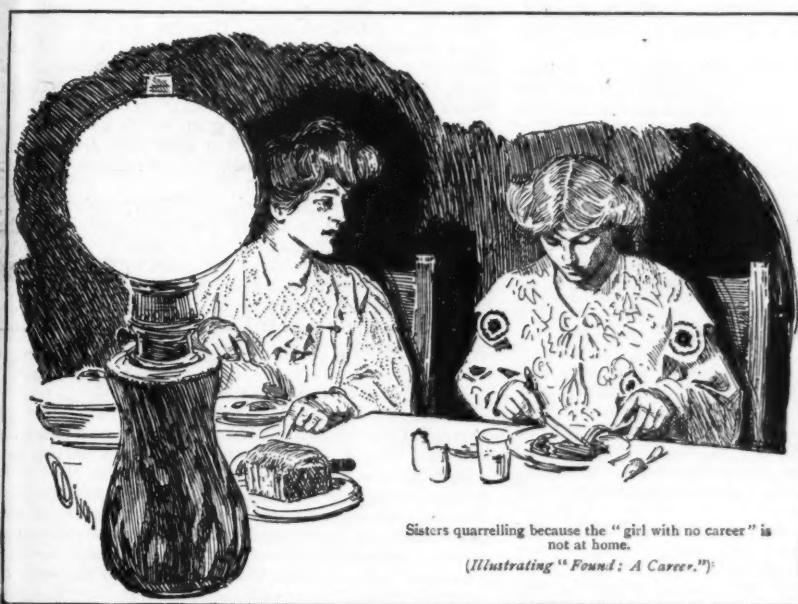
C. B. FRY'S MAGAZINE.

THE new volume which opens with the October issue is full of variety and fascinating interest. Mr. Fry's own discussion of the athletic face in moments of tension, and of the cricket championship, have been separately mentioned ; as also Mr. Bernard Parson's chat with Spear-mint's jockey, and Mr. J. Pollock Castor's paper on "Is the Motor-Cycle a Failure?"

Miss May Doney gives a pleasantly illustrated account of railway flower gardens, in which she says that the Great Western and the Midland devote £250 and £300 per annum respectively towards the encouragement of station gardens. The prizes vary from £5 to £10. Illustrations of station gardens are given. "The Legion of Frontier-men," as described by Mr. Hill Rowan, is a corps of scouts, pioneers, and guides, consisting exclusively of men already trained by a rough life in outlying parts of the Empire. It is a private enterprise. The Earl of Lonsdale is the chairman. The training for actual warfare is conducted entirely by means of sporting competitions. There is no drill ; it destroys initiative.

Paul Fleming gives a series of most interesting photographs of "messengers of death," bullets which have done their work and have been cut out of the bodies of the big game slain by them. The crumpling and mushroom-shaping of the bullets is extraordinary. Besides these, there are a number of papers, humorous and serious, dealing with football, golf, stag-hunting, motoring and cycling. The magazine as a whole maintains its unique place in English magazinedom.

In *Velhagen* for September there is an interesting article, by Karl Eugen Schmidt, on Richard Wagner in French Caricature. Wagner's first visit to Paris passed unnoticed by the caricaturists, but after twenty years and more we find him figuring in French caricature.



Sisters quarrelling because the "girl with no career" is not at home.

(Illustrating "Found: A Career.")

advice upon the upbringing of babies. Not the least useful of the many practical articles with which the magazine is crowded is entitled "Salvage Day in the Kitchen," and sets forth ways in which "waste" may be utilised to advantage.

Many will read the account by Miss Weedon of the "Norwegian Cooking Box" with lively interest. She describes a contrivance extensively used in Norway, which apparently will save at least 25 per cent. of the gas or coal bill. The beauty of it lies in the fact that the very poorest housewife can make the box.

A clever article, upon "His Clothes as seen by Her," by Mrs. Gardner, contains much sound common sense upon the subject of the apparel of the *genus* male, which would teach the average man much if he read it. For instance :

Anyway, baggy trousers are a blot on man's civilisation. To

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

THE October number of the *Cornhill Magazine* has for frontispiece a reproduction of a newly discovered portrait of Charlotte Brontë. It is a water-colour drawing from life made in 1850 by Charlotte Brontë's friend, Paul Héger of Brussels. Recently it was acquired by the trustees of the National Portrait Gallery.

Mr. Arthur C. Benson has an article on the Ethics of Reviewing. As a writer of books and a publisher of more than one of them anonymously, he may be said to have some experience of critics. He thinks we have a good many reviewers at work, but reviewing is a trade rather than an art. What we have not got (he says) is a race of wise and artistic critics, alive to originality, delicacy, and quality. If we had a development of artistic literature there might be a development of artistic criticism. When Mr. Benson was a reviewer himself once, he read everything he reviewed. His difficulty lay, not with books of merit and character, but with the vague, unequal, amateur books that needed to be read more than once in the hope of finding a salient feature or tangible point.

In an article on the Tides, Mr. Frank T. Bullen endeavours to make clear the distinction between the oceanic currents and the regular ebb and flow of the tide.

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

In the *Strand Magazine* the interview seems to have given place to the symposium. In the October number the opinions of eminent business men have been asked in reply to the question, Is a University Training of Use in Business?

In another symposium a number of Dutch artists state which of their pictures they consider the best. William Maris selects "A Dutch Meadow"; W. B. Tholen, a coming man in Dutch art, names "The Harbour of Harderwyk"; Louis Apol, a famous painter of snow and ice, chooses "Winter in Holland"; W. C. Nakken, who seeks his subjects in foreign countries, prefers "The Wood-Carriers," a Normandy subject; and Isaac Israëls, the son of Josef Israëls, selects "The Workroom," painted at Paquin's dressmaking establishment in Paris. Several others are not less interesting, and, it may be added, all the pictures are reproduced.

There is also an article on the *Punch*-Makers of To-Day, which is illustrated by drawings of each other of the members of the *Punch* Round Table. Mr. Linley Sambourne is depicted by Mr. Bernard Partridge, Mr. Bernard Partridge and Mr. H. W. Lucy by Mr. Linley Sambourne, and so on.

THE *Clare Market Review* is the students' magazine of the London School of Economics and Political Science. Judging from its October number, it is an excellent and valuable periodical. There are surveys of industrial life in France and in Berlin. There is a thoughtful and suggestive paper by Dr. Edwin Cannan, entitled "Must a Poor Law Pauperise?" He maintains that to diminish pauperising influences and the total number of those who are maintained in idleness or misconduct by others, what is required is a more popular Poor Law, even if it involved some considerable extension of pauperism in the narrow technical sense of Mr. Loch. And why not? The Poor Law is, after all, nothing but the largest possible charity organisation. The industrial life of the past is represented by a sensational incident of the English slave trade, served up by A. B. W. Chapman.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

IN the October *Harper* Mr. Poultney Bigelow gives an account of an audience with the Sultan of Brunei, who dominates not only Borneo but the bulk of the Malay Archipelago.

Brunei, the native capital of Borneo, is described as a Venice in Borneo. In this Venice of the brown man there is such courtesy that Mr. Bigelow says he is convinced that the true gentleman originated there. The Sultan, a man of eighty-three, is depicted as having a kindly face and a dignified manner. He protests against the American usurpation of several islands in Borneo waters, for the islands of Taganak, Tawi Tawi, Balabak and Kagayan Sulu are all claimed by the United States. The Sultan administers justice without any legal machinery. When he punishes he calls such witnesses as he thinks useful and listens to their evidence, and then, with a quotation from the Koran, passes judgment from which there is no appeal.

Mr. Henry Oldys writes charmingly of Bird Song, the theme of poets of all ages. How far are the songs of birds voluntary compositions? Imitation and inheritance may play an important part in the acquisition of song, but these cannot account for the songs of birds which rarely utter the same combination of tones. The writer quotes many melodious gems which he has heard, and says it is hard to believe that they are a mere chance combination of sounds, with no relation to music as we understand it.

Writing on the Americanism of George Washington, Mr. Henry Van Dyke defines true Americanism as the belief that the inalienable rights of man to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness are given by God, and that any form of power which tramples on these rights is unjust. He says it was the subordination of the personal self to this ideal which gave eminence and glory to Washington.

Putnam's Monthly.

IN October Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons will begin the re-issue of *Putnam's Monthly*, a magazine started by the late Mr. George P. Putnam in 1853. With the new *Putnam's Monthly* will be incorporated the *New York Critic*, which was founded in 1881 and published by Messrs. Putnam since 1893. In the first issue of this publication all the contributions were printed anonymously. Among the writers were included George Willison Curtis with his "Potiphar Papers" and "Prue and I," James Russell Lowell with his "Fireside Travels" and "Moosehead Journal," Thoreau with his "Cape Cod," etc., besides contributions in verse by Longfellow, Stoddard, Lowell, Stedman, and others. In 1857 the magazine suspended publication owing to the commercial panic of that year. In the new issue precedence will be given to American themes and writers, but the list of contributors shows a number of British and European as well as American names.

WRITING in the *Preussische Jahrbücher* for September on Shakespeare's "Brutus," Hermann Conrad remarks that the English King-Dramas could only have been written by a monarchist, and that "Henry V." is an ode to monarchy. Henry V. is the pendant figure to Brutus. In Brutus, says Herr Conrad, Shakespeare depicts himself. He is severe towards the faults and mistakes of his hero, but at the same time he makes us admire and love him for the many beautiful and touching traits in his character.

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THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

MR. W. H. MALLOCK has evidently been reading the account given in the REVIEW OF REVIEWS of the reading of the Labour Members, for on it he bases his paper on the intellectual conditions of the Labour Party. He discovers that the chief intellectual guide of the new group has been John Ruskin, and of all Ruskin's works they have been shaped most by "Unto This Last." Mr. Mallock therefore sets himself to describe this epitome of Ruskinian economics. It is with something approaching to evident surprise that Mr. Mallock finds himself faced, not with the ignorant clamour of illiterate men, but with the lofty ideals of one of the greatest of English men of letters.

"A Ridiculous God" is the startling title of a first instalment by Mrs. Mona Caird, wherein she runs full tilt against the *grande ère* of the Positivists. Strangely enough, she seems to include the late Henry Drummond among the Positivists. She "goes for" his glorification of motherhood as part and parcel of the cult of the great Mastodon, as she calls the Comtist idol.

Some reflections upon English and German education by R. B. Lattimer are more complimentary to our kinsmen across the water than Mr. J. Ellis Barker in the *Contemporary Review*. The superiority of the German teacher is granted, and is explained by the strict precautions taken with every step of his preparatory career to ensure that he is a man worthy for his post. In this country the secondary schoolmaster arrives at his post with very little "sifting process." The German master, too, is much better paid than ours. But the writer grants that in athletics and public spirit our public schools are far beyond German gymnasiums.

Mrs. Campbell Dauncey, writing on the *differentia* of the American language, notes as most striking the accent and intonation, the altered value of vowel sounds, the overworking and strained use of many English words, a national megalomania that uses grandiose words for trifling things. She grants that many of the new developments, instead of being contemptuously cast aside, might come to be recognised as parts of a new transatlantic language.

The reorganisation of the Unionist Party occupies the pen of Mr. M. R. P. Dorman. He asks for a regular network of districts and sub-districts, agencies and sub-agencies over the whole of Great Britain. The agents and sub-agents should collect information, and enable the leaders to draw up a plan of campaign, especially instructing them of the thoughts and wishes of the quiet class. A 6d. weekly organ of the Unionist Party is also desired, and, of course, the requisite sinews of war.

Miss Janet Ross contributes, from Antonio de Nino's compilation, a few very quaint legends in which St. Peter is made the butt of the popular humour. Henryk Arctowski, writing on Polar problems, urges that a systematic and international exploration of the South Pole should be preceded by a circumpolar and principally oceanographic expedition. Mr. Michael Macdonagh contrives to give a very readable account of the much-described House of Commons at work. Harold Macfarlane contrasts optimistically football of yesterday and to-day.

PSYCHOMETRY.—Miss C. Ross, 158, Holly Lane, Smethwick, Birmingham, whose diagnosis of Mr. Lloyd George appeared in REVIEW OF REVIEWS, will be glad to hear from all desiring faithful descriptions of character from writing, photograph or lock of hair. Fees: full delineation, 5s.; briefer delineation, 2s. 6d.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

THIS admirable Review is now published on the 7th and 21st of each month. The English-speaking world, therefore, can now boast a fortnightly review in fact as well as in name. It will be very interesting to note how the experiment succeeds.

GOLDWIN SMITH ON BRITISH INDIA.

Mr. Goldwin Smith writes a well-balanced article on British Empire in India:—

British Empire in India is in no danger of being brought to an end by a Russian invasion. It does not seem to be in much danger of being brought to an end by internal rebellion. Yet it must end. Such is the decree of nature. In that climate British children cannot be reared. No race can forever hold and rule a land in which it cannot rear its children. In what form the end would come it has hitherto been impossible to divine. "By accident" was the only reply which one who had held high office in India could make to such a question on that subject. Since this reawakening of the East, a more definite source of possible disturbance may be said to loom. In encouraging Japan to go to war, Lord Lansdowne may have done something which was far from his intention, and of which he did not dream. He may have inadvertently pressed the button of fate.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

Louise Collier Willcox pays a high tribute to G. MacDonald, whom she styles "A Neglected Novelist":—

The rare beauty of MacDonald's novels is their gift of wide horizon and repose. From the clever, mannered, nervous, swiftly moving stories of our own day, to turn back to his work is like coming out of the heated glare of the theatre into the blessed sunlight and the open meadows. In the attitude towards the visible world we find MacDonald's was the mystic's consciousness—the great love of space, the sense of spirit in the winds and storms, the love of trees and flowers, shade and sun, habitation of spirit, even the black interstellar spaces as the visible garment of the Creator.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S PLEDGE.

"Q" writes on Mr. Roosevelt's right to accept a nomination, despite the fact that he voluntarily gave the following pledge:—

"On the 4th of March next I shall have served three and one-half years, and this three and one-half years constitutes my first term. The wise custom which limits the President to two terms regards the substance and not the form. Under no circumstances will I be a candidate for or accept another nomination."

While Governor of the State of New York and harassed by the unremitting efforts of politicians to submerge him in the Vice-Presidential office, he declared with all the emphasis at his command: "Under no circumstances could I or would I accept the nomination for the Vice-Presidency." Later, he added, "My position in regard to the Vice-Presidency is absolutely unalterable."

Yet he became Vice-President, and in all probability, his pledge notwithstanding, he will be forced to accept a third term of office for the Presidency.

THE LATEST VISION OF THE HEBREW.

The Rev. H. P. Mendes, in an article entitled "Palestine and the Hague Conference," says:—

Let the approaching Hague Conference open the question of the reconstitution of the Hebrew nation by the great Powers of to-day, even as Belgium and other nations have been reborn with independence.

Then he thinks if the Hague Permanent High Court be transplanted "to Zion, dear and hallowed in the eyes of all the Catholic, Protestant, Greek-Church, Mohammedan and Jewish worlds, the religious or sentimental environment will not be without force. For 'out of Zion will go forth law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem.'

FROM THE OCCULT MAGAZINES.

THE *Hindu Spiritual Magazine* for August continues to keep up the high standard which its editor has set before him from the first. In the August number we have, in an article entitled "The Mahatmas are not Fictions," an astounding narrative of the achievements of one Haridas, a Yoge at the Court of Ranjit Sing, who proved before many English officers and many thousands of natives that he possessed the faculty of dying at will and returning to his body when he pleased. It took thirty years to acquire this power fully. He allowed himself to be buried alive dozens of times and kept there for months. During the time that he was in his coffin he declared that he was enjoying an ecstasy which he would not exchange for the Kingdom of Heaven. The writer gives curious information as to the way in which this adept would empty his stomach of all matter. It took him eight days' preparation before he died. The cell or grave in which he was buried was stopped up, and his body remained absolutely dead for weeks or months until he was dug up at the appointed time and his soul returned to its abandoned tenement. In a paper entitled "Yoga" particulars are given of the various postures in which men practise yoga.

HOW A UNIVERSITY WAS FOUNDED.

The *Occult Review* for October contains a very weighty article, by Edward Carpenter, entitled "The 'X' behind Phenomena." His conclusion is that phenomena are ideas conveyed to our minds by a self or selves outside of us. A Californian tells the story of how Leland Stanford Junior University was founded. It is the one free educational institution of its kind in the world. It has an endowment of nearly seven millions sterling, is open to all boys and girls, men and women alike, and was founded entirely on the strength of a message from the dead, transferred to the sorrowing parents by a spiritualist medium. Senator Leland Stanford had only one son. He was immensely wealthy, and he centred all his hopes upon his boy, but suddenly the boy took Roman fever and died. The Senator and his wife were so stunned by the blow that they at first refused to allow the body to be buried, and reason itself appeared about to give way. At last a medium succeeded in getting into communication with them, and gave them a message purporting to come from the dead boy. On the strength of that they went to a *réance*:

They received a "communication" to the effect that there was no cause for grief, that the death had been, on the contrary, providential; that thereby the boy's earth-life mission would be best fulfilled, and that the vast fortune which would have been his was to be used by his father to found a great Californian seat of learning, which was destined to become a mighty centre of light and understanding.

The Senator and his wife were fully satisfied as to the authenticity of the message, and that they were in very truth communicating with the spirit of their dead son. Their grief calmed and they devoted themselves to carrying out the will of their boy by founding a

university and endowing it with all their wealth. What is more remarkable is that neither the Senator nor his wife had before their son's death any dealings with spiritualists. The motto of the University is "Use your own judgment," and in the organisation the development of character and of independence of judgment are placed beyond everything.

GHOSTS OF DOGS, APES AND SMELLS!

Mr. Reginald B. Span contributes "More Glimpses of the Unseen," which are decidedly uncanny. What with spectral dogs with staring eyes, and monstrous ape-like ghosts with human faces and of revolting hideousness and weird, blood-curdling laughs, we feel that when we have finished Mr. Span's paper we have indeed supped full of horrors.

Miss Goodrich-Freer, now Mrs. Spoer, continues the extracts from her note-book, and the same writer sends a letter in which she describes the persistence of evil smells hundreds of years after those who have caused them have passed away. The smell of stables and tobacco on a spot where Queen Elizabeth hunted over three hundred years ago is still there. Are there, therefore, she asks, ghosts of odours? Judging from her paper one would think that such things actually existed.

I am sorry to learn from the new number of *Broad Views* that Mr. Sinnott does not see his way to continue the publication of the magazine unless its circulation is immediately improved. He says:—

Unless I receive subscriptions for the coming year to a number approaching 500 in all before the end of November, all that are received will be returned, and the *Review* will cease to appear after the December issue. If I can get about 500 subscribers, I will go on trusting to time to increase the number, and meanwhile to the public sales to fill up the deficit—for 500 subscribers will not more than half pay the cost of producing the *Review*.

HERR LEOPOLD KATSCHER contributes to the September issue of *Nord und Süd* a study of the poems of Matthew Arnold, and especially "Empedocles on Etna." Arnold, he says, is the high priest of melancholy, the crowned poet of a morally exalted despair. In his later works he has seldom excelled the power and the pathos of the long speeches of Empedocles, whose character he has sketched with great dramatic insight and truth.

THE third quarterly number of the *Rivista Musicale Italiana* opens with an interesting study by Felice Ferrero of the music of the American Negroes. Many examples of negro songs, with music, are quoted. In another article Charles Malherbe, writing on Hector Berlioz, discusses an essay on Berlioz contributed to the *Revue de Paris* in December, 1832, by Joseph d'Ortigue, and afterwards included in a volume of essays republished by him from various journals. At the time of its publication this essay on Berlioz aroused considerable interest, and it was suspected that Berlioz had inspired it. It is now proved that Berlioz was practically the author of it, for the original manuscript notes which he supplied to d'Ortigue have been discovered, and a comparison of the texts of Berlioz and d'Ortigue reveals the fact that d'Ortigue to oblige his friend consented to add his signature to an article more than half of which he did not write. The essay is thus an autobiography of Berlioz.

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THE NOUVELLE REVUE.

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THE first September number of the *Nouvelle Revue* opens with an article on the French Colonial Session of 1906, in which A. de Pouourville discusses the leading subjects dealt with by the Congress.

FRENCH COLONIAL POLICY.

The first relates to the liberty of the colonies in all matters connected with tariffs and taxation, and the political and economic tyranny of France has met with universal condemnation. Another question on which all are agreed is that the method of human transport should be abolished, even if it meant the construction of a railway. This is one of the benefits which the white race ought to bring to the other races. The third is concerned with the constitution of national native reserves for the colonial army in Indo-China. Finally, the writer desires to honour the Anglo-French *entente*, which may not be a universal panacea, he says, but may aid in the solution of a thousand difficulties pending between the two first colonial Powers of the universe.

TO RECOGNISE APPARENT DEATH.

Dr. Icard contributes to the second September number an article which he entitles "The Sincerity of Death." In it he explains a method of ascertaining whether death is real or apparent by the injection of "fluorescine." This substance is described as the strongest colouring matter known. When it is injected absorption takes place, and persistence of life in all cases of apparent death is shown by the intense yellow colour taken on by the skin, and especially by the superb green colour of the eyes.

THE REVUE DE PARIS.

In the first September number of the *Revue de Paris* Victor Bérard, the editor, refers to the recent meeting of the King and the Kaiser.

FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

France, he writes, need not be disquieted by the reconciliation of the King and the Kaiser. Edward VII. has always been loyal in his desire for a closer friendship between England and France. At the present moment immediate interest is centred in Morocco. Both by written engagements and vital interests England is connected with the French Moroccan affair. If any *entente* is possible between London and Berlin we may be sure that Edward VII. will not do anything without France. Morocco, Tripoli, Egypt, and Mesopotamia are four spheres of influence where the pacific and civilising activity of Europe is fettered only by the rivalry of European Powers; an equitable arrangement might assign to each its responsibility and its part in the work.

GERMANY AND TURKEY.

In the same number the editor concludes his article on Arabia. The liberation of Egypt, he writes, seems to be one of the aims of Turkish policy. The Sultan has never been reconciled to the English occupation, and though he has maintained territorial limits and political conditions, he is in the humour for wishing to change these conditions. If the Kaiser and the Sultan do not want war, the Akabah railway might in the hands of the English become the instrument of a more mischievous policy than Ottoman power. The Sultan under German protection, and the Ottoman peoples under the influence of England—that is the result of the Turkish Empire after fifteen years of Abdul Hamid's *régime*.

INTELLECTUAL PROPERTY.

Alfred Droz, writing in the second September number, discourses on Intellectual Property. He says people cannot fail to be struck by the increase in value of certain masterpieces, and they ask whether the artist or his heirs should not participate in the benefits accruing from such rise in value. Millet, for instance, sold his "Angelus" for a small sum, and yet extraordinary prices have been paid for this picture. Would it not be fair to give some of it to the artist or his living representatives? It has been suggested that a syndicate be formed of artists who would engage to sell all their works, and it would be stipulated by each artist that whenever a work of his changed hands the syndicate must intervene and see that some portion of the profit paid by a new purchaser be retained for the artist's heirs.

THE GRAND MAGAZINE.

IN the *Grand Magazine* the two most interesting papers, among a good deal that is frivolous, are those on "Why Physical Culture Fails," by Dr. Alexander Bryce, and the symposium on Success in Journalism.

WHY PHYSICAL CULTURE FAILS.

Dr. Bryce, of course, begins by assuming that physical culture does fail, and in proof of this assumption he remarks that it has become such a craze that over-exertion is now more of a danger than under-exertion. "In Norway tuberculosis is rife; in Sweden—the foremost gymnastic country in the world—one-third of the population dies before the age of twenty-one, and of the males who are left one-quarter are rejected for military service." And Germany and England show enormous numbers of young men unfit for military service. Why, then, with such enthusiasm for physical culture, is there so much physical deterioration? First, because physical exercises often lack system, and are not sufficiently adapted to the needs of the individual. Dr. Bryce evidently favours the Ling system. Secondly, wrong systems are often adopted; and there are many other reasons, among which is too great an enthusiasm for cold baths. It is not an immediate reaction and glow that test the healthfulness of a cold bath, but the feeling of glow all through the day, instead of depression and cold a few hours afterwards. Dr. Bryce also comments very justly on the prevalent tendency to adopt wrong positions in standing, sitting and walking, which helps to make so many of us lop-sided.

SUCCESS IN JOURNALISM.

One of the best of the magazine's symposiums is certainly on this topic. Perhaps the most generally useful suggestions will be found in Mr. J. A. Spender's reply. The nine journalists and editors consulted generally agree in thinking that journalists are born, not made, and that keenness, or a "nose for news," persistence in face of disappointments, catholicity of interests, and readiness to face hard work are the most essential qualifications for a journalist. But, as Sir Douglas Straight points out, quite different qualities go to the making of different orders of journalist. Good health is often insisted on, especially by Mr. W. T. Stead and Mr. M. H. Spielmann.

IN the *Woman at Home* for October Mrs. Sarah A. Tooley gives us an article on Mr. George Herring, who, in his many benefactions, endeavours also to make others give. For every sovereign collected on Hospital Sunday Mr. Herring adds five shillings.

THE REVUE DES DEUX MONDES.

JACQUES SIEGFRIED contributes to the first September number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* an article on "Commercial Education in France and the Leading Countries of the World."

THE FOREIGN TRADE OF FRANCE.

An accomplished man in the industrial and commercial world worthy of the name, says the writer, is one who on reading his newspaper in the morning recognises instantly the influence which any item of news telegraphed from any quarter of the globe might exercise on affairs in general and his own in particular. Commercial schools have superseded the old apprenticeship system, and international congresses have facilitated the exchange of ideas. The writer gives an outline of what has been done in other countries, and then deals with France and the proposed new Technical Education Act, from which he predicts excellent results. He says well-trained men will never be wanting; the difficulty concerns the field of action. Between 1890 and 1905 French trade has increased, but not at the same rate as the trade of some other countries. In the same period the exports of the United States have been doubled, those of England have increased 26 per cent., those of Italy 90 per cent., those of Belgium 52 per cent., and those of Germany 71 per cent., whereas the exports of France have increased only 27 per cent. The writer suggests that the French Government might busy itself more with the development of the home industries.

THE EASTERN QUESTION IN EUROPE.

In the second September number René Pinon has an article on the Near East, from the time of the Berlin Congress (1875-1906). The sick Turk, assisted by the German doctor, he says, is disquieting to England. England's rôle in 1878 has passed to Germany. The policy of integrity, the policy of Pan-Islamism, has been taken up by Germany, and it is her influence in the Balkans and in Asia which to-day alarms the Power which has need of the routes to India. Neither at Vienna nor at St. Petersburg is umbrage taken at the progress of German influence at Constantinople. Germany hopes to profit by this influence to safeguard and to favour the interests of Russia and Austria and to renew the Alliance of the Three Emperors. Thus it is round Constantinople and Salonica that all the combinations of European policy gravitate to-day.

THE MYSTIC'S IDEA OF LOVE.

Georges Dumas, who writes on the Love of the Christian Mystics, says that medical men, even in the second half of the last century, considered mysticism mostly as a manifestation of hysteria, and he endeavours to show that this is far from being the case. The mind of the mystic is characterised by religious feeling, the anguish of doubt, and the desire for holiness, but the mystics differ in the means, conscious or unconscious, by which they seek to appease their anguish and realise their desire. Mysticism is defined as the exclusive love of God. All instincts and desires not having God for their object are regarded as enemies of the soul, and hence the physical and moral discipline.

OTHER ARTICLES.

The English Labour Party forms the subject of an interesting study by Jacques Bardoux. In the same number Henri Bonnet has an article on the Poor of Paris. He deals with the twenty arrondissements in turn, and shows what are the occupations of the people and the general characteristics in each.

LA REVUE.

IN the first September number of *La Revue* Dr. Lotal has an article entitled "France, Russia and Switzerland." It has reference to France's trade with the two latter countries.

FRANCE AND FOREIGN MARKETS.

Switzerland, he says, takes the fifth place as a market for French goods, coming after England, Belgium, Germany and the United States, whereas Russia takes the fifteenth place, coming after Turkey. Switzerland sells much less to France than she buys; with Russia it is the other way round. But protection, the writer continues, has wrought great mischief, especially in the matter of French exports, and in France protection reigns supreme. The protectionists in the Government and in the Parliament will, he says, ruin French commerce and industry; they institute tariffs, make and unmake treaties of commerce, and destroy the spirit of initiative.

COUNT TOLSTOY ON PASCAL.

Count Tolstoy's views of Pascal and Pierre Khechtitzky appear in another article in the same number. Love of glory, he says, grows with years, and usually it is found united with the desire to be useful to men. A great moral force will enable men to attain glory rapidly, but this same force also shows them the vanity of it. Such a man was Pascal. Like Gogol, he arieved early in life the passion he desired so ardently, but it was no sooner attained than the vanity of what seemed to both the greatest and most precious thing in the world was realised, and both recoiled with horror from the seduction which held them in its power. Both then, with all their might, set about showing to men the awfulness of their error by teaching that there is only one thing which really matters—namely, religion. Nothing else can give a man a true sense of life or of death.

IBSEN'S "HILDA."

In the second September number Martine Rémusat, who writes on some Letters from Ibsen to a Young Girl which have recently been published, thinks that Hilda in "The Master-BUILDER" was no obscure symbol. She is, in reality, a girl of eighteen named Emilie Bardach, whom Ibsen met in the Tyrol in the summer of 1889. The twelve letters which Ibsen wrote to her afterwards show how Ibsen, with all his severity, knew how to flatter feminine vanity. Sometimes the tone is paternal, often he is effusive in thanking her for her letters which he reads again and again. He cannot chase away the memories of that summer, but constantly lives them over again. He dreams of the enigma which Emilie appeared to him. Whether Ibsen was already thinking of "The Master-BUILDER" when he enjoyed the companionship of Emilie may remain a mystery, but if Hilda (Emilie Bardach) is a mystery, a less decipherable puzzle is Solness (Henrik Ibsen).

PAULINE VIARDOT.

Paul Viardot, in the same number, begins some Reminiscences. He is the son of Pauline Viardot, the eminent singer and friend of Turgeneff, and consequently tells of the triumphs of his mother on the operatic stage, especially as *Orfeo*. She composed a number of operettas for her pupils at Baden, Turgeneff supplying the texts. During the Franco-German War she lived in London, her house in Devonshire Place being a centre, for the refugees as well as for musicians and singers.

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THE ITALIAN REVIEWS.

THE *Nuova Antologia* has undertaken to introduce George Meredith to the Italian public through a translation—with some slight cutting down—of “Diana of the Crossways.” Hitherto, it appears, Meredith has been ignored by Italian literary critics, and the only one of his novels translated has been “Sandra Belloni,” which once appeared as a *feuilleton*. In the same number E. Cecchi writes with much enthusiasm and no little discrimination of the author’s life and work, describing him as a writer “of pure fantasy, improbable, legendary, mythological,” and his marvellous art as “a triumph of invention” and “a splendid reflection of the drama of Shakespeare.” The critic selects “The Ordeal of Richard Feverel” for detailed description as being the most characteristic of the novelist’s works. The anonymous writer “XXX” displays some anxiety lest with the *entente cordiale* between England and France and the renewed friendly relations between England and Germany, Italy should be left out in the cold. He expresses the hope that the appointment of so distinguished an ambassador to the English Court as the Marquis di San Giuliano will inaugurate a new period of full sympathy and international understanding. The editor, Maggiorino Ferraris, discusses the familiar problem: what to do with our boys. After condemning both the kind of education given to the middle classes in Italy, and the lack of education provided for the poorer classes, he suggests that young Italians should be encouraged to complete their education abroad, for preference in England, Germany, or the United States. Of life in England he gives many details, all of a flattering nature, and recommends a sojourn among us, both for the development of character and the acquisition of industrial and commercial knowledge.

That the movement for the emancipation of women in Italy is growing in a remarkable degree may be judged from an ably-written and sympathetic article in the *Rivista d’Italia* (August). The author, A. Margheri, who incidentally displays an intimate knowledge of the agitation in England, declares himself opposed to the sudden wholesale enfranchisement of the sex by means of universal suffrage, as has been proposed in the Italian Chamber, but pronounces himself in favour of a scheme by which women over twenty-five might be eligible for the franchise either on a property or on an educational qualification.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* publishes some melancholy figures concerning suicides, intended to show at once the growth in the practice of suicide throughout the nineteenth century and its comparative rarity in Catholic countries. Thus Spain and Ireland are both at the bottom of a list in which Saxony, Denmark, and Prussia all take a deplorably high place. The increase of suicide in both France and Italy during the last thirty years has, however, been very marked. In the whole of Europe for the years 1870-1900 the suicides have been calculated at over 1,000,000, Germany alone being responsible for 300,000. It has never been so frequent save in the decadent ages of the later Roman Empire.

A sketch of the life and work of Giuseppe Giacosa, the well-known dramatist, appears in the *Rassegna Nazionale*. Those who are able to appreciate Italian poetry will find in the same number a very instructive study by G. Lesca of Arturo Graf, the most melancholy and forceful poet of contemporary Italy.

THE DUTCH REVIEWS.

Vragen des Tijds claims attention this month by reason of an article by Dr. Fokker on Esperanto. The writer deplores the fact that Dutchmen do not appear to be so much alive as other people to the advantages of an international language. The English and the French, whose languages are spoken all over the world, have taken up the idea, but the Dutch, who could not make themselves understood except in South Africa and a few colonies, are showing no especial interest. Dr. Fokker attributes the slow progress of Esperanto in the past to the check given to the international language idea by the failure of Volapük. He might have added that when Esperanto made its appearance Volapük was having a boom. Esperanto, he says, is easier than Volapük; the latter had the disadvantage of containing sounds, like the “ü” and the “ö,” which the English, Italian, Spanish, and Greeks found hard to learn. He then gives an outline of the language, concluding with a criticism of the Dutch instruction books.

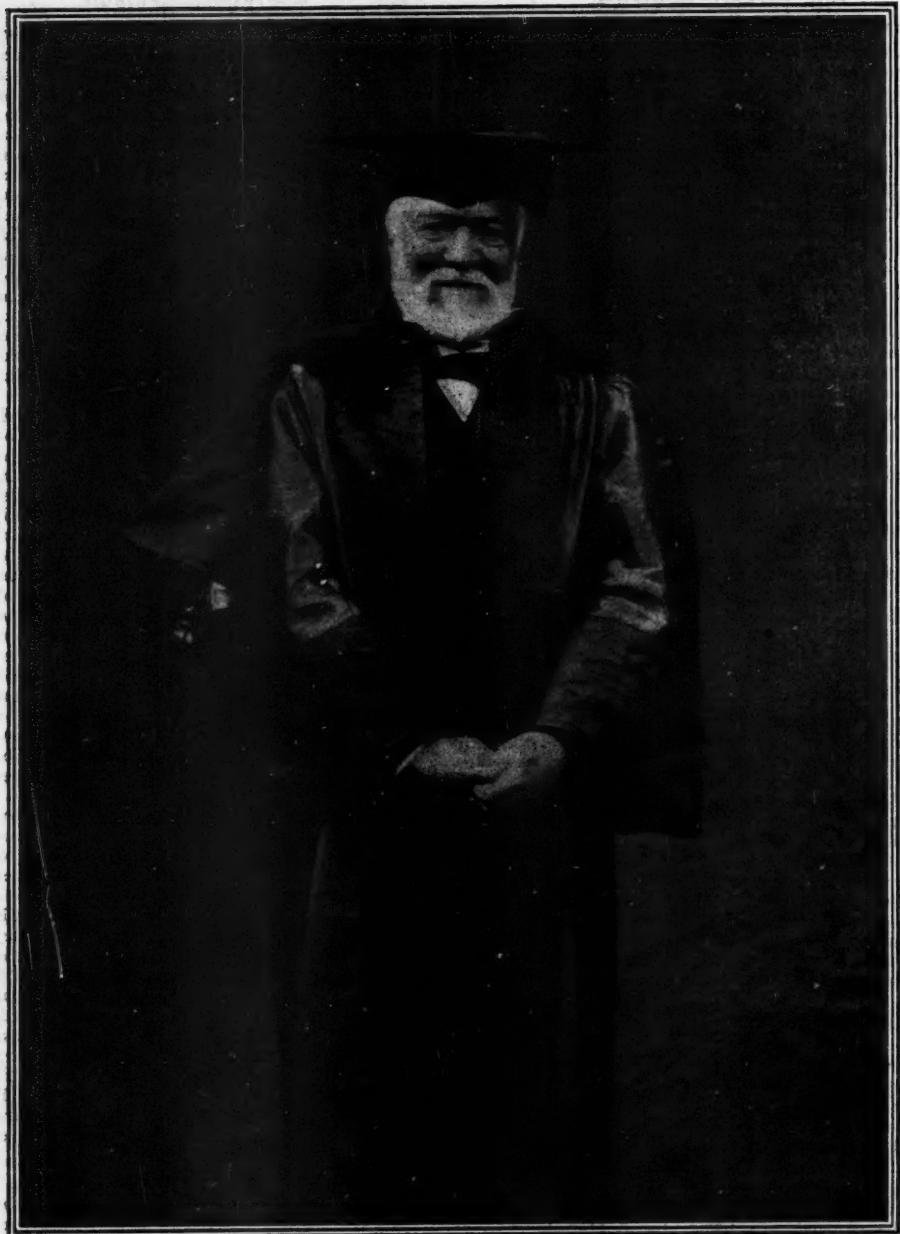
In the same review there is an article on the Population question. It is full of references to writers in various languages, and is a thoughtful contribution to the subject.

Elsevier contains, among others, two contributions of special interest, both well illustrated. The first deals with the weaving of kofo fabrics by the natives of Sangir, in the East Indies. Kofo is obtained from the trunk of a tree similar to the banana, and was known as long ago as 1695; it is dried and otherwise treated in a primitive manner, then woven or plaited into garments and ornaments. The second article is about deep breathing and physical development. Pictures are given to show the physical condition of schoolboys and others before trying to find a part of the nourishment of the body in the inhalation of fresh air, and other pictures show results obtained or obtainable by this practice. In the case of girls, this plentiful inhalation of fresh air is most necessary for the proper development of the body, in view of the fact that they are to be the mothers of a future generation.

In *Onze Eeuw* the most interesting contribution is that which concerns the State as an employer in connection with railways. The State, he contends, is not an exemplary master, and the writer gives instances of the hours of work and the pay.

In *De Gids* we have several entertaining contributions. “Kratulos; or, the Origin of Speech,” a dialogue with a note of reference to the experience of Plato, is good. The essay on the establishment of a Naval Council, or Admiralty Board, shows that the organisation of naval affairs in Holland leaves something to be desired. One Minister of Marine will do things in this way and his successor does them in some other manner; each Minister finds himself saddled with the responsibilities of his predecessor and wants to make a change. There is no real continuity, and the nation loses the advantage of the experience of men who have no party ends to serve. The issue is an excellent number.

AN interesting article on Some Shadowy Characters in Shakespeare appears in the September number of the *Gentleman’s Magazine*—the “brave son” of the Duke of Milan in “The Tempest”; Valentine’s father, Antonio’s brother, and Julia’s father in the “Two Gentlemen of Verona”; Runaway and Rosaline in “Romeo and Juliet”; Antonio’s son in “Much Ado about Nothing”; Hymen in “As You Like It”; and the Third Murderer in “Macbeth.”



Photograph by]

[E. H. Mills.

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE AT ABERDEEN UNIVERSITY.

This interesting portrait of Mr. Carnegie was taken during the Quatercentenary Celebrations last month.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

A PLEA FOR THE REVIVAL OF READING, WITH PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.*

IT may seem absurd to call this sixpenny pamphlet the book of the month. But if it accomplishes its purpose it will deserve the position of honour which I have accorded it. It may not be the book of the month for the outside world. But it is the book of the month for the readers of the *REVIEW OF REVIEWS*. For it is their book. I have only edited it. Its intrinsic importance lies in the fact that it embodies the experience of some hundreds of readers of the *REVIEW*, who contributed essays on the subject with which it deals, the result being, I do not hesitate to say, some of the most interesting and suggestive chapters ever published on the question of books and their readers. Without more preface, what is this "plea"? To whom is it addressed? How is it supported, and what is the plan of campaign which it foreshadows?

TO ALL WHO LOVE BOOKS.

Let me answer these questions in their order. This pamphlet is an appeal to all who love books. It has a definite aim, and it propounds as definite a scheme for attaining it.

I want your help to carry out my scheme, so as to double the number of book-readers in this country. It can be done, and therefore it ought to be done. And it would be done if we could but rid ourselves of the idea that the chief work to be done is to write new books, whereas the most important and honourable task is to bring the books which already exist into the homes and hearts of our people.

It is no doubt a humble function, that of the publisher or distributor, but humble though it be, it may be more useful than that of the author.

If we could but get it into our minds that all that has been most helpful and most inspiring and most energising and most consoling in our own lives practically does not exist for the majority of our fellow-men, we should begin to discern how vast a field of honourable and useful labour lies open before us. We have, as it were, to re-create Shakespeare, Milton, Scott, Byron, Shelley, Spenser, Burns and Wordsworth for our fellow-men; we have to bring them into their world.

Within a certain range, narrower or wider as the case may be, it depends upon us, and us alone, whether the great authors of our race shall exist or shall not exist in the minds of many of our neighbours. For them the Immortals slumber in the grave of oblivion; it is we alone, each for our own circle, who can raise them from the tomb and set them forth in all their original splendour before the eyes of our fellows. The service is not one which brings with it

any fame commensurate with its usefulness. But that is the kind of work that needs to be done.

Will you help me to help you to do it?

THE NEED FOR A REVIVAL OF READING.

It is a thing quite beyond the pale of dispute that the habit of reading books is one of the most useful acquired by mankind. Yet it is largely falling into desuetude. The newspaper habit, the magazine habit, the circulating library habit are hustling it out of existence, to the no small detriment of the moral and intellectual well-being of the coming race.

An illustration of this is the dying out of the habit of family prayers, which prayers did at least familiarise the whole of the members of the household, from the maid-of-all work to the master, with a noble and inspiring literature, elevated in style, with a wide and noble vocabulary.

It is unnecessary here to discuss why this fountain of popular literary culture is drying up. The fact remains. Family singing has largely gone the way of family Bible reading and family prayer, and we are all the poorer for the change. In place of the sublimest forms of literary expression we have the telegram, the City article, the scarehead and the leading article. That is what has replaced the family reading of the *Scriptures*. It may palpitate with actuality. It can hardly be said to be literature. But the newspaper, both here and in America, constitutes the only literary pabulum of the majority of men. In place of the daily reading, with prayers and psalms, of sacred books we have substituted the newspaper, the miscellany, and the novel. But even the worst skimmer of newspapers or bolter of novels is a man of letters compared with millions who never look at a printed page from year's end to year's end except to see the odds or to learn the results of a horserace. There is ample need for a vigorous effort to revive and extend the love of reading good books amongst the millions of the English-speaking world.

HOW WE COME TO LOVE READING.

The love for the reading of books is an acquired taste. Naturally no human being loves to read books, for no human being in a state of nature can read at all. To acquire the art of reading print is a long and difficult operation, which the child, if left to himself, will never undertake.

For the great majority of the human race, even in England, the taste for reading books has never been acquired. The irksomeness of the reading-lesson causes reading to be as distasteful as arithmetic. Hence a terrible wastage of the results of our national education in the critical years that follow school-time.

In order to know how best to inoculate this vast majority that reads no books with the love of reading,

* "A Plea for the Revival of Reading, with Plan of Campaign," by W. T. Stead. Price sixpence. 39, Whitefriars Street, London, E.C.

the surest and simplest guide is to ask the minority who do love books how they acquired the taste. About one hundred autobiographical papers describing how their authors came to like reading lie before me. They afford a very useful and absolutely authentic record from real life as to the secret, the open secret, of how men and women learn to love books.

The first great lesson we learn from these papers is that elocution, good reading aloud, is the surest, simplest, and speediest way of awakening a love of reading in the average human being.

The second lesson is that, after the spoken voice, the pictured page is that which most effectively promotes the habit of reading books. It sets up a curiosity which reading alone can satisfy.

Elocution and illustrations, therefore, are the two main instruments by which the Reading Revival must be promoted, and to these must be added a third, which combines elocution and illustration with the charm of dramatic representation.

THE COMMUNION OF READERS.

If anything is to be done on a comprehensive and practical scale to create a taste for reading among the masses who at present do not read, the task can only be accomplished by adopting the methods and acting on the principles which the Church in all ages has employed for the purpose of attaining its own ends. Those who are readers amongst us, those to whom books have come to be their most cherished companions, and, as it were, the angel ministrants of a higher and better world, form what may be called the Church of the Readers. As such, our first duty is to recognise what you may call the Communion, not of Saints, but of Readers.

This Brotherhood of Readers, having recognised its existence and its obligations to the non-reading community, should set to work to fulfil the duty which they owe to their brothers by arousing them to a sense of the advantages they are losing by their apathetic indifference and contented ignorance.

When the Church is very much in earnest about making an attack upon the forces of the world, the flesh and the devil, there is no method that has been so proved and tested and followed with such success as that of holding Combined Mission Services or attempting to run a Revival.

What I propose is the application of all that is best in revivalism to the task of reviving interesting books, of increasing the number of readers, and, in short, of introducing the greater number of our fellow-countrymen who are now wandering in the wilderness in ignorance of the promised land, into the literary Canaan which is spread out before them, but which they refuse to enter.

HOW TO WORK A READING REVIVAL.

How then should this Reading Revival be worked? The Plan of Campaign proposed for a Reading Revival demands:—

(i) A living centre, whether of one person or of a

committee, to every district to undertake the work.

(2) A combined effort on the part of all lovers and readers of books to realise the following ideal :

- (a) A Public Library and Reading Room in every district ;
- (b) A Library in every school ;
- (c) The Utilisation of the Drama ;
- (d) A Lads' and Lasses' Library ; and
- (e) A Library in every Home.

Given this living centre or Committee of the Communion of Readers in any town or district, the following suggestions are made for a Reading Mission :

The committee would summon a conference to which all the ministers of the town and all those interested in reading would be invited. To the conference thus summoned it would be proposed to devote one week, say in the early autumn, for a special mission week in connection with the revival and extension of the taste for reading. On the Sunday special sermons should be preached in all places of worship, which would be reported in the local papers next morning, calling attention to the religious significance of the movement which was about to be made on purely secular grounds to promote reading in the town. If the town were compact and not scattered, all denominations, clubs, literary societies, etc., might unite in a series of, say, four meetings, to be held Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, for the special purpose of increasing the number of readers in the community; or in cases where the town was scattered, and where there were great difficulties in the way of the union of the churches for any object, each church might hold its own meetings with the express object of enlisting readers, and the four meetings, whether held separately or in a central hall, would be devoted, first to a general lecture, illustrated by some fifty or sixty appropriate lantern pictures, dealing generally with the benefits of reading and setting forth the interesting things that were in books. On the second night the meeting would be devoted to poetry, pictures illustrating the more striking scenes in the more popular poets would be shown, and a competent elocutionist would recite illustrative extracts or set pieces from the poets; and if besides this a choir and an organ could be secured, it would help to increase the success of the meeting. The third night would be devoted to novels, nor would there be any difficulty in securing a very popular selection of pictures to illustrate novels, all of which should be on sale at the meeting.

The fourth night should be devoted to the children, and here there should be no lack of pictures.

The object of the lecturer should be to make every parent in the town feel he was not doing his duty by his children unless he provided them with the literature the lecturer recommended.

Then, after the Mission was held, the following Monday night a meeting of all those whose interest

had been excited by the series should be held for the purpose of making a personal canvass at once through the whole town in order to ascertain how far the inhabitants could be induced to become purchasers of the books in which their interest had been excited by the pictures. Such a canvass would not be difficult if the town was of manageable dimensions and the number of persons interested was sufficiently large to take from twenty to thirty houses each. Small printed circulars setting forth the advantages of reading, the cheapness with which books could be procured, the range of choice, etc., could be left at every door in the town.

Such a work would arouse the whole community. In places where they had a Free Library it would probably result in an increased attention being paid to making it adequate to the needs of the town; in places where there was no Free Library the committee might naturally set on foot an agitation for the adoption of the Free Libraries Act. If after a canvass it was found that any particular district could not be induced to buy books, the question would come as to whether the principle of tract distribution might not be adopted with advantage.

After the house-to-house agitation for a Free Library and the organisation of a Literary Tract Distribution Society, it would be natural for the committee to set before themselves the definite aim of rousing every householder in the town to a sense of the duty of providing a library for his own home.

HOW TO FORM SCHOOL LIBRARIES.

If there is to be any real, deep, wide, national revival of the love of reading we must begin with the children. In this matter we have a great deal to learn from the Americans. The extent to which the public authorities take thought for the children in the United States would put most of our British authorities to shame. Here and there in the United Kingdom the Free Libraries Committee seem to realise that every public elementary school ought to be regarded as a branch of the Central Library, and treated accordingly. But these cases are exceptional. What we have to do is to level up our practice both in schools and in villages to the highest American standard.

But it will not do to wait until the public authorities wake up. The Reading Revivalists ought to begin operations at once, each in his own district, appealing each to the teachers of the schools whom they can reach. The ideal—a Library in every Home—should have as its complement a Library in every School.

A LADS' AND LASSES' LIBRARY.

After reading over the essays of those who have told how they first came to love books, it almost seems as if the author of the "Psychology of Conversion" had some ground for his assertion that a radical change seldom takes place after adolescence. If a youth has not learned to love his books before he is out of his teens—the age might be put much lower—there is but the most meagre chance that he will take

to reading in after life. But to help lads and lasses to bridge over the critical age it ought to be possible to provide something better than "bloods."

If I propose to see if I can create a Lads' and Lasses' Library for the readers of my Books for the Bairns who are growing up, it is not because I am inclined to dwell with exaggerated horror upon the defects of the reading matter which they consume by the ton every week. The sentimental novelette, the blood-and-thunder penny dreadful are better than nothing. But there must be many thousands of parents and teachers who deplore the practical monopoly of the field of young people's literature by the pirate, the brigand, and the burglar. A few more or less faint-hearted efforts have been made by excellent societies to issue penny stories that would not depend so much for their attractiveness upon blood and murder. But the Lads' and Lasses' Library has still to be created, and I confidently appeal to the parents and to the teacher for their co-operation and support in this new enterprise.

A LIBRARY IN EVERY HOME.

If book-reading is to be restored to its proper place books must struggle for existence by the use of the same weapons as those which have secured the ascendancy of the newspaper and the magazine. We must have books issued with the same regular periodicity, in the same manageable compass, at as low prices, and with the necessary editorial selection and compression.

If the watchword of the Reading Revival is to be a Library in Every Home, it is in the first place necessary to show that a Library can be supplied on terms which will render it possible to place it in every home.

I think it can be done. Nay, if I meet with adequate support and encouragement from those who are interested in the education of the people, I am prepared to produce that Library, and produce it on terms which will not only be within the means of every working man and working woman in the land, but which would create a fund available for purposes of education of at least £20,000 for every 100,000 sets of the Library subscribed for.

I think it ought to be done, and I appeal to you, my readers, to help me do it.

The LIBRARY FOR THE MILLION would contain 120 books, four of which would be issued monthly until the bookshelf was filled.

The whole Library would cost thirty shillings complete, each volume being sold separately at threepence.

These books for the million would consist of two classes, which Ruskin described as Books of the Day and Books for All Time: the Classics of the World's Literature and the books of information necessary for the intelligent understanding of the news of the day.

Of the classics, those short enough to be published in full would be so published; but those which

exceeded the compass of a hundred-page book would be lucidly described, with such copious quotations as would afford the reader a good general idea of the contents of the book.

Books must be produced short enough for a busy man to read one of them in a week, small enough to go into his pocket, and cheap enough not to empty that pocket. They must be carefully selected so as to contain all the best that has been written by the greatest intellects of the world, and to be rid of everything that is neither necessary nor interesting. The LIBRARY FOR THE MILLION will have to be the cheapest, handiest, most condensed collection of books ever published since printing was invented.

The contents of the LIBRARY FOR THE MILLION would be carefully drawn up after consultation with the most eminent authorities, in order to supply the million with a brief, succinct, lucid and useful series of books which would (1) introduce them to the best literature of the world, and (2) supply them with the authentic information necessary to enable them to understand the contents of their daily newspapers.

In compiling the list of the 120 books the first object which would be kept in view would be to make the range of reading as attractive and interesting as possible. The Library would not profess any desire to turn out learned men. It would not aspire to make scholars. What it would aim at is to make the world and the things that are therein more interesting to the people who used the Library. Out of the hundred thousand students who used the Library, one thousand might apply themselves seriously to some one study and become therein expert and learned. That will be all to the good. But the main thing is that the remaining 99,000 will, even if they never read another book than the 120 of our college course, be much more intelligent men and women and much better instructed citizens than they would otherwise have been.

To give people fresh interest in life, to deliver them from boredom, to open up new and enchanting vistas into the glories and miracles of existence, surely that is work well worth doing, and one in which it is good to be able to help.

A LIBRARY AS POPULAR UNIVERSITY.

In founding this Library an attempt would be made to give practical effect to Carlyle's saying that the true University is a collection of books. The object would be to establish such a University in every home in the English-speaking world. Universities have their tutors, professors, and classes; these we cannot provide in a library. But here there can be, in the first place, selection of books; and in the second place, there can be a substitute for the lecture in summaries with extracts and illustrations from works too voluminous to be read in full.

The course of reading could be adjusted to the leisure of the student. It might be assumed that instead of having the whole of his time during three

years, the graduate of this latest born of universities could only spare half-an-hour a day for reading books. The Library would supply him with a hundred pages of reading matter every week, of which he would only need to read fifteen per day in order to keep up with this college course.

The substitute for examinations would be the sending in weekly of indices, analyses, or summaries, as the case may be, limited to one thousand words of the volume read. As an incentive a prize of five pounds might be offered every week for the best paper sent in.

This popular university curriculum would last for two years and a half; 120 books would have been read, of which about half would be of the nature of University Extension lectures on a series of volumes which could not be otherwise included in the course of study.

When the course was complete, scholarships of the total value of £400 would be offered for examination—say, in the books devoted to History, Poetry, Fiction, and Politics—tenable at any University by those who succeed in the examination.

It is hoped that those who are interested in promoting the revival of reading would endeavour to form reading-classes in their own neighbourhood.

If there are only two or three who compare notes at the newsagents' shops where they obtain the books, it is a beginning. But it would be easy to form classes in connection with Public Libraries, Mechanics' Institutes, Churches, Young Men's Christian Associations, Pleasant Sunday Afternoon Societies, Co-operative Associations, Mothers' Meetings, and the like, at which the weekly volume could be read and discussed, where the leader could lecture on the book of the week, and the class could ask questions or discuss its subjects. Local prizes could be given for local examinations. In this way something of the help of comradeship might be supplied, and some substitute provided for the stimulating influences of the common-room of the College.

For those who are alone there remains the resource of correspondence, which could be arranged without difficulty, as all the graduates would be in touch with each other through the Library.

A PERSONAL REMINISCENCE.

If the co-operation of the public is secured, I can offer them this Library on terms which will provide an aggregate endowment of at least £20,000 for the local educational institutions and libraries of the country. Before explaining how this apparent miracle can be wrought I beg leave to indulge in a brief autobiographical reminiscence.

My father was the minister of a small Congregational church at Howdon-on-Tyne. The village was squalid and dirty. The church was very poor. But it was in that unpromising location, in the grimy church and in the noisy Sunday-school I learned most of the lessons which have stood me in good stead in after

life. Among other things I learned by practical experience how to develop a taste for reading, and at the same time to make the process a source of income to the church and school.

When I was a youth of sixteen or seventeen, earning at that time, if I remember aright, the sum of six shillings a week as a 'prentice lad in an office on Newcastle Quay, it occurred to me that it would be a good thing to try to extend the reading habit among the members of the congregation. In a feeble, ineffective sort of way the Sunday-school sold a few denominational and children's magazines to those who cared to have them. No systematic effort had been made to promote the sale of periodicals. It was decided to take the matter in hand, and I was deputed to make a canvass of our people.

When the canvass was complete I booked the order with a wholesale newsagent in Newcastle, who allowed us threepence in the shilling discount for cash. The net result was that at the end of the year we had a profit of from £5 to £7 to hand over to the Sunday-school funds, while magazines of the annual value of from £20 to £30 were added to the literary resources of this small artisan and tradesman population.

I have never forgotten that experience. If there is to be a revival of reading among our people, especially among our people in the villages, the task must be taken in hand in this fashion. The Church, Sunday-school, day-school, or any other local organisation should appoint its book and magazine secretary, whose duty it should be to make a personal house-to-house canvass throughout the locality, to bring before every individual the books and periodicals whose sale it is desirable to promote. No work can be more important. No work is so generally neglected. It is, of course, unpaid work—unpaid as is Sunday-school teaching. The orders so obtained can be booked with the trade on the usual terms, or they can be ordered direct on special terms. Out of the discount so obtained, books and newspapers can be purchased for the local reading-room, or it can be spent in any other way better calculated to promote the intellectual, moral, or social welfare of the community.

Why do I recall these reminiscences of the sixties? Because I am persuaded that the same method which was found to be so useful in Tyneside forty years ago will be found equally efficacious to-day in helping to realise a very simple but very important ideal—the ideal, to wit, of having a library of good books in every house in the land.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY OUT OF THE LIBRARY.

Any school, church, reading union, or other local centre which obtains by canvass among its own members twelve subscribers for the library, can purchase them through the local newsagent at a discount of threepence in the shilling, paying two and threepence for what they will sell to their members at three

shillings. When the library is complete they will have the sum of £4 10s. profit as an endowment for their local library. If they obtain, as they might do in any large church or adult school, 120 subscribers, the net profit would be £45.

The net profit thus accruing to the local distributing centres would be no less than £35,000 on every 100,000 libraries sold.

This is assuming that the Library is issued weekly through the trade in the ordinary way. But if, instead of purchasing small numbers of the weekly issue through the ordinary channels, large employers of labour, co-operative societies, reading unions, adult schools, or other associations were to co-operate with me in the production and distribution of these books among their members, the benefit accruing to the distributor could be materially increased.

Supposing, for instance, any firm, society, or association were to order 100 or 1,000 Libraries for its members, and *pay for the same in advance*, I would supply them at half the published price, *plus* carriage to the centre of distribution. That is to say, I would edit the Library, pay contributors, buy paper, set up the type, and bind the books for 15s. per Library, leaving the other 15s., *minus* the cost of carriage, to go to the distributor to be used for educational or such other purposes as he might think fit.

The society or reading circle which paid in advance would at the end of the two years and a half realise a profit equal to the entire cost of production of the Library. If 100,000 sets were disposed of in this co-operative fashion they would be endowed with a sum of £75,000, less carriage.

This, then, is the secret, the open secret of the way in which the LIBRARY-UNIVERSITY FOR THE MILLION can be established in every house in the land, and a profit made at the same time which would enable the local reading centres, Sunday-schools, literary societies, etc., to fill their treasuries, besides conferring an inestimable benefit upon their subscribers.

The proposition, I admit, seems to be almost too good to be true. But it will stand the severest examination.

That is the business basis upon which I am prepared to launch the LIBRARY-UNIVERSITY FOR THE MILLION. It may seem a gigantic undertaking to propose to sell twelve million 3d. books in the next thirty months, and it seems, perhaps, even more impossible to do so on terms which will have the effect of endowing local literary and educational institutions with a sum of £35,000, or £75,000 if paid in advance. But the thing can be done and done with ease if you will help. Will you help? That is the question, and remember that in helping you will not only help the million and help me, but you will also help your school or society to share in the profit.

The Review's Bookshop.

October 1st, 1906.

THE nipping frost, the falling leaves, and the shortening days are all so many harbingers, not only of the near approach of autumn, but also of the publishing season of the year. September brought a foretaste, a species of literary *hors d'œuvre*, of the banquet that has been prepared for the readers of books during the next three months. The first course consisted principally of fiction, although the other items in the *menu* were by no means to be despised. But surveying the month as a whole, fiction held the field, and those who find a substitute for outdoor sports and recreation in a novel by the fireside have nothing to complain of either as to quality or number. There is an ample supply for every taste.

THE SEASON'S MOST POPULAR NOVEL.

I have little doubt that Miss Cholmondeley's *Prisoners* (Hutchinson. 6s.) will prove to be the most successful novel of the season. It certainly deserves to be. The authoress of "Red Pottage" has fully lived up to the reputation she won by that most popular novel. She combines two gifts which go to make up an excellent story—an eye for incident and a capacity for thoughtful character drawing. "Prisoners" will make a strong appeal to two publics—the one which likes to experience a thrill, and the other which prefers to follow the gradual unfolding of a character. The story opens with a murder and a betrayal. It ends with the death of the one truly unselfish character

in the tale. The two incidents are linked together by the narrative of the slow development of a selfish woman's character, until she attains to a certain measure of self-sacrifice. The mental misery which she and others undergo on account of her shrinking cowardice and egotism is admirably described. The manner in which Miss Cholmondeley handles her narrative gives the story a dignity too infrequently met with in modern fiction, and the shrewd observations liberally scattered throughout her pages add a flavour very pleasant to the taste.

THE CALL OF THE BLOOD.

There is little incident and but few characters in Mr. Hichens' *Call of the Blood* (Methuen. 6s.). Their place is taken by charming descriptions of Sicilian scenery and of the atmosphere of the South. This forms the canvas

on which he draws a powerful study in heredity. The plot is of the simplest, the whole interest centring in the atmosphere in which it is steeped and the emotional experiences of the heroine. Hermione, a plain-featured intellectual woman, marries a man many years younger than herself possessed of great physical beauty but of only moderate intelligence. He is attracted by her intellect, she by his person. In his blood there slumber the impulses of the South derived from a Sicilian grandmother, and when the newly-married couple retire to the island of Sicily for their honeymoon the force of heredity begins to assert itself. In the absence of his wife the husband gradually drifts into an act of unfaithfulness, promptly paid for with his life. It is in the final chapters describing Hermione's feelings under the emotional strain of her husband's sudden death that the interest of the story culminates. She remains ignorant of her husband's temptation and fall, and is permitted the consolation of approaching motherhood.

MR. LUCAS'S OBLIQUE NARRATIVE.

A tale of an entirely different stamp is Mr. E. V. Lucas's "oblique narrative," which he has called *Lis-ten'er's Lure* (Methuen. 6s.). I am free to confess that of all the novels of the month this has given me the largest measure of enjoyment. Mr. Lucas has discarded orthodox conventions, and prefers to tell the simple love-story of his heroine in a bundle of letters, notes and telegrams written by no fewer than twenty correspondents. They

embrace a wide range of life, from the undergraduate at Oxford to the retired Indian Civil servant, with about every rank and condition of life between these two poles. With remarkable skill Mr. Lucas has brought out the characteristics of his correspondents through the medium of their letters, so that they remain stamped on the memory as distinct personalities. But the chief attraction of the tale lies in the element of charm which pervades every page, and which, although the most noticeable feature of Mr. Lucas's style, is far more easy to feel than it is to describe.

MR. WELLS'S LATEST UTOPIA.

Mr. Wells's latest Utopia, as he describes it in *The Days of the Comet* (Macmillan. 6s.), is the outcome of no slow process of evolution. It is the result of the interven-



Photograph by

[Russell and Sons.

Miss Cholmondeley.
(Author of "Prisoners.")

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tion of a strange green comet, whose luminous haze so affected the atmosphere as to liberate the good in human nature and banish the evil. The population of the earth, stupefied for a time by the influence of the vapour of the comet, awakes to find the past fallen from it. Men could forgive, they could disregard, they could attempt. The Spirit of Man that had drowsed and slumbered and dreamt evil things is suddenly liberated, and with eyes refreshed looks again on life. There are two excellent ideas in the novel, neither of which, however, has been fully worked out. The new Utopia is little more than an outline sketch. The idea that though mankind fell into a heavy slumber, machinery of all descriptions continued to work uncontrolled, is an original and fascinating one and might with advantage have been much more fully developed. As it is, the chief interest of the story lies in Mr. Wells's indictment of the bad old times before the coming of the comet.

THE DRABNESS OF LIFE.

The drabness of London life and the besetting sins of those doomed to pass their existence in its dispiriting atmosphere are the themes of two clever novels. It is a pleasure to read a story so carefully worked out as Mr. Francis Gribble's *The Pillar of Cloud* (Chapman, 6s.). It grips the reader strongly. Mr. Gribble has a definite central idea, and he never loses sight of it for a moment. He pities exceedingly the gently nurtured girl thrown on the world and compelled to earn her living in London. The greyness of her probable life appals him. If she avoids both the hopeless, soul-deadening monotony and the stigma of the Scarlet Letter which are naturally her lot, he sees nothing before her but to descend to a lower social level. Bella, his heroine, gets out of the drab into the scarlet, and eventually finds her way ignominiously back again to the drab. Of the other girls, some find a "way out" and prosper honourably, one dies, and another marries a hopelessly vulgar grocer. The novel is undoubtedly clever, but Mr. Gribble, I think, overstates the case, which is not quite as dreary as he makes it out to be. Mr. Pett Ridge has discovered Islington, and in *The Wickhams* (Methuen, 6s.) he describes with humour, sympathy and an occasional glint of pathos the lives of its inhabitants. The particular family he has chosen to delineate is not on the whole a very pleasant one. Its members are petty, sordid and pushing, yet they stick to one another and bear up with admirable fortitude against adversity. Mr. Keble Howard, who wrote that exceedingly clever exposure of suburban insanity "The Smiths of Surbiton," has now added another study on the same subject entitled *The Whip Hand* (Chapman, 6s.). The whip is handled by a domineering mother-in-law, who asserts her authority with an almost brutal insistence.

ADVENTURE TALES.

Mr. Rider Haggard has returned to the field of his former triumphs. In *Benita* (Cassell's, 6s.), describing a treasure hunting expedition into Mashonaland, there are all the elements of romance, adventure and mystery which he knows so well how to blend in the right proportion to produce a story of thrilling interest. Another tale that will make acceptable reading to those who crave after adventure is Miss Marjorie Bowen's *The Viper of Milan* (Rivers, 6s.). It is a tale of the days when the Visconti ruled Milan with a rod of iron, and waged relentless war against their neighbours. There is a sufficiency of fighting to satisfy even the most exacting palate. The tale is told with a force and *élan* that sweeps the reader through the volume at breathless speed. To

the above Mr. Eden Phillpotts adds the touch of melodrama in his *Poacher's Wife* (Methuen, 6s.). His Devonshire folk are, as usual, delightful, and the blended humour and tenderness of his narrative cannot fail to give pleasure. It is not one of Mr. Phillpotts' best efforts. Still, it is impossible not to be interested in the luckless bridegroom, falsely accused of murder, compelled to leave his few hours' old bride, and escape on a rotten old tug to Barbados. After almost incredible adventures he returns. In the last act the tangle is unravelled and his character cleared.

THE GROWTH OF A MAN.

Turning from the fiction of the month to the more serious studies of human problems, there is one book you should by no means miss reading. It is Dr. George Brande's *Recollections of my Childhood and Youth* (Heinemann, 397 pp. 10s. net.), a remarkable effort at self-revelation written with a literary skill that is full of charm. It is a long time since I read a volume of autobiography that interested me so deeply. The gradual growth of mind and soul throughout the transitional years between boyhood and early manhood is traced with a candour and simplicity that is exceedingly attractive. In following Dr. Brande's narrative you are unconsciously impelled to look at life through the eyes of youth, to see the veil that shrouds the material and spiritual worlds gradually recede before a vigorous mind, to share his doubts and fears and enter into his spiritual and mental experiences. There is a captivating freshness and originality about this story of the early struggles of a youth full of vitality and of a vigorous and thoughtful mind resolutely endeavouring to find some rational explanation of life's enigmas. His first impressions abroad, of Paris, of London and of Italy, and of some of the famous men of the day, are full of interest. It would be difficult, for example, to find anywhere more vivid little etchings of Paris in the first days of the Franco-German War.

AN ADVENTUROUS LIFE.

Captain Gambier's recollections of his stirring life on land and sea were well worth placing on paper if only on account of the amount of enjoyment the reading of them will give to many whose opportunities of travel and adventure have been far more restricted than his. *Links in My Life on Land and Sea* (Unwin, 452 pp. Illus. 15s. net) is a loosely-linked narrative of reminiscences, ranging over almost the whole of the habitable world, and dating from the time when Captain Gambier first joined the Navy down to the Russo-Turkish war, which he followed as a naval correspondent. It is beyond question the most brightly-written biography of the month.

THE NEW IDOLATRY.

Dr. Washington Gladden is one of the sanest and most clear-sighted of living Americans. To clearness of sight he adds warmth of feeling, and in all that he writes there is the strong impress of a vigorous personality. His latest message to the Churches of America—and it is not confined to those of America alone—takes the form of a protest and an appeal. He enters a strenuous protest against the new idolatry of wealth that he sees growing up among the democracy. With the righteous indignation of a Moses he denounces the golden calf that has been set up in our midst. He insists that the Churches should not touch what they know to be "tainted money." He contends that the man behind the dollar counts as much as the man behind the rifle, and emphasises the responsibilities incurred to the community in the expendi-

ture of excessive wealth. All this is done with a mastery of exposition that is convincing in its clearness and warmth. His appeal is also addressed to the Churches. It is a plea that they should live up to their high mission in a democratic nation. (Unwin. 237 pp. 3s. 6d.)

A WANDERER IN LONDON.

Mr. E. V. Lucas, not content with writing one of the most charming novels of the month, has still further added to our enjoyment by gossiping pleasantly about London. He is, in truth, an ideal Wanderer in London (Methuen. 305 pp. Illus. 6s.), though he confines his wanderings to the northern side of the Thames. He talks easily and delightfully of what he sees, the houses he likes, and all the *minutiae* of the streets that go to make up our impressions of the great metropolis. He wanders into side streets frequently; but wherever he goes his readers will gladly follow him, if it is only for the pleasure of listening to his pleasantly garrulous conversation. The spirit of the saunterer pervades the volume, and it is as far removed as are the poles asunder from the hurry and bustle of the tourist. Not that Mr. Lucas is always accurate, for he is not. His old beefeater at the Tower, for example, is sadly incorrect in his statements. But no one who has enjoyed an hour of Mr. Lucas's company would harshly complain of occasional trippings.

A WALKING PARSON.

Another wanderer who has jotted down his experiences for the benefit of his less energetic countrymen is the Rev. A. N. Cooper, better known as "the Walking Parson." He has written a pleasant book, full of good sense and most useful hints to long-distance walkers and other travellers, under the title *With Knapsack and Notebook* (Brown. 303 pp. Illustrated. 3s. 6d.). The walks dealt with are oftenest in Northern Europe; in Denmark, Holland, Belgium, and Scotland. I notice that Mr. Cooper found the Danes exceedingly hospitable, and Denmark a far more interesting country than many which are much more visited. Even in the richest families the girls are not allowed to grow up unable to cook, and a wealthy Danish girl may finish her education, not in Paris, but in a royal or aristocratic kitchen. The writer is an observer of other lands no less shrewd than kindly; his explanations of foreign customs are always charitable, and I am glad to see his insistence on the mistakenness of the notion that English carries you everywhere on the Continent. When he walked to Monte Carlo he stayed in twenty-three hotels, and, except in Paris and Fontainebleau, only found one person able to speak English.

ENGLISH LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

The industry of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb is inexhaustible. In welcoming the appearance of the first volume of what will be a monumental work on the history of English Local Government between the Revolution and 1835, it is not possible to do more than



E. V. Lucas.

pay a tribute of admiration to their indomitable courage. For eight years they have laboured in collecting the material for this exhaustive study of the growth of local institutions. The raw material out of which the finished work has been fashioned is recorded upon some 50,000 separate sheets of paper, the gleanings of innumerable official records, old newspapers, pamphlets, statutes and correspondence. Not even the bewildering array of thousands of unanalysed, undigested and unindexed statutes daunted them, though they confess that their courage almost quailed before the task. The first volume deals with the Parish and the Country, and will be followed by four or five further volumes dealing with the structure and function of English local government. Beyond saying that this work covers ground that has never before been explored by English writers, and that it will prove of invaluable service to those who take an interest in the development of English institutions, I cannot attempt in a paragraph to summarise or criticise a book of its magnitude and importance (Longmans. 664 pp. 16s. net).

THE GATES OF THE ORIENT.

There are several interesting travel-books that deserve attention. One of the more important of them is certainly Mr. Douglas Sladen's large work in two volumes on "The Gates of the Orient," *Carthage and Tunis* (Hutchinson. 2 vols. 663 pp. Maps, coloured plates, and numerous illustrations. 24s. net.) "Carthage," he says, "is the gate of Eastern commerce," and Tunis "the most perfect Eastern city within easy reach of England." The first volume, on Carthage, is mainly historical, Appian's Punic War being often laid under contribution. One chapter deals with Flaubert's "Salammbo," which the writer does not greatly appreciate; others with the archaeological aspects of Carthage, and several with its saints. Some of the most famous saints, we are reminded, are associated with Carthage—Saint Augustine, Saint Monica, and Saint Louis, who died there. The last chapter deals with Carthage as it appears in "The Aeneid." The Tunisian part of the book is the more generally interesting. Much of it deals with the bazaars; a particularly interesting chapter treats of the Jews in Tunis, who are chiefly known, it seems, by being dirtier than the Arabs, and by the monstrous obesity of their women; and there is a useful chapter by Mr. J. I. S. Whitaker, on Sport and Camp Life in Tunisia—a country he thinks highly recommendable for this form of holiday, if only the tourist can rough it. I am glad to notice the high tribute Mr. Sladen pays to the benefits of French rule in Tunisia.

DEVIOUS JOURNEYINGS THROUGH DANGEROUS LANDS.

A second excellent travel book is Mr. Albert B. Lloyd's account of his devious journeyings through dangerous and often very little known country from *Uganda to Khartoum* (Unwin. 308 pp. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net). Mr. Lloyd is a missionary, a mighty hunter, and the accounts of his encounters with elephants, hippos, and other very "big game" are as exciting as anything I have read, even in a boy's Christmas story. A large map shows the scene of his wanderings—in Bunyoro, bordering on the East of Albert Nyanza; in Acoli, to the north of it, and through an extensive region east of the Nile, right up to Gondokoro. Mr. Lloyd seems to have known very well how to manage natives, and to have won the confidence of some not always very friendly tribes. His account of native customs and his endless doctoredings of the different tribes,

who sometimes suffer from terrible diseases, fill perhaps the most interesting pages of a particularly interesting book. There is a good deal about the Baganda, of whom Sir Harry Johnston has written so much, and something about the long-legged Nilotic tribes. The local habits greatly differ; the Baganda, for instance, keeping their children in a filthy state, while the Acoli women wash them daily. The Guruguru people were also visited, perhaps for the first time. Mr. Lloyd was cheerfully assured that "they were bad to the core," but he seems to have made friends with them.

THE SEARCH FOR THE POLES.

Another volume of travels carries us to the region of perpetual snow and ice. Arctic exploration is a fascinating subject alike to explorers and to readers. The former have been very numerous, and Mr. J. Douglas Hoare has attempted to give a connected account of all their attempts to gain a clearer and wider knowledge of the poles, from Sebastian and John Cabot's in 1498, and the first purely British expedition (that of Robert Thorne, in 1527), down to the recent attempts of the Duke of Abruzzi and Mr. Walter Wellman. Dr. Nansen's, Otto Sverdrup's, and Peary's expeditions naturally occupy space proportionate to their importance, and the book, which seems carefully compiled, though written in rather a characterless and uninteresting style, is accompanied by some eighteen maps and excellent illustrations. I notice the writer says that "at no time" in the history of Arctic exploration "has the death-rate among those engaged in it exceeded the average death-rate of the navy," while the risks now attending Arctic explorations are reduced to a minimum (Methuen. 308 pp. 7s. 6d. net).

THE COMPLETE RUGBY FOOTBALLER.

The Captain and Vice-Captain, Mr. D. Gallaher and Mr. W. J. Stead, of the famous New Zealand football team, the "All Blacks," have written a volume on Rugby football that will be most valuable to all Rugby players. It contains chapters dealing with every department of the game. Perhaps the most interesting are those describing the New Zealand scrum formation and the wing forward. For the first time we have a full account of the working of the scrum, showing how it was so successful when played against the English formation. The book also contains chapters on the rise of Rugby in New Zealand, on the preparation for the English tour, and a brief account of the tour itself. Another interesting chapter is devoted to the English referee and professionalism as dangers to the popularity of the game in England. The English referee is criticised as being "a very slow man who seems to like a slow game." The book is well supplied with photographs and clear diagrams of the different movements. It certainly is a book that all Rugby footballers should read (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net).

MODERN MUSIC.

In *Modern Music and Musicians* (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net) Mr. R. A. Streatfeild has given us an interesting volume. The growth of the idea of a poetic basis in music is a fascinating subject, but the "programme" theory may be carried too far, and Mr. Streatfeild must expect to find many dissentients from his views. His essays deal with twenty composers, from Palestrina to Richard Strauss, the latter being the only living representative of music selected. No biographical details are given except when the incidents of the composer's life seem to affect his music in a salient manner. Mr. Streatfeild's object being "to lay stress upon the development of music as a means of personal

expression, by tracing the character of the composer in his music rather than by criticising his works in detail." He is strangely unappreciative of Brahms's instrumental music, though as a song-writer he considers him supreme. Mr. Streatfeild is enthusiastic enough over Tschaikowsky, but he doubts whether the subject-matter of his music will interest a future generation when the fashionable pessimism of the hour has passed away. The book has a serviceable index.

THE INTERLINEAR BIBLE.

It is over two hundred and fifty years ago since the command of the first Stuart sovereign of England supplied the nation with a carefully revised edition of the sacred writings. Little did James I. dream that in less than one hundred years the dynasty he established would be tried in the balance, found wanting, and dismissed accordingly, whilst in twice that period the edition of the Bible which he ordered to be "read in churches" would still be used every Sunday in every church in the land. Until twenty-five years ago this Authorised Version was the supreme authority; 1885 gave us the modern Revised Version. The desire to compare the two versions led to the Parallel Bible, which gave the two renderings in parallel columns. The Interlinear Bible now before us simplifies the comparison by showing at a glance the divergence of the two versions. Where the Authorised and Revised Versions agree the text is printed in large type, where they differ the text divides into parallel lines of small type, the upper line giving the Revised rendering, the lower the Authorised. To all students and clergymen the Interlinear Bible should be most welcome. The book is bulky, even though printed on India paper, but the type is large and clear. In fact, everything has been done with a view to clearness. The chapters are plainly numbered in large Arabic figures (no tiresome Roman numerals), and the headings to the chapters have been omitted. The notes of both editions are printed at the bottom of the pages, and there are fifteen maps at the end of the book. (Cambridge University Press. 12s. 6d. net. 1,202 pp. and 350 pp.)

PLUTARCH FOR CHILDREN.

Slowly the treasures of literature are being translated into language that children can understand. It is good work that deserves every encouragement. To Homer, Chaucer, Shakespeare and the Fairie Queen has now been added the Lives of Plutarch. This vast storehouse has been successfully plundered for the benefit of the little ones by Mr. F. J. Gould. His *Children's Plutarch* (Watts. 286 pp. Illus. 2s. 6d. net) is a most successful attempt to bring the tales of ancient Rome and Greece within the comprehension of the child. He has extracted the striking episodes, retold them in a lively style, and made them eminently readable. Better than any commendation of the book that I can give was the verdict of a thirteen-year-old boy to whom I gave it. He read it through at a sitting, and pronounced it "first rate."

THE FASCINATION OF PLANT LIFE.

Another really admirable book for children is Miss M. C. Stope's *The Study of Plant Life for Young People* (Moring. Illus. 202 pp. 2s. 6d. net). In it she has succeeded in making the study of the plants and their homes subject of quite absorbing interest. This little book will open up a new and fascinating world to many children. It will enable them to grasp the great fact that plants are not dead things, but are alive. Once that first step is taken, the whole subject will present itself in a far more pleasing light to the child's mind. "In our study of plants," Miss Stope points out, "we must first learn

how to see and question them properly, and when we have done this they will show themselves to us and tell us stories of their lives which are quite as interesting as any animal stories." In simple language and by the aid of numerous illustrations she shows the children how to find and question the plants around them, and learn their ways and the hundreds of interesting things about their growth and adaptation to their environment. A particularly interesting section of the book is devoted to a series of visits to the plants in their homes, and there are many helpful suggestions for the making of plant maps and collections.

LETTERS TO A DAUGHTER.

Mr. Hubert Bland's *Letters to a Daughter* (Laurie, 198 pp. 3s. 6d. net) are sure to be much discussed. A father is supposed to write to his nineteen-year-old daughter, away on a visit, letters replying to questions on various problems that force themselves on her attention. Generally speaking the letters contain wise advice, especially the one on The Tree of Knowledge. That on The Rudeness of Women is painfully true. In the epistle on Men's Love, certainly one of the cleverest of the series, Mr. Bland points out how curiously little women know about men, and puts with a frankness that is almost brutal the fact of English women being so much less to English men than English men are to English women. From the letter on The Man's Point of View I infer that Mr. Bland holds Mr. Bernard Shaw's opinion that men have a craven, shrinking fear of marriage. If it were not for the Superman they would never marry at all.

FRANCE IN THE DAYS OF THE REVOLUTION.

No fewer than four volumes were published last month describing France in the days of the Revolution. The subject is one of perennial interest, and it possesses an irresistible attraction for both writers and readers. Two volumes of memoirs contain the first-hand impression of eye-witnesses of the event that culminated in the Terror. The more impartially written of the two is the *Memoirs of the Count de Castrie* (Lane, 229 pp. 16s. net). They were written when the Count was an exile and a gardener in Southampton, having survived the perils of the war in La Vendée and of the Reign of Terror. He appears to have been an admirable country gentleman, whose servants remained touchingly attached to him, though he fought on the Royalist side. His wife and family also went through dire perils and imprisonments, and his sister was the famous Madame Bulkeley who fought side by side with her husband. The memoirs are written in a style that carries conviction. They are excellently illustrated. The memoirs of Henry Redhead Yorke describe France as he saw it in 1802. They have been abridged by Lady Sykes, and many notes added. He is hardly an impartial observer, though he certainly paints a vivid picture of France in a state of upheaval. He was present at the trial of Louis, and gives some interesting particulars of the scene. His account of the disgraceful scenes in 1802 at the Palais Royal are also of value. He constantly speaks of the swarms of beggars and starving folk that pursued him everywhere. In the latter part of the book there is a great deal about Tom Paine, then living in rags and misery in Paris, and the earlier chapters serve to remind us how difficult, dangerous and tedious a matter it was to cross to France a century ago (Heinemann, 254 pp. 6s.). Mr. Philip Gibbs has so saturated himself with the Revolutionary literature of the period that he imparts something of his own enthusiasm to the readers of *Men and Women of the French Revolu-*

tion (Kegan, 390 pp. Illus. 25s. net). It is a series of studies of persons and groups so arranged as to afford a panorama of the swiftly moving events of the Revolution down to the death of Robespierre. He has made such good use of the memoirs and recollections of those stirring days as to give an impression of intimate personal knowledge of the scenes he describes. Mr. Gibbs is certainly to be congratulated on his achievement, and I hope that he may be encouraged to treat in a similar fashion other periods of history. Finally there is an excellent translation of *Napoleon, King of Elba* (Heinemann, 281 pp. 10s. net), which might appropriately have been called "Napoleon: The Phase before the Last." Every phase of his career seems to have received more attention than this, perhaps because it is such a pitiable one. He was a Brobdingnagian in Lilliput. An actor, as many think, at all times, he never played a part so thoroughly as when he reigned over the tiny island. He pretended to take his kingdom seriously, to be quite contented with it, to be perfectly happy, and all the time he was plotting escape with ceaseless ingenuity. Crowds of visitors were permitted to visit him. Sometimes they found him playing children's games and stupid practical jokes, and they talked of his dotage. He tired out everyone but himself in putting his diminutive kingdom in order, for he never gave up the sometimes lamentable farce of playing at being king. In his ten months' rule he conferred innumerable benefits on the island. He gave it roads, whereas before it had only mule-tracks; he planted it far and wide; he drained it, and gave it a proper water-system.

THE STUARTS IN POWER AND EXILE.

If you would retain even a small degree of respect for the "glorious restoration" I would advise you to avoid reading Mr. W. R. H. Trowbridge's *Court Beauties of Old Whitehall* (Unwin, 325 pp. Illus. 15s. net). It gives a vivid picture of the royal pigsty Charles II. set up at Whitehall and called a Court. It is small wonder that the people of England cast forth the House of Stuart as an unclean thing too foul to tolerate. There were, however, some Stuarts who could be amiable without being depraved and religious without being bigoted. One of them was Henry Stuart, Cardinal Duke of York, son of the Old Pretender, whose life Mr. Herbert Vaughan narrates under the title of *The Last of the Royal Stuarts* (Methuen, 294 pp. Illus. 10s. 6d. net). It is a remarkably interesting life of a gentle, amiable and dignified figure who lived in much splendour in his beautiful episcopal residence at Frascati. Although on the death of his brother he assumed the title of Henry IX. of England, it is interesting to note that when exiled from Rome during the Terror he was liberally assisted by George III. He was, says Mr. Vaughan, "a stately and pious prince of the Church," "a lonely and pathetic and yet withal a picturesque and kingly figure." Happily for himself he lived far from England, the air of which appears to have had the opposite effect upon members of the House of Stuart to that exercised by Mr. Wells's strange, green comet.

FOUR LITERARY HISTORIES.

Four good literary histories were published last month. The *Oxford Treasury of English Literature* (Clarendon Press, 353 pp. 3s. 6d.), by G. E. and W. H. Hadow, is the first of three volumes aiming at indicating the chief landmarks in English literature, and is intended primarily for students, to whom it may be cordially recommended. It deals with Old English literature (Beowulf, Cynewulf and Alfred) to the Elizabethans, not

including any dramatists. The quotations are long and few rather than many and "scrappy." There is, for more advanced students, the seventh volume of the *Periods of European Literature*, edited by Professor Saintsbury. This volume deals with the first half of the seventeenth century, and is by Mr. Herbert Grierson (Blackwood. 379 pp. 5s. net). Spanish literature is untouched, the subject having been covered in vol. vi. of this series. Holland, England, France, Italy and Germany are dealt with very well and justly, it will seem to most people, though there are a few slight inaccuracies. It is more a reference-book, perhaps, than anything else. To the Library of Literary History Mr. Edward G. Browne contributes the second of his two volumes on the *Literary History of Persia*, dealing with the period from Firdawsi to Sa'di (Unwin. 543 pp. 12s. 6d. net). The period covered is from the beginning of the eleventh to the middle of the thirteenth century. The book is in every way a most careful and painstaking piece of work. Finally, Mr. Israel Abrahams manages to compress into 160 pages a history of *Jewish Literature* from 70 A.D. to the death of Moses Mendelsohn in 1786. Josephus, the Talmud, and the Midrash are included, but not the Bible or Apocrypha—for obvious reasons (Unwin. 2s. 6d. net).

A DOZEN READABLE TALES.

From the crowded section of my shelves devoted to current fiction I pick out a dozen tales, any one of which will afford pleasant recreative reading. They represent a very wide range of interest. Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall's *The House of Islam* (Methuen. 6s.) is an unusual and original novel describing Mahometan life on the outskirts of the Sultan's dominions. It is a panoramic study of the East, restrained in style and kept well within bounds as regards length. Mr. Edward Noble's *Fisherman's Gat* (Blackwood. 6s.) is a tragic tale of very considerable merit. There is much of the Thames in it, and the men who go down to the sea in ships. But three suicides, two murders, and one accidental death make the tale somewhat sombre reading. Rosa N. Carey's annual story this year bears the title of *No Friend Like a Sister* (Macmillan. 6s.), and relates the experiences of a brother and three sisters who pursue their devious ways through life to reunite at the end of the tale. Miss Carey always keeps well to the beaten track in which she has won popularity. Miss J. H. Findlater's *The Ladder to the Stars* (Methuen. 6s.) is a well-written, interesting, and often humorous tale of a young and exceedingly provincial girl possessed of a narrow-minded mother and even more narrow-minded relatives, whose vulgarity is only equalled by their unctuous virtue. She has a strong desire for wider and freer life, which is gratified by a stay in London, where she learns her limitations, and sets about remedying them. Mrs. Penrose has written a story along somewhat

similar lines. *Rachel, the Outsider* (Chapman. 6s.) is a "poor relation" but without the faults that afflicted Lamb. Indeed, she far outshines her rather vulgar connections, winning with improbable rapidity a comfortable journalistic position for herself in London, and marrying happily. Mrs. Hugh Fraser has written a tale round the early life of George Washington with the vivid life of the South for a background, and the charming personality of his mother as the all-pervading genius of the piece. *In the Shadow of the Lord* (Methuen. 6s.) holds the reader more and more firmly as it develops. Needless to say Mr. Crockett's new story, *The Plumes of Navarre* (R.T.S. 6s.), is dramatic. It is even painfully realistic in parts, for the scenes are laid in France during the time of the St. Bartholomew massacre and the activity of the Leaguers, and in Spain under the Inquisition, whose tortures are vividly described. If you like a story in which Nature holds as large a space as man there is Mr. Bacheller's *Silas Strong* (Unwin. 6s.), a true philosopher of the woods, silent, simple and gifted with a keen sense of humour. Mr. R. E. Vernede's *Meriel of the Moors* (Rivers. 6s.) is frankly sensational. Whimsical Johnny Redd tells the "romance" very well indeed. The wicked servant, the miserable sinner of an uncle, the beautiful untrained niece with her lover, suitors and neighbours are interesting personalities amongst whom the narrator is not the least well conceived. Posing as a ridiculous little egotist, every action shows him up as a most kindly man. In *Lancashire Lads and Lasses* (Heywood. 6s.) Mr. Allen Clarke writes of what he seems to know through and through—working-class life in a prosaic manufacturing town among the sturdy independent Lancashire folk. *Backwater: a Mystery* (Chapman. 6s.) is a clever story in which Mrs. Boyd manages greatly to interest the reader in the fortunes of a very *nouveau riche* family who receive into their midst one day a nearly drowned unknown girl. Miss Mabel Quiller-Couch has written a charming book for girls between ten and sixteen entitled *The Carroll Girls* (Hodder. 5s.). The tone is uplifting, and the four girls and their friends pleasant company. In this selection of readable fiction I have at least held the scales evenly between the sexes—there are half a dozen of each.

NOTE.—I shall be glad to send any of the books noticed above to any subscriber, in any part of the world, on receipt of their published price, except in the case of net books, when the amount of postage should also be sent. Any information my readers may desire as to the books and other publications, either of the current month or of earlier date, I shall endeavour to supply. All communications must be addressed to "The Keeper of the Review Bookshop" at the Office of the "Review of Reviews," Mowbray House, Norfolk Street, London, W.C.

LEADING BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

RELIGION, PHILOSOPHY, EDUCATION, ETC.

The Origin and Permanent Value of the Old Testament.	W. C. Kent	(Hodder)	6/0
The Self-interpretation of Jesus Christ.	Rev. G. S. Streetfield	(Hodder)	5/0
The Making of Simon Peter.	A. J. Southouse	(Hodder)	3/6
Wayside Talks.	Charles Wagner	(Hodder)	3/6
Religion of a Plain Man.	Father R. H. Benson	(Burns and Oates)	2/6
The New Idolatry.	Washington Gladden	(Pitman)	3/6
Churchmanship and Labour.	Rev. W. H. Hunt (Compiler)	(Skeffington)	5/0
Religion of Nature and of Human Experience.	W. J. Jupp (Greaves)	(Greaves)	2/0
George Herbert.	A. G. Hyde	(Methuen)	10/6
Adonis Attis Osiris.	J. G. Frazer	(Macmillan)	10/6
Elements of Greek Worship.	S. C. Kaines Smith	(Griffiths)	2/6
Thrice-Greatest Hermes.	G. R. S. Mead	(Theosophical Publishing Society)	30/0
Principles and Methods of Teaching.	James Welton	(Cle-e)	4/6
Notes on Education.	Caroline Southwood Hill	(Seeley)	1/6

HISTORY, POLITICS, TRAVEL, ETC.

Lectures on Modern History.	Lord Acton	(Macmillan)	net 10/0
The Last of the Royal Stuarts.	(Henry Stuart, Cardinal Duke of York.)	(Methuen)	net 10/6
Court Beauties of Old Whitehall.	W. R. H. Trowbridge	(Unwin)	net 15/0
A Wanderer in London.	E. V. Lucas	(Methuen)	6/0
With Knapsack and Notebook.	Rev. A. N. Cooper	(A. Brown)	net 3/6
Links in My Life on Land and Sea.	Capt. J. W. Gambier	(Unwin)	net 15/0
The Cathedrals of England and Wales.	Vol. III. T. F. Bumpus	(Laurie)	6/0
Surrey.	Sutton Palmer and A. R. Hope Moncrieff	(Black)	net 20/0
Memorials of Old Wiltshire.	Alice Dryden (Editor)	(Bemrose)	15/0
Memorials of Old Somerset.	F. J. Snell (Editor)	(Bemrose)	15/0
Gloucester in National History.	F. A. Hyett	(Paul)	
North Devon.	F. J. Snell	(Black)	6/0
From Valmy to Waterloo.	R. B. Douglas (Editor)	(Everett)	6/0
France in 1802.	H. R. Yorke	(Heinemann)	6/0
Men and Women of the French Revolution.	Philip Gibbs	(Paul)	25/0
Count de Cartrie		(Lane)	net 16/0
Cyprus.	E. Stewart	(Skeffington)	6/0
The New Far East.	T. F. Millard	(Hodder)	6/0
Dr. Griffith John in China.	R. Wardlaw Thompson	(R. T. S.)	7/6
From Charing Cross to Delhi.	S. Parnell Kerr	(Unwin)	10/6
Simla Village Tales.	Alice E. Draycott	(Murray)	6/0
The First Annexation of the Transvaal.	W. J. Leyds	(Unwin)	net 21/0
Uganda to Khartoum.	A. B. Lloyd	(Unwin)	net 10/6
Carthage and Tunis.	Douglas Sladen	2 vols. (Hutchinson)	net 24/0
George Washington (Letters, etc.).	(Constable)	net 12/6	
George Washington.	J. A. Harrison	(Putnam)	5/0
Panama to Patagonia.	C. M. Pepper	(Hodder)	net 10/6
Polar Exploration.	G. Firth Scott	(Pearson)	5/0

LITERARY BIOGRAPHY, ESSAYS.

European Literature in the First Half of the Seventeenth Century.	H. J. C. Grierson	(Blackwood)	5/0
Books That are the Hearts of Men.	A. T. Story	(Fifield)	2/6
Lodgers and Literature.	G. Knollys	(Lane)	3/6
Charles Dickens.	G. K. Chesterton	(Methuen)	7/6
American Literary Masters.	L. H. Vincent	(Constable)	8/6
History of American Literature.	H. A. Beers	(Unwin)	3/6
History of Jewish Literature.	I. Abrahams	(Unwin)	2/6
Ideals and Applications.	H. Vandyke	(Hodder)	3/6
The Book of Simple Delights.	W. Raymond	(Hodder)	6/0
Stray Leaves.	Herbert Paul	(Lane)	5/0
Pribbles and Prabbles.	Major General P. Maxwell	(Skeffington)	10/0

ART.

The Education of an Artist.	C. Lewis Hind	(Black)	7/6
How to Judge Pictures.	Margaret Thomas	(Treherne)	2/0
Sir Joshua and His Circle.	Fitzgerald Molloy	2 vols.	
The MacWhirter Sketch-Book.	E. Bale	(Hutchinson)	24/0
European Enamels.	H. H. Cunynghame	(Cassell)	5/0

MUSIC.

The Bells of England.	J. J. Raven	(Methuen)	net 7/6
Modern Music and Musicians.	R. A. Streatfeild	(Methuen)	net 7/6

POEMS, DRAMAS.

Collected Poems.	Walter G. Smith	(Melrose)	net 4/6
Bird and Bough.	(Poems.) J. Burroughs	(Constable)	4/6
Strange Houses of Sleep.	(Poems.) A. E. Waite	(Wellby)	net 1/0
Charlotte Corday in Prison.	(Poem.) G. H. R. Dabb	(Deacon)	2/6
King Arthur Pendragon.	(Drama.) Arthur Dillon	(Mathews)	4/6
Tristram and Iseult.	(Drama.) J. Comyns Carr	(Duckworth)	5/0
Salome.	(Drama.) Oscar Wilde	(Lane)	net 20/5
Love : the Avenger.	(Drama.) R. Hartland-Mahon	(Seely, Dublin)	2/6

NOVELS.

Agnus, Orme.	Minvale	(H. dder)	1/0
Albanesi, E. Maria.	I know a Maiden	(Methuen)	1/0
Appleton, G. W.	The Ingenious Captain Cobbs	(Long)	1/0
Bacheller, Irving.	Silas Strong	(Unwin)	1/0
Bloundelle-Burton.	K. Knighthood's Flower	(Hurst)	1/0
Boothby, Guy.	A Royal Affair	(White)	1/0
Boyd, Mary Stuart.	Backwaters	(Chapman and Hall)	1/0
Bowen, Marjorie.	The Viper of Milan	(Rivers)	1/0
Carey, Ross N.	No Friend like a Sister	(Macmillan)	1/0
Chambers, R. W.	Iole	(Constable)	1/0
Cholmondeley, Miss M.	Prisoners	(Hutchinson)	1/0
Cleeve, Lucas.	Seven Nights in a Gondola	(Unwin)	1/0
Cleeve, Lucas.	Love and the King	(Long)	1/0
Coke, Desmond.	The Comedy of Life	(Chapman and Hall)	1/0
Collins, Florence.	The Luddingtons	(Heinemann)	1/0
Dalby, Walter.	The Ivory-Raiders	(Rivers)	1/0
Drummond, Hamilton.	The Cuckoo	(White)	1/0
Dudene, Mrs. Henry.	Gossips Green	(Cassell)	1/0
Everett-Green, E.	Guy Fulkes of the Towers	(Hutchinson)	1/0
Farjeon, B. L.	Mrs. Dimmock's Worries	(Hutchinson)	1/0
Findlater, Jane H.	The Ladder to the Stars	(Methuen)	1/0
Fitchett, W. H.	Ithuriel's Spear	(Kelly)	1/0
Fraser, Mrs. Hugh.	In the Shadow of the Lord	(Methuen)	1/0
Frenssen, Gustav.	Holyland (Translated by Mary A. Hamilton)	(Constable)	1/0
Gribble, F.	The Pillar of Cloud	(Chapman and Hall)	1/0
Haggard, H. Rider.	Benita	(Cassell)	1/0
Haggard, Lieut.-Col. Andrew.	A Persian Rose Leaf	(Long)	1/0
Heron, D.	Kinsmen	(Skeffington)	1/0
Hitchens, Robert.	The Call of the Blood	(Methuen)	1/0
Hobbes, John Oliver.	The Dream and the Business	(Unwin)	1/0
Hergus, F.	The Black Patch	(Long)	1/0
Keating, J.	The Queen of Swords	(Chapman and Hall)	1/0
Kenealy, Arabella.	Lady Fitz-Maurice's Husband	(Chapman and Hall)	1/0
Le Queux, W.	The House of the Wicked	(Hurst)	1/0
Lucas, E. V.	Listener's Lure	(Methuen)	1/0
McAnlay, Allan.	The Safety of the Honours	(Blackwood)	6/0
Macrahan, Robert.	The Private Detective	(Chatto)	1/0
Meade, L. T.	In the Flower of Her Youth	(Nisbet)	1/0
Meade, L. T.	A Golden Shadow	(Ward, Lock)	1/0
Noble, E.	Fisherman's Cat	(Blackwood)	6/0
Oppenheim, E. Phillips.	A Lost Leader	(Ward, Lock)	1/0
Palmer, F.	Lucy of the Stars	(Laurie)	1/0
Penny, F. E.	The Tea-Planter	(Chatto)	1/0
Penrose, Mrs. H. H.	Rachel the Outsider	(Chapman and Hall)	1/0
Phillpotts, Eden.	The Poacher's Wife	(Methuen)	1/0
Phillips, W. Pett.	The Wickhams	(Methuen)	1/0
St. Aubyn, Alan.	The Greenstone	(Long)	1/0
Treherne, P.	A Love Cure	(Unwin)	1/0
Tweedale, Violet.	The Portals of Love	(Long)	1/0
Vance, L. J.	The Private War	(Richards)	1/0
Warden, Florence.	The Old House at the Corner	(Chatto)	3/6
Wells, H. G.	In the Days of the Comet	(Macmillan)	1/0
Whishaw, F.	A Russian Coward	(Laurie)	1/0
Whishaw, F.	The Patriots	(Dibby, Long)	1/0
Williamson, C. N. and A. M.	The Car of Destiny	(Methuen)	6/0
Wodehouse, P. G.	Love among the Chickens	(Newnes)	6/0
Yorke, Curtis.	The Girl and the Man	(Long)	1/0

NATURAL HISTORY, ETC.

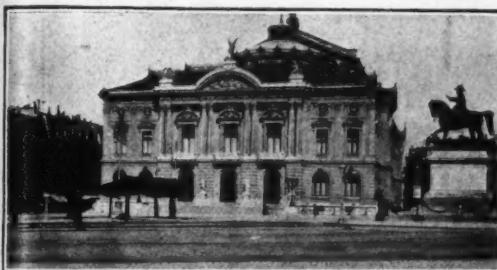
From Fox's Earth to Mountain Tarn.	J. H. Crawford	(Lane)	net 10/6
English Gardens.	M. R. Glead	(Methuen)	net 10/6

THE *Sunday at Home* for October is a very readable number. There are vivid papers descriptive of religious education in places so widely different as Northfield, where D. L. Moody lived and died; the Boer camps in Ceylon and St. Helena; and in the college near Constantinople for training the Greek clergy. There is also a paper descriptive of ancient Southwark.

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The Congress of Esperantists at Geneva.

THE second Congress of Esperanto is now a thing of the past, and, looking quietly back, the distinctive feature of the Geneva Congress would appear to be the amount of steady work done by the various special committees. Officially, there were only the general meetings for all Esperantists ; the meetings



The Theatre in Geneva.

(In which a play was performed in Esperanto.)

of the Language Committee, the members of which were elected last year at Boulogne ; and the Special Congress Committee elected on the opening day ; but these official meetings were supplemented by unofficial ones in such number that a detailed account of them is impossible. The business of the Esperanto Congress concerned Esperanto as a language only ; but when one remembers that its members were amongst the foremost intellectuals from all quarters of the globe, and that these men and women are in the van of the progressive army, one can easily realise that advantage would be taken of such a gathering to help forward those special organisations in the furtherance of which a language such as Esperanto is so useful. Amongst us were Pacifists, Good Templars, Christian Endeavourers, Freemasons, Socialists, musicians, mathematicians, members of the Red Cross Society, etc., etc., all of whom had their own special gatherings. It was not possible for everything to be done in one building, so the Aula of the University was the scene of the general meetings ; the Exhibition was in the Beaux Arts building ; the general work, secretarial and otherwise, and most of the unofficial gatherings took place at the École de Commerce ; whilst for social gatherings and entertainments the Salle des Amis d'Instruction, the theatre and the Victoria Hall were used. All the buildings were nearly in the same locality ; but it was just here that those of us who had been at Boulogne felt some lack. We were more widely separated, so the charm of a day's work together and an evening's amusement, where all were in touch, was not so sensibly felt ; also in the town of Boulogne it seemed as if every one knew Esperanto, whilst at Geneva itself the number of Esperantists was very few.

For those who were not present I give here a leaf or two from an Esperantist's diary.

GENEVA, Monday, August 27th.—What a blessing it will be when everyone is a bi-linguist ! Arriving in this foreign station with my luggage despatched in advance, how in the world should I have found it if I had not

known French ? Although we had had plenty of fun on the journey, it would have been extremely uncomfortable if we had not been prepared to take things as they came, for though the railway authorities had put two saloon carriages at our disposal, yet with our large numbers we wanted three, and on a stifling hot day, with one extra on every seat, and the corridor filled to overflowing, no wonder we were tired (after ten hours of it), so that to have to search for luggage through room after room piled with boxes and packages of every description was not a delightful task.

Tuesday.—No time to unpack ; obliged to go off at once to find where our meeting place is, register name and address and secure the green ticket. Found the École de Commerce without any difficulty, and there on the first floor was our beloved Doctor. Again I am struck with astonishment at this wonderful man, who, although he has seen so many people since the last time we met, at once addressed me by name, and reminded me that at Boulogne I had given him the first English hand-shake. The rooms were pretty full, and, with recognition after recognition from Russian, Swede, French, German, and so on, the time flew so rapidly that I had to be reminded that it was necessary to get a meal before the first session. Here came one of the slight disadvantages of our stay in Geneva. We had at different times rooms in six different buildings, and for strangers in the town this was a little bewildering. Here, too, we recognised the advantage of a small town over a large one for our gathering. At Boulogne everyone was on the look-out for Esperantists, and anyone could direct you. But in Geneva, as often happens in so large a town, even the inhabitants did not know the names of all the streets, so could not direct us ; and we only found the Salle des Amis d'Instruction just in time for the opening



A Snapshot at the Châlet of M. René de Saussure.

(Dr. Zamenhof, with folded hands, and other notable Esperantists are included.)

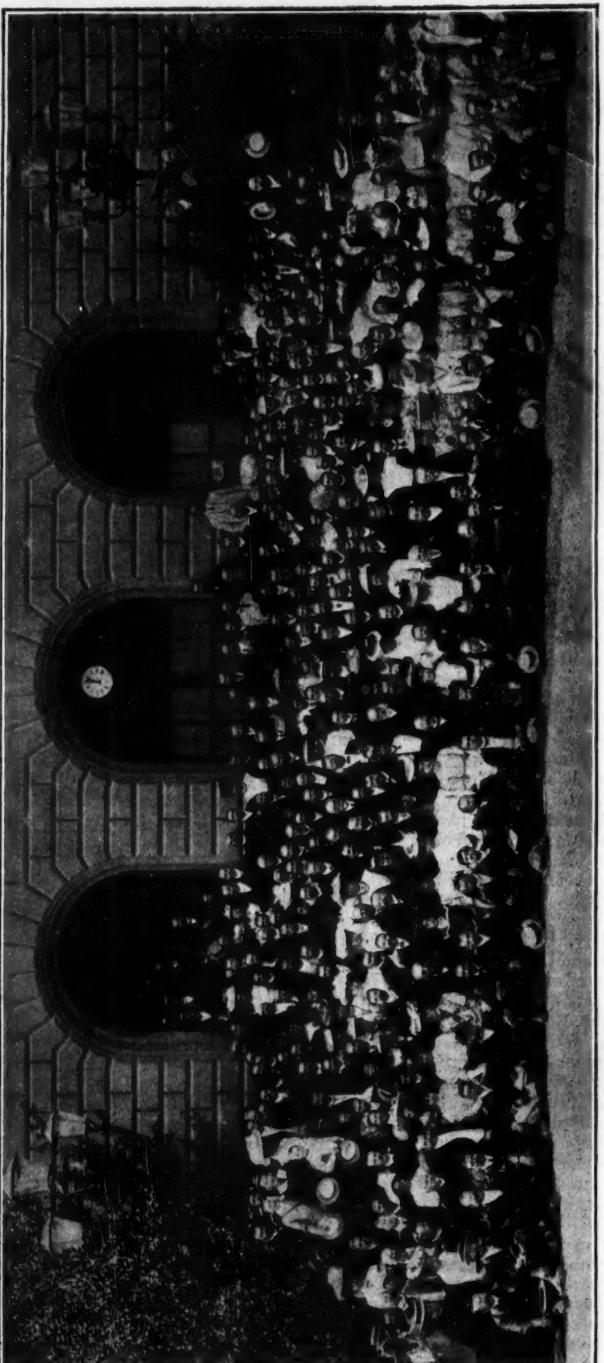
ceremony. As the meeting was exclusively for Esperantists who had a right to vote, only green tickets were admitted, but the hall was filled, galleries and all. The first ceremony was the resignation of the Committee of Organisation and the appointment of a new Congress Committee, in which, as in every future Congress, the president and vice-president must be natives of the country in which the Congress is held.

Then the declaration of the essence of Esperanto and its neutrality as declared at Boulogne was formally confirmed, Dr. Zamenhof having first declared the Congress officially open, he receiving as always a wildly enthusiastic reception.

Went in the evening to the Victoria Hall for the public meeting. Mr. Moschelles was of course on the platform with the numerous other committeemen, and had expected his wife to join him; but we were turned back as not being on the acting committee, so concluded we would be cheeky enough to seat ourselves in one of the reserved boxes. Here, while I was engaged in making notes of the proceedings, Mrs. Moschelles made some delightful sketches of the intellectual faces just opposite us on the platform. It would be difficult for those who have never been present at such a Congress to realise the attraction of the sight of those forty or fifty idealists from eighteen to twenty nations, and particularly when one remembered that these same counted amongst their numbers officers from the German, French, Swedish, and other armies, Catholics and Protestants of the most determined and opposite views, Socialists and Freethinkers with opinions of the strongest, yet Esperanto had drawn them together as if they were brothers.

Wednesday morning.—Blazingly hot even at 9.30—yet the Aula of the University was full. Long and earnest discussions upon the various reports of the language and acting committees took place. We were due at midday at the Bastions for the great *déjeuner*, at which some eight hundred guests sat down, but on the way stopped for a photo, to be taken. The group on the University steps was a notable sight. A pretty young lady in a white blouse had posed just behind a gentleman whose beautiful white hair is always noticeable, so she had to change places with a black-coated man amid much laughter. It is these happy little family occurrences which make our Esperanto gatherings as joyful as the Christmas gatherings of the olden times.

After the midday meal, with its speeches, telegrams, jokes and music (we all practised the Esperanto call, to the amazement of some reporters who were present), the time was wholly occupied with special unofficial committees, and,



The Congress at Geneva: Esperantists from twenty-four Countries at the Garden Entrance to the University.

alas, I badly wanted to be present at two which took place at the same hour—the Red Cross and Teachers Committees—yet missed both, for one was away up in the University, the other at the School of Commerce. No placard having been posted, I failed to find either.

Musicians, mathematicians, Socialists, Catholics, etc., etc., all met in special rooms, and the British section seized the one unoccupied half-hour, 6 to 6.30, to discuss two important points—the B. E. A. registration and the place of the next Congress. One enthusiast cried out that Esperanto must be used, but the "noes" were decided. Imagine eighty people with a tongue of their own trying to get in a discussion on two such subjects in half an hour in what is, after all, a foreign language.

It was settled that we must be courageous and invite the Congress to England next year, and then we hurried off to prepare for the evening at the theatre, where a charming little comedy—"A Letter of Recommendation"—was played by a Russian, a Frenchman, and a Portuguese, followed by a tragedy of "Edmond de Amicis," translated by Mme. Junc—*and in which she was the chief performer.*

Friday.—No time to write yesterday, for we had to be at the quay at 8.30 in order to go to Vevey. Did ever a ship before contain so cosmopolitan a crowd?

"Where will Esperanto be if our ship goes down?" was said by one Esperantist. "Ah!" was the reply, "our cause is secure. If we are all drowned our friends everywhere will only work the harder and keep more closely to the rules we have laid down."

"It is the day of my life," I heard someone say, "what with the beauty of the scenery, the vivid colouring, the delightful little circles for talk of all kinds, which formed and broke up, and then formed portions of other such little groups." "Have you seen M. Deshays?—Do point him out—I must ask about his song." "Who knows Dr. Mybs?—I have corresponded with him, but I don't know him by sight," and so on, and so on; and, after all, some of us missed just the person we badly wanted to meet. A touching incident was the boarding of the boat at Ouchy by two blind girls, who had come a long distance to meet Dr. Zamenhof. They spoke Esperanto charmingly, and the younger one said to the Doctor: "May I not kiss you, dear master? Never can I express what you have done for me."

To-day at the second general meeting the British invitation was announced and received with enthusiasm. I asked one gentleman what we should do, for we could not give our friends the light wines they were accustomed to? "Do!" he said, "why, we will all drink tea."

At this morning's session an official letter from



On the Boisson Glacier: The Picnic Side of the Congress.

the Pope was read saying that he would receive the "Espero Katolika." The announcement was enthusiastically applauded.

This evening, alas! we could not again have the theatre, and the rooms in which we met were far too small, whether for the concert first or the ball later. Then, too, for many of us the day was saddened by the news of Dr. Lloyd's disappearance.

Saturday, Sept. 1st.—

Early to the Aula for the language discussion. It was definitely decided that the principles of the language should remain as had been fixed by Dr. Zamenhof in the "Fundamento de Esperanto." Technical vocabularies must at present be left to private initiative, and be submitted later to the Language Committee. M. Boirac, concluding his report, replaced the power of the provisional committee in the hands of Dr. Zamenhof, who thereupon declared "that in the interests of Esperanto he entreated the Language Committee to continue its labours as a permanency." This declaration was received with the heartiest applause and entirely approved of. For several years the Central Office will remain in Paris as heretofore, and this is made possible by a magnificent gift of £3,000 (towards the rent of the building and the salaries of secretaries) by two French Esperantists who desire to remain anonymous. A Swiss blind man rose to thank the Congress in the name of the blind Esperantists to whom new joy had come through the medium of Esperanto. Amongst other things it was settled that as soon as possible the different nationalities should undertake text books of the grammar of their own nations in the Esperanto language; thus a Spanish Esperantist desiring to learn English could learn it by means of Esperanto, or if he desired to learn French or German the same means would be available for him. Esperantists desire earnestly to cultivate the mother-tongues, and never has there been an intention to make Esperanto universal, only international. At the close of the session the Marquis de Beaufront described a visit he had just paid to the veteran Professor Naville, who desired again to express his profound sympathy with the Esperanto movement, and, unable himself to take an active part in life's duties, he desired M. de Beaufront to give from him the kiss of friendship to Dr. Zamenhof, and amidst enthusiastic cries of "Vivu Zamenhof!" the official session was declared to be closed; Messrs. Michaux, Mudie, Mybs, Hanauer, General Sebert, Colonel Pollen, and Pastor Schneeberger being appointed the organising committee for the next Congress.

This evening the Victoria Hall was the scene of the

public closing, when reports were read, telegrams received, and two Swiss girls in their national costumes presented a bouquet to Dr. Zamenhof. At a quarter to ten a splendid description of the Congo was given by Commander Lemaire, illustrated by limelight views. The lecture, if printed, would prove a valuable contribution to Esperanto literature.

Sunday morning.—Just back from the Esperanto service at L'Auditoire, the old chapel in which John Knox preached when at Geneva. Pastor Schneberger took the service, the reading being the description of the Tower of Babel. The Rev. G. Rust, of Cambridge, preached a sermon from the text, "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." The hymns were beautiful, and the music for the Doxology was composed by Mr. Rowe (Nottingham). There was also at the same hour a service for Catholics, and the Socialists had a meeting.

The Congress is over, and now we must use all our efforts that the next one may be as successful. We must study to speak fluently, and not be contented with slip-

shod indefiniteness. Singing, declamation, and, above all, courtesy must be practised; also stenographers will be needed for press work. Whether the gathering be at Cambridge or elsewhere, in Great Britain it will certainly be. Germany claims to have the next, then Sweden; Belgium and Bohemia will follow probably.

The above account is but a rough sketch; for details and different points of view see the *British Esperantist* for October; *Times* of September 3rd; *Daily News* of August 27th, 29th, 30th, September 1st, 3rd, 4th; the *Tribune* of August 30th, September 1st and 3rd; *Westminster Gazette* of August 31st and September 3rd; the *Daily Mail*, and other dailies in London and locally also gave reports.

The large group of Esperantists is from a photograph by Lacroix fils, Geneva, taken at the garden entrance to the University building. The party represents twenty-four countries—America, Austria, Algeria, Bulgaria, Bohemia, Belgium, Canada, Denmark, England, France, Finland, Germany, Ireland, Italy, India, Moravia, Persia, Poland, Russia, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, Scotland, Wales.



Photograph by

Queen Natalie's Visit to England.

[J. C. Dinharn, Torquay.

The picture shows, on the left hand, Lord Clifford of Chudleigh and then Father Bernard Vaughan, who has been preaching on the sins of fashionable society. Queen Natalie is seated in front, and her hostess, Lady Clifford, is standing behind her.

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A SUPPLEMENT TO THE "REVIEW OF REVIEWS."

Issued as an integral part of the "Review of Reviews" of October, 1906.

To the Helpers, Associates, and Old Subscribers.

I HAVE to thank the many friends in all parts of the world who have sent me in their names on the form inserted in last month's REVIEW. Nothing is more gratifying to me than to find how deep and warm is the feeling which the perusal of the REVIEW has developed in the hearts of many subscribers of whose individual existence I was unaware.

This has led me to wonder whether it would be possible for me to collect the names and addresses of those who have been subscribers from the first. There is something that appeals very strongly to me in the thought that there are thousands of men and women at home and abroad who have, month after month, year after year, for sixteen years, accompanied with me in my pilgrimage along the world's highway. And yet there is something pathetic in the fact that of all these thousands, to whose unfailing support and sympathy I owe so much, only a few hundreds ever break their silence, or express in person or by letter, the sense of comradeship which so long an association must necessarily engender.

So this month I insert an Old Subscribers' form which may perhaps help us to come into more realising touch with each other. It will at least enable me to feel more closely linked in to my kind, if I can glance at a map of the world well knowing that I have the name and address of some man or woman in every place my eye falls on who reads the REVIEW, and is in more or less sympathetic touch with its Editor.

The Helpers, Associates and Old Subscribers all imperceptibly blend into each other. But new subscribers are not less welcome. Some of the most valued of my Associates and Helpers are new-comers who bring to the service all the freshness and enthusiasm of youth. The first Associate form I received last month came from Sweden, a country from which, if family tradition speaks true, my forbears came in the days of Elizabeth; the last was accompanied by the following charming letter from a Dutch lady who at the time when the REVIEW first appeared was only three years old:

In sending you the form to be filled up for the Five-fold Ideal of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, I wished also to write to you and tell you how very much interested I always am in your delight-

ful paper, and how thankful I am to you for the good you have unconsciously done me, although it may be presumptuous for a girl of nineteen to aspire to be an Associate. Still I hope to be able to do some good in my own circle, and likewise am willing to be of any help to you if ever you should want me. Although I am not an Englishwoman, I have always taken the greatest interest in your country and your people ever since childhood, and the keen enjoyment I have felt in reading the numberless good books written in the English language has made me feel indebted to your nation. Moreover, I feel you to be my friend, because you are the friend of all women. You are willing to help us on, even as you would help on every brother and sister, and do not wish us to remain in the dark any longer. To-day I read your "Plea for the Revival of Reading," which interested me greatly. If ever I can be of any use to you, I hope you will remember me, and not hesitate in applying to me. I am young, but also strong and healthy, and filled with the desire to make myself useful and to help others, and in helping myself help the world. Although I have never seen you, and probably never shall, I still consider it an honour to reckon you my friend.

Would that I had time and leisure to make a tour of the world to grasp the hand and look into the face of all those subscribers and readers of mine who have found the REVIEW OF REVIEWS a source of inspiration and of support. I cannot even answer all the letters which they send me. But they are all read with gratitude and registered with care. If but the old and new subscribers keep me in touch with them, I shall be the better able to know where our strength lies, and where there are gaps in our ranks which ought to be filled.

HELPERS' SERVICE FOR OCTOBER.

THE READING REVIVAL.

Helpers and all Associates and Subscribers who may feel disposed to co-operate in this particular service are requested to report to me before the end of the month upon the proposed Revival of Reading, which forms the subject this month of the section devoted to the Book of the Month.

I shall be glad to forward reprints of that article, summarising the sixpenny pamphlet under that title, to any Helper, Associate or reader who thinks that the reprints would help him in promoting the object we have in view.

The full service which each Helper will discharge according to his ability and opportunity is to send in

to me as soon as possible after reading the Book of the Month—

1. His or her own ideas (*a*) on the general subject; (*b*) on the prospect of doing anything in their own district.

2. A list of the names and addresses of any persons known to them who would be most likely to co-operate in such a Mission for the Revival of Reading, to whom they will send copies of the reprint, or to whom they desire me to send it.

3. To obtain the opinion, where this is possible, of some one bookseller or newsagent as to their opinion of the Library for the Million and of the Lads' and Lasses' Library.

Helpers and all readers who love reading and are anxious to extend the communion of readers can render useful service by sending me any additional information bearing upon the subject. Their advice, for instance, as to the books which should be included in the Library for the Million, or those which should form part of the Lads' and Lasses' Library, will be gratefully received. I should also be very glad to have any information as to the sale of magazines and books through the Magazine Steward or Secretary of Sunday Schools and other religious organisations.

THE CASE OF THE PIT PONIES.

I sent our Radcliffe Helper's letter on the ill-treatment of pit ponies to the M.P.'s for the mining constituencies and to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, whose secretary at once replied, saying that he had instructed their local inspector to make a report on the subject. We shall hear more of this hereafter.

A question will be asked the Home Secretary when Parliament reassembles as to what steps, if any, are being taken to remedy the cruelties which in certain collieries are alleged to be prevalent in the treatment of pit ponies. I am glad to hear from various quarters the opinion that their ponies are better off in other districts than in that from which our Helper wrote. My dear old friend and Helper from the first, Mr. Thomas Burt, M.P., wrote me as follows from the Trades Union Congress, St. George's Hall, Liverpool:—

I need hardly assure you that I read with complete sympathy the article which you forwarded on the above subject, bearing upon the more humane treatment of horses, etc., in mines. I fear I cannot enter into any details. You ask whether in my opinion the pit horses are as ill-treated as the writer describes. I have no doubt the writer has taken pains to ascertain the facts for which he makes himself responsible. I understand him to speak of Lancashire. So far as Northumberland is concerned, and that is the only county of which I can speak from personal knowledge, I have never known anything so bad as your friend describes. Individual cases of cruelty I have witnessed and heard of, but not anything that could be called general ill-treatment. My own personal knowledge belongs to more than forty years ago, and things have improved in that period.

There is one form of cruelty that I do not think exists in Northumberland, namely, the sending of horses and ponies to work when unfit from sores, etc. There are veterinary doctors

connected with the mines who examine the horses and stop them from working when unfit. There is much room for improvement everywhere, though I do not think that is confined to the underground horses. My friend, C. Fenwick, M.P., has read the foregoing and agrees with it. He wishes you to accept this as his answer as well as mine.

Mr. John Johnson, M.P., writing from the Miners' Association, Durham, says:—

I cannot enter into this matter, because I have not worked in the pit for over 16 years, and therefore I do not know the exact situation at the present time. Of course, in this as in other things, there may be harshness used to the ponies, but I do not receive any reports on this matter at my office, and can truly say that we have not had any complaints.

From the Barnsley Coal District Mr. J. Wadsworth, M.P., writes:—

Speaking generally so far as Yorkshire is concerned, I am not aware that we have any such like treatment meted out to our pit ponies as is suggested in the *Bury Times* by "Vigilant."

In fact we have pony shows in different parts of Yorkshire, and some companies are proud to show their pit ponies, and some of them are in excellent condition. We do keep having one now and again a lad summoned for striking a pony with something that he ought not to strike it with, and that is all as far as Yorkshire is concerned, and I hope that the article written in the *Bury Times* will prove to be false so far as the pit horses are concerned in Lancashire; and all that I can say is, that it is a disgrace to those that are guilty of it, and those that stand by and allow it to be done if they know it.

Mr. W. Brace, M.P., who speaks for the South Wales Miners' Federation, of which he is Vice-President, writes as follows:—

My experience is that pit horses are not generally treated in the way suggested in the article enclosed. There may be cases where horses are worked extra shifts, but even that system I do not think by any means general. Of course my knowledge is confined to South Wales. I also make a point of keeping an eye upon the horses when visiting the collieries, and as a haulier is liable to prosecution if he takes his horse in places where there is not sufficient room for him to do his work, the inspector examines the harness of the horse to see if it shows signs of having been rubbed against the roof. The Mines Act provides for the haulier to decline to work his horse in any place in the mine that does not give sufficient height and width. So far as I have seen, the horses are stabled very well and are given good food. It does not pay employers to do otherwise. Personally I could not state that pit horses are badly treated, but I am not in a position to say there are no collieries at which the horses are treated cruelly by the hauliers or employers.

Mr. Thomas Richards, M.P., the General Secretary of the same Association, says:—

Did I think your Helper's letter fairly represented the state of things in our collieries, I should be ashamed to think that the workmen who were parties to this cruelty were members of an organisation that I am an official of. That there may be some of the things he depicts going on in a few collieries I am not in a position to deny, but as a picture of what is in any way general in the South Wales collieries it is altogether overdone, and, like him, if I am informed that these cruelties are perpetrated in any colliery within the area of our Federation I should not hesitate in at least exposing them, and not hide them as "Vigilant" does by a general condemnation of the humane as well as of the brutal.

Mr. W. Johnson, M.P., writes:—

I believe as a rule pit ponies are well treated; they cost money, and if injured or rendered useless have to be replaced. Hence it is not only a humane matter, and employers are as humane as circumstances allow them to be, but economy. Those who have charge of the ponies have ere this been hauled before a Court to answer for brutal usage of pit ponies. Of late years this has much improved.

On the whole these replies are fairly satisfactory. But if there be any reader in any pit district who has any authentic facts as to the ill-treatment of pit ponies to bring before me, I shall be very glad to hear from him. It is obvious what an influence for humanity the readers of the REVIEW could exercise if they were to act together for the collection of information when any question like this comes up.

THE DOCKING OF HORSE-TAILS.

One of our Old Subscribers and Associates, Miss Colgate, points out that cruelty to animals is by no means confined to the pitmen and their ponies. Fashionable society in England is quite as bad:—

My sister and I were deeply concerned to read the letter on "Pit Ponies." We remember some thirty years since hearing Elihu Burritt describe them exactly as your correspondent does, and he added (referring to the drivers): "It stirred up all the pugilistic spirit within me." So it has been going on all these years! Your reference to that subject emboldens us to say a word on the cruelty practised by the universal custom of docking, and worse still, nicking the tails of horses, thus maiming them for life. See the little paper enclosed, written by Miss Julia Andrews, and at our request published by the Humane League [extract appended to this letter], but nobody will take up the subject in earnest. The R.S.P.C.A. used to prosecute cases, but has ceased to do so, I believe. Magistrates no doubt often docked horses, and although the practice is illegal, according to a law that has never been repealed, fail to convict.

Perhaps I ought to mention that some time since we sent a petition to Sir Edward Bradford (then Chief Commissioner of Police) with about 500 signatures, asking that the existing law might be enforced against docking. A very evasive answer was returned, saying, "The police had orders to take up any cases of cruelty when they saw it."

Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., said:—"The brutal fashion of docking horses is a disgrace to our civilisation and cannot be too strongly protested against. I do not see how the Legislature and the Church can be so indifferent to it. Cropping dogs' ears was, I believe, put down; docking is far worse: indeed it is, I think, more degrading than bull-fighting."

Probably most people do not realise that scarcely one horse in fifty of those ridden or driven in the present day has an unmitigated tail. In most cases several inches have been cut off the living flesh and bone by the process called "docking," and in many cases the tail has been made to stand out from the body almost in a horizontal position, which is quite unnatural, by the process called "nicking."

The operation of docking consists in taking off several joints of the tail and searing the bleeding stump with a hot iron.

The process of nicking is as follows:—After several vertebrae have been cut off in the docking, the depressing muscles of the remaining vertebrae are cut partially through on the under side, which prevents the tail from being drawn downwards. Lest the wounds should be healed in the ordinary manner and so give the animal a chance of lowering his tail, this is turned up the wrong way and passed over a pulley fixed to the ceiling and weighted at the other end to keep the tail in position. The horse has to stand in this position for three weeks in order that the wounds should heal.

Revolting as these details are, perhaps the greatest cruelty lies in the after consequences.

In America several humane societies offer a reward to anyone giving information which leads to the conviction of those who dock horses. It is much to be wished this could be done in England. Again, if docked horses were pronounced ineligible to compete for prizes at horse shows, a powerful blow would be given to the pernicious custom.

VILLAGE LIFE IN WINTER.

Mr. Walter Dimbleby writes from 28, Bulmershe Road, Reading, on a subject of much importance. He says:—

I am interested in a village community where, through the liberality of the squire, an excellent village club-house has been provided. The village is in an isolated district, and I think that during the long winter evenings the club might be used as an interesting educational centre by the giving of weekly lectures illustrated by limelight views. The lectures should be short and simple, dealing with such subjects as fresh air and ventilation, pure water and cleanliness, simple and nutritious feeding, exercise and the general laws of health, elementary science, travels, etc., etc.

My suggestion is that a central body should be formed, say in London, and that as an experiment a dozen simple lectures should be drawn up and printed, and really good and plentiful slides prepared to illustrate them.

The lectures and slides could then be let out at a small fee to village clubs, etc. No doubt the squire, parson, or schoolmaster could, after a few hours' study, deliver the lecture in such a way as to impart much useful knowledge.

A good lantern and screen would require to be provided, but no doubt these could be subscribed for locally, and form part of the permanent equipment of the club. In the case of the village in which I am interested, I would gladly provide the lantern myself.

If some such simple lectures and slides as I have suggested are already in existence, I shall be very grateful if you can inform me where they can be obtained.

I should, however, like to see the movement taken up on a large scale, as I feel sure it would tend to enliven the dull routine of rural life and at the same time prove a valuable educational factor.

A REPORT FROM BERMONDSEY.

Mr. Seymour Marks writes from Farnborough:—

Your article in the REVIEW OF REVIEWS impels me to write to you and let you know what I am doing to help. My district is Bermondsey, at the Unitarian Church. As an experiment I recently had a short series of meetings, and the result is that we start in October a League of Comrades. For an hour and a half once a week we sing old English songs, read the best we can get hold of, talk about the greatest men and the things most worth knowing about. By this means I hope to rouse enthusiasm among the young fellows and girls for the best things of life. In addition I hope to have one or two dramatic performances, and am writing the Dramatic Revival Society asking for help. Then we are starting gymnasium classes; the nearest place for this is, I believe, twenty minutes' walk away. Another thing I am insisting on is that every League member should have a hobby, for by this means only can they learn to interest themselves thoroughly in something.

This, you will say, is very little to be doing, but I am starting only at present. There are numberless other things I hope to be doing when we get into swing.

If for nothing else, I thank you for your enthusiasm. I am just now starting on useful work in the world, after meditating over it for long enough; and when I read your monthly message I am helped on the right lines.

THE October number of the *Pall Mall Magazine* is an admirable combination of interesting articles dealing with the most varied topics. Six articles have claimed separate notice. A beautifully-illustrated sketch of Crewe House is given by Miss Emmie Avery Keddell.

A Cartoon History of Modern England.

THE STORY OF OUR OWN TIMES

Told by the Great Cartoonists.

TOWARDS the end of the present month will be published a Pictorial History of Modern England, compiled on entirely novel lines. Nothing like it has ever been projected before. It is a history that will amuse as well as instruct. It throbs with life and fun, but at the same time it will be the most accurate expression of English public opinion on events at home and abroad for the past sixty years. Some of the cleverest and wittiest brains and some of the most skilful hands have contributed to its pages. Those who have been privileged to examine the volumes as they were passing through the press have pronounced them to be a record more intimate than any history, and at the same time less formal and conventional than any diary. It will undoubtedly make modern history popular by making it a subject of absorbing interest.

A VIVID RECORD OF EVENTS.

There have been many attempts to write the history of modern England. The best known is Mr. Justin McCarthy's "History of Our Own Times," the latest Mr. Herbert Paul's. But never before has an attempt been made to provide the public with a pictorial history on the scale of that about to be issued. A picture appeals to the eye and the mind far more readily than a page of letterpress. Of all the pictorial devices conceived by the wit of man for recording his ideas none has ever equalled the cartoon for the vividness and clearness of the impression produced. The REVIEW has from its first number recognised this, and made a collection of the best cartoons of the month one of its prominent features. It is not necessary, therefore, to waste words in proving to readers of the REVIEW how effective a cartoon may be in interpreting the inner meaning of contemporary events. Neither the written nor the spoken word can rival it. A whole campaign, a long political struggle, a predominant personality may be summed up in a single cartoon, when the cartoonist is a man of genius. A glance at the cartoon will give you the key to the question in a moment. You will learn more from that momentary glance than if you had laboriously toiled through a whole library full of books. A pictorial history, therefore, compiled from the most famous cartoons of the nineteenth century must necessarily be the most vivid record of events that can be imagined. This is precisely what this new pictorial history of modern England will be. It will consist of nearly 2,000 cartoons, chronologically arranged, with explanatory letterpress, so as to tell the story of each year of the Victorian era, between 1841 and 1901—the most eventful period in the history of our nation.



"GENERAL FEVRIER" TURNED TRAITOR.

The Epitome of the Crimean War.
A cartoon that thrilled the whole country. At a glance you see the tragic story of the Crimean campaign. The impression left on the mind is far more vivid than if you had read all the volumes of Kinglake's monumental history.

THE "PUNCH" STOREHOUSE.

But there are cartoons and cartoons. Such a record as we have outlined could only be compiled on a worthy scale with the co-operation of *Punch*. It is the one journal in the world which by the length of its existence, the high standing it occupies in our national life, and its ability in interpreting the thoughts of the great majority of Englishmen, can supply the material from which a history of our own times could be adequately constructed. It is not too much to say that the history of English pictorial satire during the greater part of the nineteenth century has been the history of *Punch*. *Punch* has had the services of at least four cartoonists of genius—Leech, Doyle, Tenniel and Sambourne. We have secured this co-operation to the fullest extent, having made arrangements with the proprietors of *Punch*, by which they have themselves selected nearly 2,000 of the most famous of the *Punch* cartoons for inclusion in the history.

A BRILLIANT REFLECTION OF PUBLIC OPINION.

The character enjoyed by the *Punch* cartoons is claimed by those of no other journal. For over half a century they have been universally acknowledged as the mirror in which the popular feeling of the day has found its most brilliant reflection. They have been drawn by gentlemen, and have always appealed to men of education. *Punch*'s artists have sought to look upon passing events with the eyes not only of politicians, but of statesmen. They have commented on every problem with a sense of responsibility. Oftentimes they have been the spokesmen of the whole nation, speaking eloquently through their art alike of the nation's aspirations and the nation's sorrow. Their finger has ever been on the national pulse, not merely because they are

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shrewd onlookers, but because they themselves form part and parcel of the intellect of the country.

A HISTORY THROBBING WITH LIFE AND FUN.

These are the men who have contributed to make this cartoon history of England the most brilliant ever published. We have no hesitation in saying that once you have turned its pages all the salient episodes in the story of our own times will be indelibly impressed upon your mind. This cannot be said of any other history you can purchase. It is not only brilliant and vivid, it represents more truthfully than any other the best feeling of the English nation, its soundest common sense and its most deliberate judgment. And above and beyond all this, it is contemporary history cast into an amusing form that will afford continual entertainment to all who possess it.

ENDORSED BY FAMOUS MEN.

Many of the cartoons included in this Pictorial History are world-famous, and some have influenced the course of politics. A Prime Minister—Lord John Russell—asserted that a cartoon in *Punch* did more to overturn his Ministry than the efforts of all his opponents. Lord Goschen once said that the highest ambition which a statesman can reach is to have a cartoon in *Punch* all to himself, and a well-known Cabinet Minister declared he would rather have *Punch* at his back in any political or social undertaking than half the politicians of the House of Commons. Emperors, kings and statesmen have paid careful heed to *Punch's* cartoons, and famous men like the Prince Consort, Lord Beaconsfield, Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Spurgeon have carefully preserved them. The Prince Consort justified himself by declaring that, in his opinion, the cartoon was the best indication of the true position of a public man. This new publication will enable you to follow these distinguished examples.

SOME WORLD-FAMOUS CARTOONS.

It is only possible to mention a few among the many famous groups of cartoons included in this remarkable collection. But out of the mass there spring to the mind a number that visualise themselves before the mental eye.

They are farcical, tragic, playful, satiric, classic in elegance, severity and grace, impressive and impassioned, pungent, spirited and trenchant in turns, and in turn each mood seems to be the best. In his early days Mr. *Punch* was a doughty champion of the poor and the oppressed, and a series of notable cartoons bears witness to his reforming zeal. The struggle for Free Trade in the forties is recorded in a group of striking sketches. The political career of Louis Napoleon is traced in some of which "L'Empire c'est la Paix" (1859), representing



DROPPING THE PILOT.

The Fall of Bismarck.

A simple picture and a simple title, yet nothing that has ever been written conveys so striking and accurate an impression of the real significance of Prince Bismarck's dismissal by the Kaiser.

trated by cartoons that will live in the memory. The Home Rule controversy is described in another group of masterpieces, of which "The Forlorn Hope" (1893) may be specially mentioned. The Kaiser and Bismarck are two of the most famous portraits in this pictorial

history. The cartoon "Dropping the Pilot" (1890) earned the commendation of the Iron Chancellor. The South African War and all the prominent events of recent years are represented by cartoons which bring the record right down to the present day. There is not a question, an event, or a personality that has attracted popular attention during the past sixty years that is not fully dealt with.

A SPECIAL WORD TO
"REVIEW" READERS.

Every reader of the REVIEW should possess this cartoon history. Together with the REVIEW OF REVIEWS it will form a complete record of recent years. The demand for it we anticipate will be unprecedented. To make certain of obtaining a set orders should be sent in without delay, otherwise we cannot guarantee a prompt delivery. This point needs to be emphasised in view of the fact that by arrangement with the REVIEW OF REVIEWS we have agreed to allow all readers of the REVIEW who order the history before the date of publication—October 29th—a special discount of 15 per cent. off the published price. By taking advantage of this arrangement you need only pay 34s. instead of 40s. for the cloth bound edition (green cloth sides, red cloth backs and gilt tops), and 46s. 6d. instead of 55s. for the red half-morocco binding (gilt tops and sides). You will save 6s. and 8s. 6d. respectively. This discount will only be allowed when the order is written on the special form printed beneath, and provided it reaches us before October 29th, or in case of readers abroad is posted before that date. This is a special concession made to readers of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, and it will cease on the date of publication. Should any



Sink or Swim.

Look at this cartoon and you have before you the whole problem of Ireland in a nutshell, as it appeared on Mr. Gladstone's adoption of Home Rule. It is crystallised into a single picture.

selected to do full justice to the printing of the blocks. The cartoon-illustrations number nearly 2,000, covering the years 1841-1901—the entire Victorian era. The price on publication will be 40s. net for the cloth edition, and 55s. net for the half-leather edition. These prices will include free delivery in the United Kingdom. For delivery abroad an extra charge for carriage will be made averaging 6s. per set, except for very distant places. But these prices, as explained above, are subject to a discount of 15 per cent. if you are a reader of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, and send in your order before October 29th. To obtain these reduced terms fill in the following

SPECIAL ORDER FORM.

TO THE MANAGER, THE MASTERPIECE PRESS,
TEMPLE HOUSE, TEMPLE AVENUE, LONDON, E.C.

Please send me, in accordance with your special discount offer to readers of the "REVIEW OF REVIEWS," carriage paid, on publication, the four volumes of CARTOONS FROM PUNCH, cloth edition half leather edition for which I enclose 34s. or 46s. 6d.

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N.B.—To obtain advantage of the discount of 15 per cent., your order must be written on one of these forms. This offer will cease on the publication of the set on October 29.

reader desire fuller information before ordering a set, application should at once be made for an illustrated prospectus which also contains full particulars as to how the set may be obtained on the instalment plan.

THE HISTORY AND ITS
CONTENTS.

"Cartoons from Punch: A Pictorial History of England, 1841-1901" is printed in four handsome volumes, bound in green cloth or red half-morocco, each volume measuring 12 inches high, 9½ inches broad, and 1 inch thick. There are 450 or more pages in each volume, one cartoon on each page, with a double-paged cartoon frontispiece, all reproduced without reduction, and a sufficient amount of explanatory letterpress to make the cartoons entirely intelligible to any reader. An introduction has been contributed by Mr. M. H. Spielmann, the well-known historian of *Punch*. The utmost pains have been taken to secure a faithful reproduction of the originals, the paper having been specially

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DIARY AND OBITUARY FOR SEPTEMBER.

PRINCIPAL EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

Sept. 1.—The Emperor of China issues a Decree promising to grant a Constitution as soon as the necessary administrative and financial reforms required have been carried through ... General Trepooff is seriously ill ... The Archbishop of Canterbury announces that a Session of Convocation will take place in November ... Welsh miners in great numbers strike work owing to the refusal of non-union men to join the federation.

Sept. 3.—A meeting of the Welsh Revolt Committee takes place at Shrewsbury to consider the effect of the West Riding judgment ... An explosion occurs on the Russian armoured cruiser *Rurik* in the yard of Messrs. Vickers and Son at Barrow, by which four men are killed and eight injured ... The 39th Trade Union Congress opens at Liverpool ... Mr. Long addresses a letter to the *Times*, in which he states his reasons for retaining Sir Antony MacDonnell as his Under-Secretary ... President Roosevelt reviews forty-four warships of the American Navy off Long Island.

Sept. 4.—The second assembly of the French episcopate meets in Paris; it is attended by eighty-one prelates out of eighty-four ... Disastrous floods occur in Behar, India; the indigo and food crops are all destroyed ... The new battleship *Lord Nelson* is successfully launched at Jarrow-on-Tyne ... The Guardians of the City of London Union adopt by sixteen votes to eight the report of their Finance Committee recommending the unification of the 114 parishes within the union.

Sept. 5.—Lady Campbell-Bannerman is buried at Meigle in Perthshire ... The Trade Union Congress discusses the Trade Disputes Bill; it decides that Mr. Cummings and Mr. Steadman, M.P., shall proceed to Russia as part of the deputation to the late Duma with a memorial from 300 members of Parliament and others ... The majority of the Cretan Assembly send a message to the Powers; they ask assent to Prince George's continuance in Crete ... In New South Wales the annual financial statement is made to the Legislative Assembly at Sydney; there is an actual surplus of £896,124 ... The Women Workers' League entertains 200 Congress delegates at a banquet in Liverpool; Mr. Shackleton, M.P., presides.

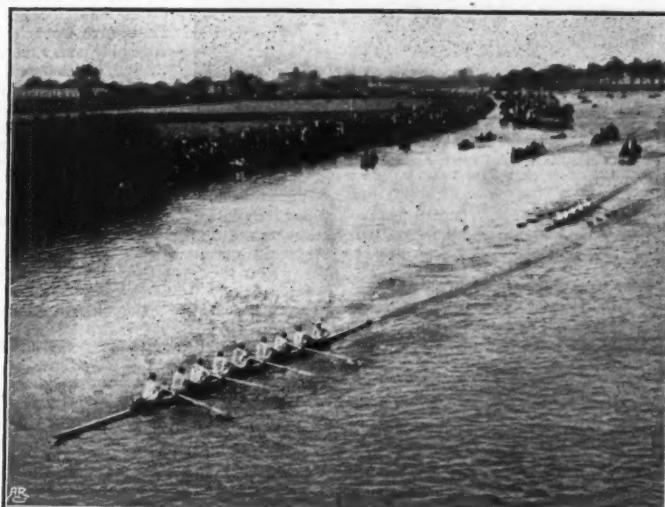
Sept. 6.—The 60th report of the Lunacy Commissioners is published as a Blue-book ... The Women's Trade Union League hold a demonstration in Liverpool ... The Canadian Government surveyors report the discovery of gold-bearing rocks of great value in British Columbia ... An official *communiqué* is issued by the Russian Government outlining its policy in dealing with the present crisis ... The Trade Union Congress at Liverpool passes a resolution in favour of a minimum wage, and another against militarism.

Sept. 7.—The French Episcopal assembly in Paris terminates its labours ... The Royal Commission on the Congested Districts of Ireland holds its first public sitting in Dublin ... An important memorandum submitted to the Foreign Office by the president of the China Association on the status of the Imperial Chinese Maritime Customs is published ... The steamer *Indrapelli* leaves Durban with 407 Chinese coolies returning to China, 300 of whom are being repatriated under the notice issued by the Imperial Government.

Sept. 8.—The King returns to London from Marienbad ... The Trade Union Congress concludes; it instructs its Parliamentary Committee to formulate a Bill, to be laid before Parliament, embodying the proposals of the Congress in regard to education ... The Association of Assistant Masters, at a general meeting, adopt a resolution calling on the Government to ensure a registry of secondary teachers in their Education Bill, and the publication of a detailed report of work ... In the boat-race between Cambridge and

Harvard University crews Cambridge wins by two lengths ... Father Francis X. Wernz, a German Jesuit, is elected general of that Order.

Sept. 10.—The King receives Baron Komura, who presents his credentials as Ambassador from Japan ... The British Government accepts an invitation from the Swiss Government to participate in an International Conference to be held at Bern on September 17th, on home industrial questions ... A quantity of rock falls in a Cornish tin mine and kills three men ... A delegation of British factory hands from Leicester and Nottingham are received at the Hôtel de Ville, Paris, by



Illustrations Bureau.]

The Old World Beats the New.

This photograph of the Cambridge v. Harvard race from Putney to Mortlake shows the Cambridge crew easily beating the Americans. They are here drawing near the winning post.

M. Ballau on behalf of the Municipal Council.

Sept. 11.—Professor Milyukoff is entertained at dinner in London by the friends of Russian Freedom ... The Association of Chamber of Commerce of the United Kingdom meets at Bristol ... A conference of the miners of Great Britain is held at York to consider the effect of the pending repeal of the tax on exported coal ... Mr. Bent, the Treasurer and Premier of Victoria, makes his Budget statement; he shows a surplus of £675,528 ... In Russia there is a massacre of Jews and others at Siedlce ... A mass meeting of British Indians is held at Johannesburg on the injustice of the Asiatic Ordinance.

Sept. 12.—Mr. Haldane issues a memorandum in connection with a special Army Order ... The Legislative Council of the Transvaal passes the Asiatic Law Amendment Ordinance regarding the registration of Asiatics, and the Pension Ordinance ... At a meeting of the French Cabinet it is determined to enforce the Separation Law in its integrity ... The King of Denmark pays a visit to the King of Sweden ... The situation in Cuba is serious; President Palma is unable to quell the rebellion ... Shocks of earthquake are still felt at Valparaiso.



The Railway Disaster at Grantham.

The photograph shows the way in which the Scotch Express was wrecked when it ran through Grantham Station, turned into a side track, and went crashing over the embankment.

Sept. 13.—A special Army Order is issued in regard to two battalions of the Foot Guards and eight battalions of the infantry of the Line ... Mr. S. T. Evans, K.C., is appointed Recorder of Swansea, which creates a vacancy in the Parliamentary representation of Mid-Glamorganshire ... The Sanitary Inspectors' Association opens its annual Congress at Blackpool. Sir James Crichton-Brown delivers his presidential address ... The Japanese troops withdraw from Mukden Province; and three towns are opened to international trade—i.e., Tieg-ling, Tung-chiang-tzu, and Fa-ku-men ... The Commonwealth Parliament approves the preferential tariff treaty between New Zealand and Australia ... Mr. William R. Hearst is named as candidate of the Independent League for Governor of New York at the November election ... The rebellion in Cuba assumes larger proportions every day ... The Duchess of Connaught's motor-car causes the death of a little boy in a village near Hounslow.

Sept. 14.—Mr. J. S. Will, K.C., is appointed Judge of the County Courts in place of the late Judge Bowen-Rowlands ... An important communication is sent from the French Ministry to the King of Greece on the affairs of Crete as to the procedure adopted by France, England, Italy and Russia ... United States bluejackets land at Havana from the cruiser *Denver* ... The fourteen highest officials in China meet daily in conference to deliberate on the scheme prepared by the Imperial Commissioner who recently returned from the study of the administration of other countries.

Sept. 15.—Heavy fighting is reported from Havana, in Cuba ... Eleven fishing boats belonging to Newfoundland are driven ashore in a gale; the vessels and their cargoes are a total loss; 140 men, women and children get ashore safely; they take refuge in the lighthouse at Belle Isle ... Dr. Jameson, the Cape Premier, arrives in London on a mission to the Colonial Office ... General Dediulin, commander of the *Gendarmerie*, is appointed Commander of the Palace, by order of the Tsar ... President Roosevelt sends a vigorous communication to Señor Quesada, Cuban Minister at Washington, on the civil war in Cuba ... In Russia the Constitutional Democrats are refused the status of a legal association by the Tsar ... Eighteen persons are executed by order of the Field Court-martials, ten belonging to the Baltic provinces.

Sept. 17.—Mr. James Finlay is appointed member of

the Council of India ... Sir F. Lugard resigns the post of High Commissioner for Northern Nigeria ... Mr. Root, the American Secretary of State, leaves Chili for Panama ... Hostilities are suspended in Cuba; President Palma endeavours to make peace before the arrival of Mr. Taft and Mr. Bacon from the United States Government ... The Canadian manufacturers open their convention at Winnipeg ... A conference of Freemasons opens in Paris ... A number of French Catholics assemble in Paris to draw up an appeal to unite for a league for the purpose of constituting *Associations Cultuelles* in accordance with the law ... An International Industrial Conference is opened at Bern.

Sept. 18.—A Royal Commission on Vivisection is appointed, with Lord Selby as chairman ... In response to an appeal from the Premier of South Australia to support the Government's Bill, which reduces the franchise qualification for the Legislative Council to £15, the House of Assembly passes the Bill without a division ... Judge Beaumont, at Pietermaritzburg, acquits Royston's Horse of the allegations of cruelty, but commends the Bishop of Zululand for his action in causing the investigation ... A great railway disaster occurs in America; a train is precipitated into the Cimarron river; many passengers are drowned ... A terrific typhoon at Hong Kong causes much damage and a great loss of life; fifteen steamers are driven ashore and British, French, German and American naval vessels; all the Chinese small craft are destroyed; the loss of life amounts to several thousands of the Chinese.

Sept. 19.—Lord Carrington, in London, receives a deputation from the Lincolnshire Farmers' Union on the Land Tenure Bill ... The Lord Mayor opens the new City Weights and Measures offices in Lower Whitecross Street ... Mr. Taft and Mr. Bacon arrive at Havana and have interviews with President Palma and the leaders of the insurrection ... General Treppoff's funeral takes place in St. Petersburg ... Colonel Nicolaeff is shot dead at Warsaw ... An express train from King's Cross to Scotland leaves the rails at Grantham and falls down the embankment; the train catches fire; twelve passengers are killed, sixteen seriously injured ... Mr. Macpherson, member for Vancouver, arrives at Ottawa to protest against the immigration of Sikhs and Pathans into British Columbia.

Sept. 20.—Two liners are launched—the *Mauritania*, of the Cunard Line, at Wallsend, the largest ship ever built on the Tyne; and the *Adriatic*, for the White Star Line, at Belfast ... The Court of Common Council accepts the invitation of the Municipal Council of Paris to visit Paris during October ... A conference is held at Johannesburg consisting of members of the Responsible Party, the Pretoria Political Association, and various other Progressive sections, with the object of forming a Transvaal National Association.

Sept. 21.—The Irish Unionists demand the production of the MacDonnell correspondence with the late Government ... An edict is issued by the Emperor of China demanding that a means may be found to eradicate the opium habit in China within ten years; the Council of State is instructed to draft the necessary regulations ... The British Ambassador at St. Petersburg formally informs the Russian Government that the whole case of the sinking of the British steamer *Knight Commander* shall be referred to the Hague Court of Arbitration ... Six United States warships are now in Havana harbour.

Sept. 22.—At the Convention of the Canadian Trade and Labour Congress at Victoria it is decided to found a Canadian Labour Party, independent of existing political parties; a programme is agreed upon ... There is a serious anti-Negro riot in Georgia, U.S.A.; many negroes are killed; the city is

put under military rule ... The Prefect of St. Petersburg refuses the Constitutional Democrats permission to hold a private meeting in St. Petersburg ... Sir John Jordan presents his credentials and has an audience of the Emperor of China at Peking ... The representatives of the four Powers concerned in the Cretan question notify the Greek Premier their acceptance of King George's proposal to nominate M. Zaimis as High Commissioner of Crete.

Sept. 23.—The German Social Democratic Congress opens at Mannheim.

Sept. 24.—The Queen returns from Denmark and proceeds by train to Scotland ... The Roman Catholic Conference opens at Brighton. Archbishop Bourne discusses the conflict in France between the Church and State ... On the refusal of the Clyde Shipbuilding and Engineering Employers Federation to submit the men's claims for advanced wages to arbitration, the men decide on a strike.

Sept. 25.—The celebration commences of the quatercentenary of the foundation of Aberdeen University by Bishop Elphinstone, 1506 ... It is announced that Mr. Chamberlain by the advice of his medical adviser declines all public work for the present ... The inquest on the bodies of the victims of the Grantham railway accident concludes; the jury finds that the victims were accidentally killed ... A pastoral letter is issued by the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster on the Education Bill ... The Australian Parliament passes a resolution by 17 votes to 16 to the effect that preference should only be given to British goods brought to Australia in British ships manned by white labour ... A boat carrying 200 Hindus, mostly women and children, is swamped and sunk by a flood in the Indus; all on board perish.

Sept. 25.—The King confers the vacant Order of the Garter on Earl Carrington and the Thistle upon the Earl of Aberdeen ... President Palma calls an extraordinary session of Congress in Cuba ... Prince George arrives at Athens from Crete ... At the first ballot at the Saratoga Convention Mr. Charles Hughes is unanimously chosen Republican candidate for the Governorship of New York State ... The Legislative Assembly of Western Australia carries by 19 votes to 13 the resolution moved by Mr. Morgan affirming that the union of the State with the rest of the Commonwealth is detrimental to them, and that the time has arrived for submitting to the people the question of withdrawing from the union ... A Bill is passed by both Houses of Representatives providing for free education in all primary schools in New South Wales.

Sept. 27.—The King opens the new buildings of Marischal College, Aberdeen ... Lord Bute decides to sell his interest in the Cardiff Railway and Docks; he offers the first option of purchase to the Corporation of Cardiff ... Mr. William Hearst is nominated as Democratic candidate for the Governorship of New York ... Mr. H. Davies, I.S.O., is appointed Controller of the Savings Bank ... A terrific cyclone passes over Algeria and does great damage ... Mr. Deakin, the Australian Premier, announces his Government's decision to acquire a coastal navy.

Sept. 28.—The resignations of President Palma and the Members of the Cabinet are read before the Cuban House of Assembly ... The Pope publishes a statement in which he declares that the Separation Law in France is contrary to Catholic doctrine, and Catholics are forbidden to obey it ... Lord Milner is presented in London with an address from some of the inhabitants of Cape Colony ... The Board of Trade's Report on the railway accident at Salisbury is that it was caused by excess of speed.

Sept. 29.—In the hurricane in the Gulf of Mexico, 100 lives

are lost and enormous damage done ... The strike of Clydeside shipyard boiler-makers begins ... Alderman Sir W. Treloar is elected Lord Mayor of London for the ensuing year ... The United States Government intervenes in Cuba.

SPEECHES.

Sept. 3.—Mr. Keir Hardie, at Blackburn, supports a resolution in favour of expressing sympathy with the Russian people in their struggle for liberty.

Sept. 6.—Mr. Keir Hardie, in Liverpool, replies to Lord Lindley's letter on Trade Unionism.

Sept. 8.—Mr. Wyndham, at Birmingham, discusses Sir Antony MacDonnell's position in Ireland ... Lord Londonderry, at Stockton-on-Tees, on the Liberal and Labour parties.

Sept. 11.—Professor Milyukoff, in London, on the Russian revolution ... Mr. Walton, Treasurer of Cape Colony, on Lord Selborne's policy with regard to the railway war.

Sept. 12.—Mr. Walter Long, at Londonderry, on Sir A. MacDonnell and the publication of letters on the affair.

Sept. 14.—Mr. Haldane, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, on the Volunteer forces and organisation.

Sept. 15.—Mr. Haldane, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, on the goal the large expenditure on armaments would do if spent on the education of the people and productive enterprise ... Lord Grey, at Ottawa, on the charm of his tour through Canada to Vancouver Island.

Sept. 18.—Mr. Wyndham, at Hawarden, on the uses of education.

Sept. 20.—Mr. De Jongh, at Johannesburg, on labour for the mines; he severely criticises Mr. J. B. Robinson.

Sept. 22.—Mr. Redmond, at Limerick, on Home Rule and Irish unity.

Sept. 23.—Mr. Bell, in London, in support of shorter hours for railway-men.

Sept. 25.—Lord Rosebery, at Ayr, on the preservation of the "auld brig."

Sept. 25.—Herr Bebel, at Mannheim, on the general strike.

OBITUARY.

Sept. 2.—Signor Giacosa ... Prebendary G. J. Gowring, 84.

Sept. 3.—Sir S. Davenport, K.C.M.G., LL.D. (Adelaide), 88.

Sept. 4.—Judge Bowen Rowlands, 67.

Sept. 7.—Canon H. Haigh, 69 ... General Baron von Appel, 79 ... Nichan Effendi (Constantinople).

Sept. 8.—Mrs. Cunningham Graham, 45.

Sept. 9.—Dr. Bell, M.D. (Bradford), 74.

Sept. 11.—Professor Franconi (Pavia).

Sept. 12.—Ibrahim Pasha (Constantinople) ... Rev. Sir Borradale Savory, Bart., 50.

Sept. 13.—Prince Albrecht of Prussia (Regent of the Duchy of Brunswick), 69.

Sept. 15.—General Treppoff, 51 ... Mr. John McDonald, 62.

Sept. 17.—Rear-Admiral Sir E. Chichester, 57.

Sept. 18.—Archdeacon Lightfoot, D.D., 70 ... M. Alexandre Beljame, 64 ... Right Rev. J. C. Hoare, D.D., Bishop of Victoria, Hong-Kong, 55.

Sept. 19.—The Dowager Marchioness of Londonderry, 80 ... Mrs. W. Grey, 90.

Sept. 20.—General Durham Massy, C.B., 68 ... Canon John J. Raven, D.D., 73.

Sept. 22.—Dr. Henry Tweedy (Dublin), 96.

Sept. 24.—Rev. Peter Gailway, 85 ... Mr. O'Day, 62 ... Mrs. J. Riddeil (novelist).

Sept. 25.—Hon. C. J. George (Lagos), 65.



LIST OF THE LEADING CONTENTS OF CURRENT PERIODICALS.

N.B.—The Editor of the *REVIEW OF REVIEWS* regrets that owing to the exigencies of space the Contents of Periodicals received after date can no longer be inserted in these columns. The following Table includes only the leading articles of the Periodicals published in England for the current month received before going to press and those of the Foreign Periodicals for the past month.

BRITISH AND AMERICAN.

Annals of Psychological Science.—110, ST. MARTIN'S LANE. 1s. Sept. 15.
Mrs. Piper and the Subliminal Consciousness. Ernest Bozzano.
A Séance for Materialisation with the Medium Miller in Paris. C. de Vesme.

Antiquary.—STOCK. 6d. Oct.
Folk Traditions of the Ash-Tree. J. H. MacMichael.
Antiquities of Canna. Illus. H. G. Collingwood.
Downpatrick. J. W. Fenwick.

Architectural Record.—14, VESSEY STREET, NEW YORK. 25 cts. Sept.
Th. Work of Messrs. McKim, Mead, and White. Illus. H. W. Desmond and H. Croly.

Arena.—GAY AND BIRD. 25 cts. Sept.
Shall Lynch be surprised? Winthrop D. Sheldon.
W. Gordon Nye. Illus. B. O. Flower.
Ayacucho; the Spanish Waterloo of South America. Prof. F. M. Noa.
The Cause and Cure of Marine Decay in America. W. W. Bates.
The National Library of the United States. F. Vrooman.
The Transformation of the Alien into the American Citizen.

Art Journal.—VIRTUE. 1s. 6d. Oct.
Forgeries of Works of Art. Illus. A. Maskell.
Liverpool School of Art. Illus.
Copley Fielding. Illus.
Art Sales of the Season.
Geo. S. Elgood. Illus. C. Collins Baker.
Supplements:—"A Sea Piece" after Copley Fielding; and "Barnelith" after G. S. Elgood.

Atlantic Monthly.—CONSTABLE. 1s. Sept.
A Manufacturer's Point of View. Jonathan T. Lincoln.
The Autobiography of a Southerner. Contd. Nicholas Worth.
W. V. Moody. E. A. Robinson and R. Torrence. May Sinclair.
The Soul of Paris. Verner Z. Reed.
The Missionary Enterprise in China. C. H. J. Colborne.
The Novels of Thomas Hardy. Mary Moss.
Confessions of an Obscure Teacher.
City Water and City Waste. H. Godfrey.
The Power of Bible Poetry. J. H. Gardner.
Brag. Wilbur Laramore.

Badminton Magazine.—8, HENRIETTA STREET. 1s. Oct.
The Earl of Lonsdale. Illus. A. E. T. Watson.
Partridge-Driving at "The Grange." Gamekeeper.
A Race and Son: Châteaux. Illus. H. B. Money-Coutts.
Newmarket Heath and Stands. Illus. J. Flatin.
Trout-Fishing in New Zealand. Illus. J. Turner-Turner.
The Past Cricket Season. Home Gordon.
Tiger-Shooting in China. Illus. J. C. Grew.

Blackwood's Magazine.—BLACKWOOD. 2s. 6d. Oct.
The Speed of the Capital Ship.
The Blue-Stockings. J. H. Lubban.
My Green Frogs.
Constantinople: a Reminiscence.
Concerning a General Staff. Major G. F. MacMunn.
Music without Method; Charles James Fox.
The Radicals and the Ludds. Sir Herbert Maxwell.
The Government Bill and the West Riding Judgment.

Book Monthly.—SIMPSON, MARSHALL. 6d. Sept. 15.
Madame Alibane on the Child in Fiction: Interview. J. Milne.
"Uncle Tom's Cabin" in England. C. M. Clark.

Bookman.—HODDER. 6d. Sept. 15.
Alfred Noyes. With Portrait.
William Blake. Illus. Alfred Noyes.
Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

Bookman (AMERICA).—DODD AND MEAD, NEW YORK. 25 cts. Sept.
Mar. E. Wilkins. Illus. Mary E. Moss.
N. P. Willis and His Contemporaries. Illus. Harry T. Peck.
Germany's One Hundred Student Corps. Illus. Philip G. Hubert, Jun.
Great Musical Failures. Lewis M. Isaacs.
Notes for a History on Book Puffery.
Teaching Literature in the Colleges. E. K. Graham.

Broad Views.—KEGAN PAUL. 1s. Oct.
English Law; a Contemptible Anachronism. T. M. Maguire.
The Difficulty of Governing the World. A. P. Sinnett.
William Blake. Carl Heath.
The Death Penalty. Walter Pierce and Carl Heath.

Burlington Magazine.—17, BERNERS STREET, W. 2s. 6d. Oct.
Frontispiece:—Raphael's "Madonna of the Tower." English Provincial Museums.
The National Gallery of Ireland. Illus. E. Duncan.
St. Cloud Porcelain. Illus. M. L. Solon.
The Nation's New Raphael. Herbert Cook.
A Fourteenth-Century Sketch-Book. Illus. Roger E. Fry.
The Portraits of Mary Queen of Scots. Illus. Lionel Cust and K. Martin.

C. B. Fry's Magazine.—NEWNES. 6d. Oct.
Facial Expression and Physical Effort. Illus. C. B. Fry.
Round the Clock with a Jockey. Illus. B. Parsons.
The Wayward Wooden Club. Illus. C. E. Finlayson and G. Brann.
Is the Motor-Cycle a Failure? Illus. J. Pollock Castors.
Harbouring a Stag. Illus. A. Hamilton.
Behind the Scenes of the Championship. C. B. Fry.
Railway Flower Gardens. Illus. May Doney.

Canadian Magazine.—ONARIO PUBLISHING CO., TORONTO. 25 cts.
Venice. Illus. Eric Waters.
Camera Study of the Maskinonge. Illus. Bonnycastle Dale.
David Laird. Katherine Hughes.
James de Mille. Illus. A. MacMechan.
Henrik Ibsen. Thorlief Larsen.
The Robert Simpson Company. Illus. Norman Patterson.

Cassell's Magazine.—CASSELL. 6d. Oct.
The Uniforms of Our Fighting Forces. Illus. R. Caton Woodville.
How London is supplied with Water. Illus. W. T. Roberts.
The X-Rays. Illus. Dr. Rutherford.
La Maison Paquin. Illus. Mrs. Leonard Marshall.

Century Magazine.—MACMILLAN. 1s. 4d. Oct.
Khiva from the Inside. Illus. Langdon Warner.
The Dog Poic of European Cities. Illus. William G. Fitz-Gerald.
The Human Side of the Czar. Illus. Amalia Kissner Couder.
The Japanese Pilgrimage to the Buddhist Holy Land. Illus. Count Kosui Ota.
What American Museums are doing for Native Art. Illus. Annie Nathan Meyer.
The Training of the Negro. Robert Bennett Bean.

Chambers's Journal.—W. AND R. CHAMBERS. 8d. Oct.
Literature and Politics.
Romance of Whittlesey Mere.
The Servant Question Again. Katharine Burrill.
The Medieval Republic of Andorra. O. Grey.
Sir John Millais at Work.
Golf of Yesterday and To-day. F. Kinloch.
The Passing of the Duel. A. Fellows.

Connoisseur.—95, TEMPLE CHAMBERS. 1s. Oct.
Mr. J. Pirpont Morgan's Pictures; the Early English School. Illus. W. Roberts.
Plate at Emmanuel College, Cambridge. Illus. H. D. Catling.
Hengrave Hall and Its Art Treasures. Illus. Leonard Willoughby.
The Engravings of Andrea Mantegna. Contd. Illus. A. M. Hind.
New Leaves in Turner's Life: Reply by Frederick Izant.
Edwin Truman, Crukshank-Collector. Illus. G. S. Layard.
Supplements:—"Mutual Joy" after G. Morland; "Leaping the Brook" by Henry Alken, etc.

Contemporary Review.—HORACE MARSHALL. 2s. 6d. Oct.
England, Egypt and Turkey. Harold Spender.
Literature and the Living Voice. W. B. Yeats.
The Resurrection of the Body. William Scott Palmer.
Long Visits and Short Black and White. Sydney Olivier.
Religious Education before the Reformation. G. G. Coulton.
Education and Mis-Education in Germany. J. Ellis Barker.
Home-Industry and Peasant-Farming in Belgium. Contd. Erik Givskov.
Canada and the United States. Edward Farrer.
Polygamy and Christianity. Maurice Gregory.
Local Finance. H. Morgan-Browne.
Foreign Affairs. Dr. E. J. Dillon.

Cornhill Magazine.—SMITH, ELDER. 2s. Oct.
The Ethics of Reviewing. Arthur C. Benson.
Pastels from Morocco. L. J. B.
The Tides. Frank T. Bullen.
How I saw the Assassin: a Spanish Schoolgirl's Story.
La Chaise-Dieu. V. let R. Markham.
A Private of the Mutiny. Walter Frith.

Craftsman.—2, WEST 34TH STREET, NEW YORK. 25 cts. Sept. Tikal: the First American Civilisation. Illus. William Griffith. Some Art Colonies in Brittany. J. Quigley. New Zealand's Political Experiment. Illus. Contd. Florence F. Kelly. The International Exposition at Milan, Italy. Days with Walt Whitman. Edward Carpenter. The Navajos of New Mexico. Illus. C. F. Holdr. The Commercial Value of the Wild. Charles Barnard.

Critic.—G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK. 25 cts. Sept. Kamome Chomei: a Japanese Thoréau of the Twelfth Century. Minakata Kumagusu and F. Victor Dickens. Arvèle Barine. Jeanne Mairet. Portraits in Black and White. Illus. Frank Weitenkampf. Some Literary Autographs. Illus. Joseph B. Ames. Theodore Parker and R. W. Emerson. F. B. Sanborn.

Economic Journal.—MACMILLAN. 5s. Sept. Ability as the Measure of Taxation for Poor Relief in Scotland. Prof. S. H. Turner. Alien Transmigrants. M. J. Landa. Marshall and Edge worth on Value. Prof. A. Loria. The Utility of Political and Economic Science. A. C. Pigou.

Educational Review.—RAHWAY, NEW JERSEY. 1s. 8d. Sept. The New Education Bill in England. Michael E. Sadler. Some Present Collegiate Tendencies. C. F. Adams. Character of the Scientific Investigator. Chas. W. Eliot. Bibliography of Education for 1905. Mabel E. Leonard and J. I. Wyer, jun. The Debate in the Senate on the Bill to incorporate the National Education Association.

Empire Review.—MACMILLAN. 1s. Oct. Foreign Affairs. Edward Dicey. The Shifting of Authority: Danger of Imperialism. R. J. M. The University of Johannesburg. Hubert Read. Care of the Sick and Hurt in Our Merchant Navy. Hamilton Graham Langwill. Suggested Transvaal Land Bank. A. St. George Ryder. The Federal Capital of Australia. Viatore. Cotton-Growing in Egypt. William C. Mackenzie. Sir Augustus C. Gregory. Joshua Gregory. The Problem of the Sia-Dyak in Sarawak. Rev. Edwin H. Gomes. The Ideal Commerce Protector. R. E.

Engineering Magazine.—222, STRAND. 1s. Oct. The Practical Value of Industrial Museums. Alfred Sang. The Carolina Tin Deposits. With Map. Illus. F. L. Hess. Organisation and Economy in the Railway Machine Shop. Illus. H. W. Jacobs. Electric Machinery for the Operation of Mexican Mines. Illus. Charles V. Allen. The Cost-Savers System of a Modern Boiler-Manufacturing Plant. H. S. Knowlton. The Planning and Construction of the Power Plant. Illus. A. E. Dixon. Patents as a Factor in a Manufacturing Business. E. J. Prindle.

Engineering Review.—104, HIGH HOLBORN. 6d. Sept. 15. The Dimensions, Proportions, and Forms of Ships. H. Beaumont Donalds, n. Dover Harbour Works. Contd. Illus. W. Noble Twelvetrees. The Design and Construction of Mechanical Calculators. W. J. Goulie. Locomotives at the Milan Exhibition. Chas. R. King. Large Gas Engines built in Great Britain. Illus. T. Westgarth. The Structure of Metals. J. A. Ewing.

English Illustrated Magazine.—358, STRAND. 6d. Oct. The Art of Bernard F. Gribble. Illus. John S. Purcell. The Rebellious Zulu at Home. Illus. The Building of Canterbury Cathedral. Illus. On the Moors and in the Fields. Illus. The University of London. Illus. George A. Wade.

Expository Times.—SIMPKIN. 6d. Oct. Problems of the Fourth Gospel. Rev. Robert Small.

Fortnightly Review.—CHAPMAN AND HALL. 2s. 6d. Oct. Sultan Abd-ur-Hamid. Cheddo Mijatovich. Pan-Islamism. Alfred Stead. The Papal Aggression in France. Robert Dell. The President's English. William Archer. The Inner History of Tristan und Isolde. H. A. Clay. Is the Party System honest? Ian Malcolm. The Present Condition of Poland. B. C. Baskerville. Giacomo Carducci. Annie Vivanti (Mrs. John Chartres). Edward Burne-Jones. Prof. William Knight. Lafcadio Hearn. Dr. George M. Gould. Archaeology and Infallibility. Rev. E. L. Taunton. Women and War. Gertrude Silver. The Abuse of Sport. Basil Tozer. The Leakage of Population and Money in Ireland. G. J. H. Berkeley. France, England, and Mr. Bodley. T. Andre Cook.

Gentleman's Magazine.—45, GREAT RUSSELL STREET. 1s. Sept. 15. Ships and Their Builders. My Thoughts and My Second Thoughts. The Flood of Fiction. Some Shadowy Characters in Shakespeare. The Real Dugald Dalrymple.

Geographical Journal.—STANFORD. 2s. Sept. 15. Recent Survey and Exploration in Sistan. With Map and Illus. Col. Sir H. McMahon. The Economic Geography and Development of Australia. Dr. J. W. Gregory. Southern Peru. With Map and Illus. C. Reginald Enoch. Recent Changes in the Course of the Lower Euphrates. With Map and Illus. H. W. Cadoux.

Girl's Own Paper.—4, BOUVERIE STREET. 6d. Oct. The Girls' Life Brigade. Illus. The Shores of the Firth of Forth. Mrs. Isabella Fyvie Mayo. Musical Queens. With Portraits. Contd. J. F. Rowbotham.

Girl's Realm.—12, PORTUGAL STREET. 6d. Oct. James Doughty: a Famous Dog Trainer and Clown. Illus. Gladys Beattie Crozier. The Violin Makers of Markneukirchen. Illus. Carlo Lavi. Golf. Illus. May L. Hezlet. The Harp as a Girl's Instrument. Illus. S. K. Ludovic. Rashes and Sedges. Illus. C. E. Larmer.

Good Housekeeping.—14, NORFOLK STREET. 6d. Oct. Hallowe'en. J. M. McIlland. Pet Rabbits for Children. Illus. Dr. E. F. Bigelow.

Grand Magazine.—NEWNES. 4d. Oct. Old Scottish Humour. Dean Ramsay. Why Physical Culture fails. Dr. A. Bryce. Pitfalls for Musical Novices. G. Sidney Paternoster. The Fall of the Leaf. J. J. Ward. Success in Journalism: Symposium.

Great Thoughts.—4, ST. BRIDE STREET. 6d. Oct. Charles Lever. With Portrait. W. Francis. James Clarence Mangan. Ethel Wheeler. Baroness von Suttner. With Portrait. H. Cooper. Is Nature cruel? E. G. Griffith-Jones. Dryden. With Portrait. Rev. R. P. Downes. Rev. Griffith John on China: Interview. With Portrait. W. Durban. Charles James Fox. With Portrait. W. Francis.

Harper's Monthly Magazine.—45, ALBEMARLE STREET. 1s. Oct. Boston Town. Illus. Cha. Henry White. High Temperatures and Modern Industry. Illus. Robert Kennedy Duncan.

The University of London. Illus. Chas. F. Thwing. The Last of the Sultan of Brunei. Illus. Foulney Bigelow. The Music of Bird-Songs. Henry Oldys. The Last Sheep-Ships. S. H. M. Byers. The Sheep-Dog. Mary Austin. The Americanism of Washington. Henry Van Dyke. The Scilly Isles. Illus. R. Shackleton.

Idler.—CHATTES AND WINDUS. 6d. Oct. A Provençal Bull-Fight. Illus. Francis Miltown. The Idler in Arcady. Illus. Contd. T. Edwardes. Modern Homes. Illus. T. R. Davison. The Druce-Portland Case. Contd. Illus. Kenneth Henderson.

Independent Review.—UNWIN. 2s. 6d. Oct. Notes on Current Events. Liberalism, Socialism, and the Master of Elibank. L. G. Chiozza Money. The Motor Tyranny. G. Lowes Dickinson. The New Egyptian Nationalism. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. West Indian Slavery. J. Marshall Sturge. The Genius of William Morris. J. W. Mackail. Sir Edward Grey's Foreign Policy: the Congo and the Pan-Islamic Movement. H. N. Brailsford.

The Baltic Provinces. Prince Lieven. The Land Policy of the Government. F. A. Channing. Christianity and the Child. Florence Hayllar. Oxford in the New Century. A. E. Ziamern. John Fyvie's "Literary Eccentrics." E. M. Forster.

Journal of the Royal United Service Institution.—J. J. KELINER. 2s. Sept. 15. The Future Raising, Organisation, and Training of the Artillery Militia. Col. J. D. Legard. Permanent Supply and Transport Establishments. Concl. Capt. H. C. F. Cumberland.

Lady's Realm.—HUTCHINSON. 6d. Oct. Joseph Ball. Illus. At the Amir's Court. Illus. Angus Hamilton. Paris and Helen. Illus. Alice and Claude Askew. The Making of a Song. Mauds Valéria White. Loudes. Illus. Pilgrim.

Library Association Record.—WHITCOMB HOUSE, WHITCOMB STREET, PALL MALL EAST. 2s. Sept. 15. The Medical Libraries of London. W. R. B. Prideaux. The Public Library Movement in Bradford. M. E. Hartley. Annotations in Catalogues and Book Lists. E. Green.

Library World.—181, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET. 6d. Sept. 15. Standardisation in Accession Methods. R. Duncan.

London Magazine.—HARMSWORTH. 4d. Oct. Glasgow by Its Own Painters. Illus. R. J. MacLennan. The Evil Eye. Illus. Wm. Durban. Our Celebrities: What will They become? A. St. John Adcock.

With the Newfoundland Whalers. Illus. P. T. McGrath.
Cabinet Ministers at Play. Illus. C. Colquhoun.
Tammany in England. J. Cumming Walters.
Our Lady Dramatists. Illus. L. Rees.

London Quarterly.—KELLY. 2s. 6d. Oct.
The Church's One Foundation. Rev. P. T. Forsyth.
The Origin of Living Organisms. J. Arthur Thomson.
Religion—Past and Future. Rev. W. T. Davison.
Liberal Catholicism. Rev. W. Fiddian Molton.
Abraham Lincoln: Master of Men. Rev. R. Corlett Cowell.
The Conversion of Iceland. E. E. Kellett.
Jewish Home Teaching and Old Testament Criticism. Rev. Ernst G. Loosely.
India in the Twentieth Century. A. Forbes Urquhart.

McClure's Magazine.—10, NORFOLK ST., STAAND. 10 cts. Oct.
Judge Lindsey. Illus. Lincoln Steffens.
Galveston. G. K. Turner.
Montana. Contd. C. P. Connolly.
Life Insurance. Contd. B. J. Hendrick.

Macmillan's Magazine.—MACMILLAN. 6d. Oct.
Early Jacobean Architecture. J. L. Etty.
Forensic Elocution. Frederick Payler.
Between the Catacombs. Harold Spender.
The Report on Ecclesiastical Discipline.

Metaphysical Magazine.—500, FIFTH AVENUE. 25 cts. Sept.
Evil. Dr. Alex. Wilder.
Thought Action in Sickness and in Health. Leander E. Whipple.
Shaping the Ideal. Ellen M. Price.
Suggestions for the Homemaker. Ella M. Fike.

Month.—LONGMANS. 1s. Oct.
Agnosticism. Editor.
The Aim of a Socialist. M. N.
The Life in the Soul. G. F. Gallagher.
The Marquise de Céquy. Margaret Maitland.
John Evelyn. Diarist. P. A. Sillard.

Monthly Review.—MURRAY. 2s. 6d. Oct.
Reorganisation of the Unionist Party. Marcus R. P. Dorman.
The Intellectual Conditions of the Labour Party. W. H. Mallock.
The American Language. Mrs. Campbell Daunay.
Polar Problems and the International Organisation for their Solution. Henryk Arctowski.
The House of Commons at Work. Michael Macdonagh.
The Grand Évre: a Ridiculous God. Mona Caird.
Some Reflections upon English and German Education. R. B. Littimer.
The Possibility of an Intelligence in the Plant. S. Leonard Bastin.
Legends of the Abruzzi. Janet Ross.
County Magistrates. T. E. Kebbel.
Football of Yesterday and To-day. Harold Macfarlane.

Musical Times.—NOVELLO. 4d. Oct.
Musicians in the National Portrait Gallery. With Portraits. Dotted Crochet.
Lady Violinists. With Portraits. F. G. Edwards.
Hickford's Room, Brewer Street. Concl. Bertha Harrison.
Berlioz's Te Deum. F. G. Edwards.

National Review.—23, RYDER STREET. 2s. 6d. Oct.
Episodes of the Month.
A Protest against Privilege. Prof. A. V. Dicey.
King Leopold and the Congo at the Bar of Belgian Public Opinion. Scrutator.
The Government and Disarmament: Blind Leaders of the Blind. H. W. Wilson.

Open Scholarships. W. H. D. Rouse.
Missing Chapters in "The Garden that I Love." Alfred Austin.
Marksmanship in Schools. Col. Maxse.
How to choose an Oxford College. Recent Graduate.
American Affairs. A. Maurice Low.
Modern English Spelling. Prof. Skeat.
Russia from Within. Special Commissioner.
British Patent Laws and Industrial Employment. Sir Joseph Lawrence.
Greater Britain and India.

New Ireland Review.—BURNS AND OATES. 6d. Oct.
Louvain University To-day. Rev. M. McPhee.
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The Sudermann Cycle. Florence B. Low.
The Clerical Conspiracy. Herbert Paul.
Mr. Haldane between the Devil and the Deep Sea. Col. the Earl of Erroll.

North American Review.—HEINEMANN. 1s. Sept. 7.
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Palestine and the Hague Conference. Rev. H. P. Mendes.
Germany's Industrial Education. Wolf von Schierbrand.
Permanent Prosperity of American Railroads. H. C. J. Barnaby.
George MacDonald. Louis C. Willcox.
World Politics.

Occult Review.—164, ALDERSGATE STREET. 6d. Oct.
The X Behind Phenomena. Edward Carpenter.
Auditory Haunting. A. Hill.
Leland Stanford Junior University. Californian.
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The elder brother in front, a fair child in dull pink oriental costume embroidered with gold, a scarf of blue silk with grey and blue tassels round the neck, bare legs with high boots, holding by the hind legs two rabbits which his younger brother is handing to him; who, standing on the left, wears an indented hat and a brick-red velvet tunic with slashes of white on the sleeves, and large boots of black leather; a buff bag hangs on his right side; on the right and close to them is a white goat; the youngest brother leans smiling on the back of the goat.

Before them, quite in front of the picture, a girl is seated on a mound, a chain of pearls in her fair hair, and wearing a necklace of a double row of pearls with a jewel hanging by a chain. She is dressed in a white satin dress, with green and yellow lined sleeves, and is holding on her knees a straw hat, trimmed with flowers, in her right hand. She leans slightly forward and picks up a flask with her left hand from the ground. Behind this group a thick cluster of trees stands out against a blue sky with grey misty clouds.

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[Berlin.

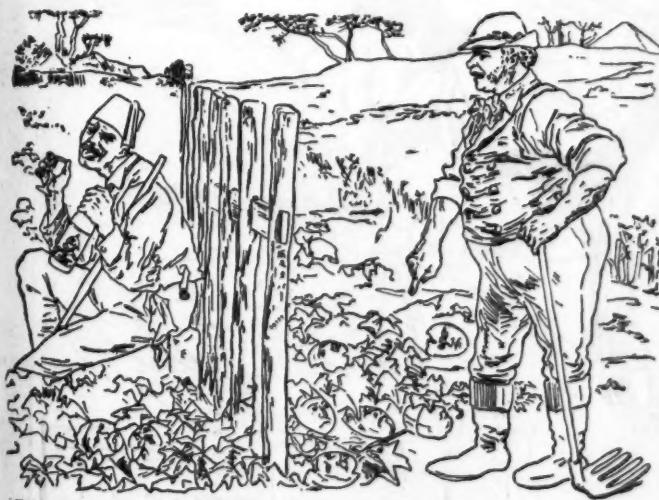
Reduction of Armaments.

No one of us can do it alone; but if we are going to cut each other down in this way the result will be more murder than ever.



[Minneapolis Journal.

The King has had an Interview with Mr. Bryan.
"God Save the King!"



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JOHN BULL: "Look here, your pumpkin is crawling over here. If you don't clear it away, I'll do so myself." TURKEY (drunk with German beer): "Uh! uh! I do it, if you can."



Simplicissimus.] [Berlin.

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Minneapolis Journal.]

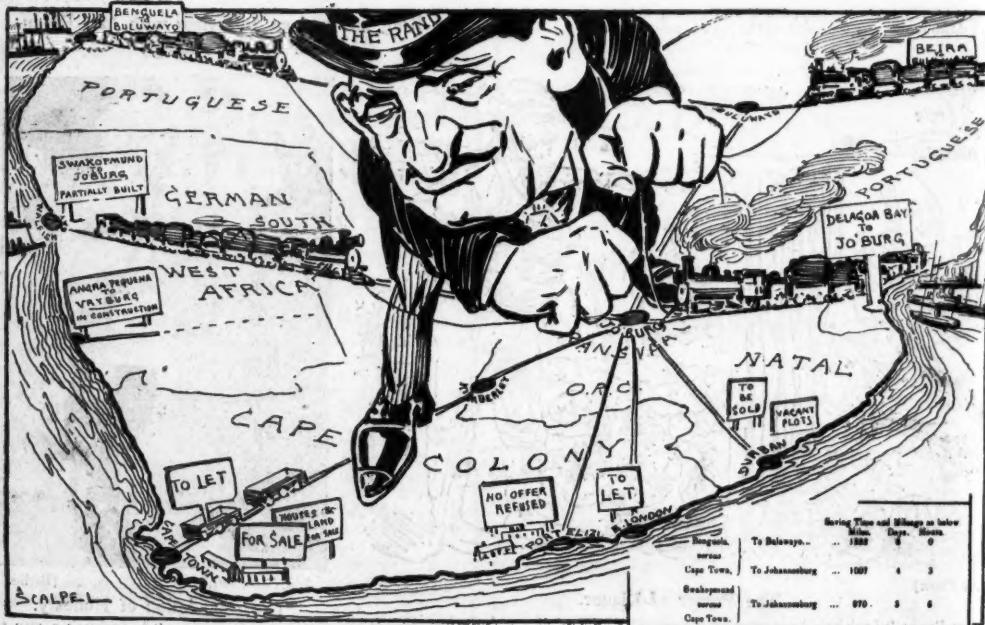
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DAME CUBA: "I think, uncle, he's crying to come to you."

[Ryan Walker, in *International* Syndicate.]

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UNCLE SAM: "You fellows in future want to be careful about the trouble you stir up, or I'll put my hat over you."



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